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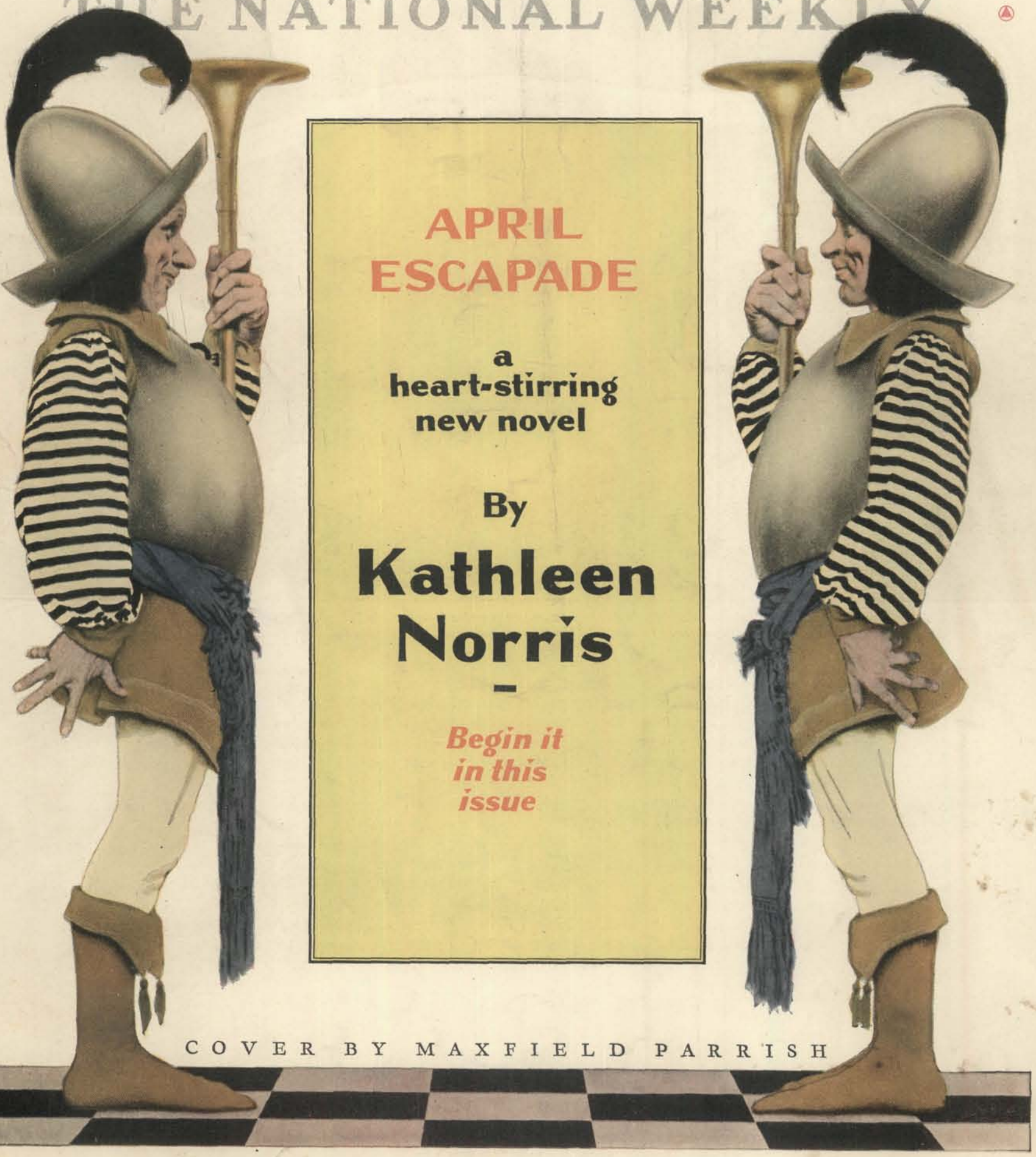
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



APRIL ESCAPADE

a heart-stirring new novel

By

Kathleen Norris

—

Begin it in this issue

COVER BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

JULY 20, 1929

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Only good, natural-tobacco flavor could make so many say

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SOME people think that if they subscribe to the Book-of-the-Month Club, they are always obliged to take the book our judges choose as the "book-of-the-month." This is erroneous. You always receive a pre-publication report about the "book-of-the-month," and also advance reports about other important new books. You may take the "book-of-the-month," one of the alternate books reported upon, *or none at all*, if none appeals to you.

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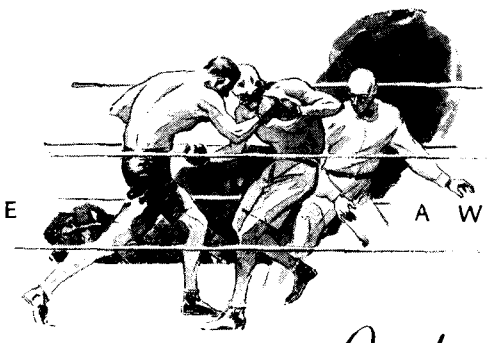

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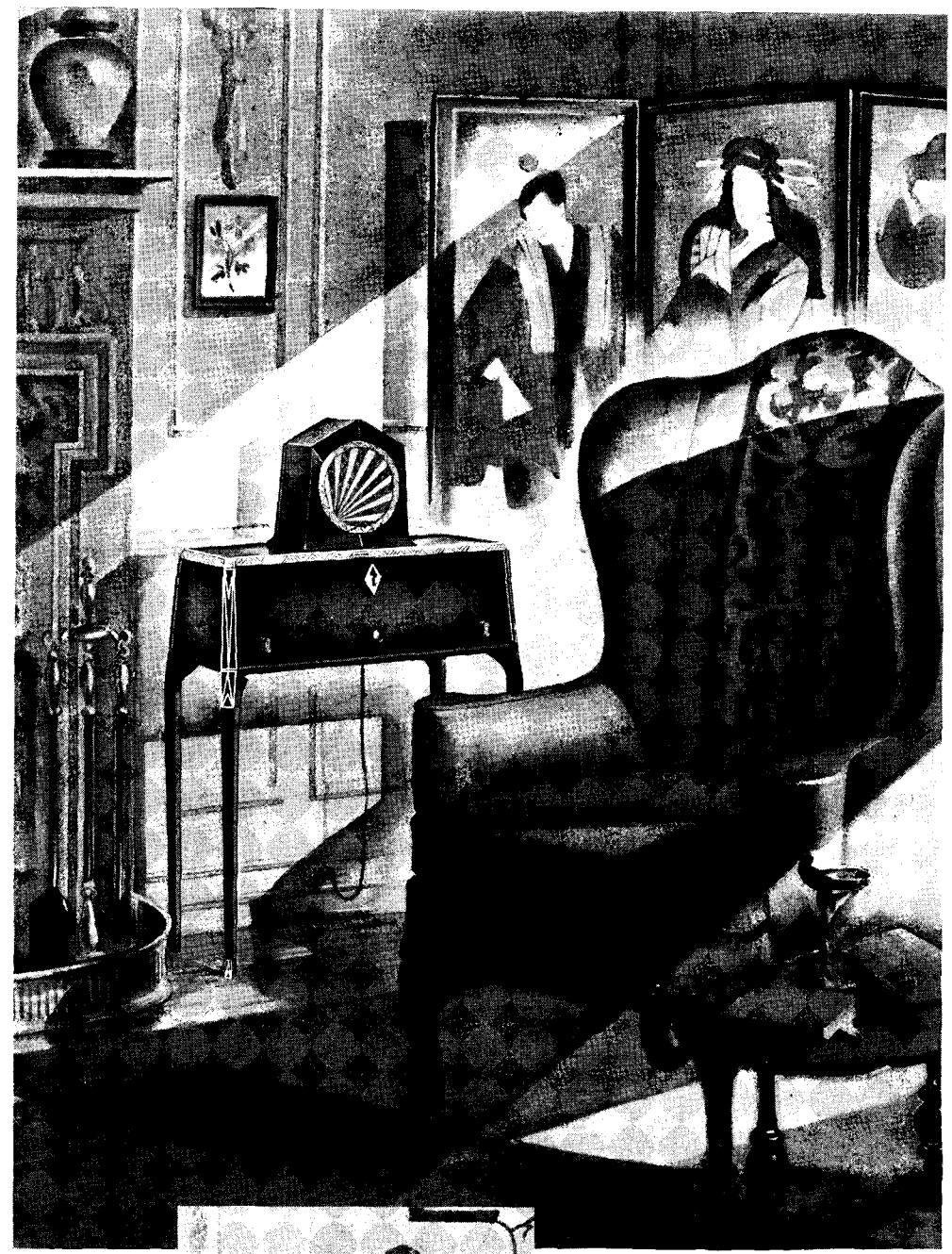

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VOLUME 84 JULY 20, 1929 NUMBER 3

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Beginning another great serial—a story of love in San Francisco, the romantic, and a girl who followed her heart—by the author of Hildegarde, My Best Girl, and The Make-Believe Wife

April Escapade

Copyright, 1929, by Kathleen Norris

THE dinner symphony in the O'Hara kitchen began, on a particular March afternoon, at about four o'clock. It began, at some minute between four and five, on every separate day of every year's three hundred and sixty-five days. Teresa Elizabeth Deane O'Hara, forty-five years old, handsome, resolute, adequate, knew its every chord and organ-point, and occupied permanently the position of conductor.

Between the hours of three and eight o'clock every day she thought in terms of cookery. Mentally, she ranged her forces about her; she could talk confidentially, or even forcefully, to any one of her six children, and still have going on quite uninterruptedly in her mind active computations regarding raisins, lard, the cracked yellow bowl, the teapot, the cold biscuits, or the occasional necessary trip to the corner grocery.

Feeding the children had been her job since "the man" had "died on her," some seven years earlier. Confronted by all the problems of penniless widowhood, with a posthumous infant upon his way, and almost eight thousand meals per annum to be provided from absolutely nothing, Teresa O'Hara had been conscious of no particular consternation. Hers was the marvelous viewpoint of the child, or the philosopher. There was never more than one meal about which to worry, from Teresa O'Hara's point of view, and that was the next. Her sublime faith in a protecting fatherly power rose superior to all circumstances. If difficulties arose, Teresa told the children calmly that they were privileged to help the Lord carry His cross, a sign of friendship and favor. And when the clouds broke, she commented simply, "Sure what have we ever done that God would hear our prayers this way!"

"The Lord," Mary Kate, who was Teresa's oldest daughter, used to summarize it simply, "has Mother, coming and going!"

Breakfast was usually a scrambled and hurried meal in the O'Hara house, and most of the children had their luncheon away from home. But supper, as Mrs. O'Hara called the evening meal, was always an event.

She loved the cooking of it. Domestic slavery was an eternal delight to her; her kitchen a kingdom.

She would come in tired and laden from a trip to the market, and perhaps sit in the kitchen a minute, hatted, coated, panting, her round, kind, pleasant face damp with summer heat. But after a trip to her adjoining bedroom she always returned fresh and expectant, her hat gone, her street dress changed for a stiff, faded gingham, her hair slicked comfortably back from her white, innocent forehead, her big hands bare and free, ready for labor.

AND then began the happy, familiar routine, that never really became routine, even after years. Grocery packages to open, things to carry into the big pantry, things to bring forth. The faucets in the sink would roar, spoons tinkle, pans clatter. There was a round, shallow, wooden bowl in which to chop apples or cold meat, there was a blunt little ax with which to split stove wood or hack a heavy squash to pieces; there were worn egg-beaters, dingy muffin-tins, iron frying pans, black and heavy, wire strainers loosened in little loops from their frames. Teresa O'Hara knew them all as an artist knows his brushes.

She never would use a dishmop; she

Illustrated by Charles Lassell

"I'm just starting them." She had buttoned a big apron over her dress; she was at the dishpan. "Come on!" she urged. "Bring me everything"

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liked a limp, old, soft, gray rag full of fine holes. But Mary Kate demanded a mop, and kept it safe up behind the alarm clock on the sink shelf and, with it, a pair of rubber gloves from the five-and-ten. Her mother regarded these niceties with outward scorn, occasionally being heard to observe that it was a pity so many people thought more of the preservation of their hands than of their immortal souls. But it was to be observed that she never permitted one of the younger members of the family to touch the said gloves or mop, or to interfere in any way with the safety of these and other refinements introduced by her eldest daughter.

The kitchen was roomy, as any apartment where seven persons have most of their meals may well be; it was one of the seven rooms in an old-fashioned wooden house hideously typical of a hideous architectural era. The house was steep, narrow, shabby, its paint worn away and its wooden steps and railings splintering. Even the presence of the seven O'Haras, their humanness, their enthusiasms, their youth and beauty, could not make the stiff upstairs bedrooms, the bay-windowed parlor, the dark, unused dining-room, attractive.

BUT the kitchen was homelike, and indeed the O'Haras thought the whole place wonderful. The house had once belonged to Uncle Miles, and after Papa had died hadn't Uncle Miles invited the whole crowd of them to come from a crowded, dark, sunless lair in a Brooklyn tenement, and make their home with him in the free, sunshiny California?

This miracle of brotherly generosity still gilded the O'Farrell Street house in San Francisco with glory. They never forgot it. The warm, loving richness of the O'Haras' young prayers were still poured over the memory of hard little, tight little, shrewd little old Uncle Miles. A quarrelsome, dyspeptic, suspicious character throughout all the fifty-seven years of selfish, lonely life, Uncle Miles blossomed after death into a loved and admirable, if slightly eccentric, family tradition, and his anniversaries were kept as faithfully as Papa's own.

The children usually appeared, in the pleasant afternoon kitchen, in the order of their ages. This on a certain wet March afternoon brought seven-year-old Pat home first; Pat who was blond and silent and mysteriously sweet, and adored by them all. Pat sat at the end of the kitchen table, and vouchsafed to his mother occasional shy, cryptic comments upon school, companions, and life in general.

While Pat was eating his bread and honey, Tess and Regina usually came in, flushed and jaded and a little cross, from the walk home from the Sisters' School. Regina was pale, brown-eyed, slim and proud; Tess, dark, vivid and emotional like her mother. They were always sent upstairs to wash their faces and change their dresses, and they usually dawdled and protested. But in the end they came down serene and comfortable, and while Regina, the younger, always made a great stir about study to evade domestic duties, Tess entered eagerly into dinner preparations. Tess would be heard begging her mother in an aside to repeat the formula for gingerbread: "Sour milk, Mother? And is that enough butter, Mother?"

THEN Tom, seventeen, filthy, irresponsible, too big for his clothes, a born tease, a bad student, would come lumbering home. With Tom's arrival the symphony began to accelerate and deepen, voices were raised now, the sounds of running faucets, singing kettle, slamming oven doors, egg-beaters and meat-choppers formed an undertone to the laughter, protest, whining and shouting of the young O'Haras.

Tom was the family "heart-scald." Sometimes his mother was too sharp with him, sometimes she spoiled him; it appeared to be impossible to be merely just to Tom. He sprawled all over everything, he disorganized and demoralized everything, he pinched Regina even while he was comforting Pat for having tripped him up. He was a potential criminal, he was a potential saint, and in her secret heart his mother loved him, feared for him, puzzled over him and prayed for him more than she did for all the other five together. Tom, at seventeen, was "finishing high."

After Tom, Martin came in. Mary Kate, nineteen, should have been next, for Martin was almost twenty-two, the oldest, and the mainstay of the whole slipshod, crazy, joyous brood. He was a little smaller than Tom, and as handsome as his father had been, with the Irish beauty of a clean white skin stained pure red on the high cheek bone, blue eyes in circles of soot, a broad forehead truly expressing candor, innocence, intelligence, and a finely-shaped head covered with rich black waves of heavy, satiny hair.

Mart was everything to them all, father, brother, son, confidant, confessor, idol. They were all proud of him, his integrity, his wisdom, his record at school and in business. Mrs. O'Hara was "said my Mart" in everything she did. He was full of fun, he liked the girls, he was popularity's self, but his mother always came first, with Mart, and after her the needs and claims of the children.

RESERVED, little, straight-backed Regina got into his lap tonight, when he took the kitchen rocker, and while he talked to his mother he brushed the child's contented fair head occasionally with his lips.

By this time the climax of the whole twenty-four hours was close upon the O'Hara kitchen. Potatoes were hot and mealy and brown in the oven, fish cakes sizzled in the pan, the table was crookedly but efficiently set, with sugar and spoons and rolled napkins in rings, and crackers and doughnuts and salt; the good smells of hot frying butter, tea, boiling asparagus and toast permeated the air.

"Mart, did you see that the Huntington girl give him the slip on the weddin' day itself?— Hand me that scissors, Tess," Mrs. O'Hara said, dexterously removing the little tied bundles of asparagus from the boiling pot, and aligning them on a platter filled with strips of toast. She cut the wet strings, and lifted them, steaming, from the plate.

"Yes, I saw it."

"What do you know about that, Mart?"

"Mrs. O'Hara," said Tom, "to settle an argument, when do we eat?"

"We're waiting for Mary Kate."

"Mother, is Cass coming?"

"I don't know will Cass be with her or not. You might as well put his napkin on the table— Regina, look at little Pat helpin' Tess so nice, and you doin' nothin'!"

"She's comforting a tired business man," Martin apologized, kissing the back of his youngest sister's soft little blond head.

"Mart, I love you!" Regina whispered, putting her pipestem arms in a stranglehold around his neck. "Mart," she asked, "is there any easy way to do fractions, except just to do them?"

"Listen, Mart," Tom said, in his hoarse, eager, oddly pathetic voice. "If I could get a job, how about my quitting school?"

"What kind of a job?"

"Running a truck."

"Well—" Martin commented, with the

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long, contented sigh of the resting, hungry man, "it seems to me a swell idea."

"Get out of my way, Baby," Mrs. O'Hara said to Pat. "Hand me that, Tess. Move your chair, Mart, and leave Tom pull out the table. Give me that spoon, dear. I wonder whatever is keepin' Mary Kate?"

The O'Haras dined at six. Ten minutes were still lacking the hour when Mary Kate opened the back door, and was suddenly in the kitchen. The March world was dark now, and a wet spring wind was blowing.

Cass Keating had walked home with Mary Kate, and stood beaming behind her in the doorway. Their faces were rosy from exercise, cool spring air, and the evening breeze.

"I was kept at the office!" Mary Kate explained. "Mother, have you enough dinner for Cass?" she asked, kissing her mother, sending Tess off with her hat and bag, and sitting down to pull little Pat into her lap, all with the effect of one swift, graceful motion.

"DON'T talk like that!" Mrs. O'Hara said in real reproof. A guest in the house at suppertime, and any suggestion that there mightn't be enough for him, indeed! She looked scorn at Mary Kate, and indulgent apology at Cass.

"He brought a dozen pastries, hoping you'd take him in," Mary Kate said, into Pat's bright hair. Her own hair was bright, flaming, golden red, and silkier than the child's. She and Pat and Regina were the tall, slim, red O'Haras. The others were all black Grogans and Garveys. She looked innocently at Cass, and they both laughed in complete understanding.

"I'm dining with your mother, not you," Cass said pleasantly.

"It's a wonder you wouldn't go wash your face, Mary Kate," Mrs. O'Hara said.

"Mother, is that enough salt?"

"Mother dear, we're going to a dance, after. And *since* I have to dress completely after dinner—"

"Are you going over home to dress, Cass?" Mrs. O'Hara, asking the question, stirred the fish sauce with her right hand, and put out her left to touch the boiler. "Tom, fill up the kettle," she said. "Mary Kate'll need the hot water!"

"Listen, Mom, I have to have a bath—"

"Where's the dance?" Martin asked, serving the fish, at the head of the table.

"Oh, Mart! Aren't you going?"

"Lermann's, is it?"

"Oh, Mart! *Come!*"

He was pleased by her ardor. But he shook his dark head.

"Aw—I ought to go 'round to the library, and read."

"You're *always* reading that old medical stuff!" Mary Kate said petulantly. But she loved him for it, none the less. Mart worked in a drugstore now, but some day he was going to be a doctor. He had earned his whole first year in medical college, he was working for his second year. Every penny he could save went toward his fund; Mart spent his Sundays and some of his evenings playing chauffeur for the old doctor who had befriended him; he found all sorts of odd jobs for himself; he had no time for dances.

"We aren't going to stay very late," Cass suggested persuasively.

"FINISH this up—and leave me wash the dish!" Mrs. O'Hara said of a tapioca pudding. Golden and hot, she scraped a last spoonful from the sides of the baking mold, and Cass accepted it gladly.

The windows were heavily beaded with steam. Outside they could hear the wind crying, and the irresolute spatter of spring rain.

"You don't have to do that, Mary Kate," said her mother.

"I'm just starting them." She had buttoned a big apron over her dress; she was at the dishpan. "Come on, bring me everything. Come on, Regina!" she urged. "Bring me everything. Hurry up, Regina."

Tom had come down from upstairs, he paused near her.

"I took the fifty cents you owed me, Mary Kate!" he said in a low tone.

"Oh, all right!" But she didn't feel that it was quite all right. Tom was a big, hulking creature, but after all he was only seventeen, he was much too young to be always dawdling along Fillmore Street at night, drifting in and out of moving-picture houses and cigar stores and candy stores. He ought to be studying—of course this was Friday night—

"Go with the girls and me to a pitcher, Tom?" his mother, who had been watching him without seeming in the least aware of him, said carelessly.

His homely, half-sullen and half-wistful face brightened. But as Regina and Tess both said instantly, "I sit next to Mother!" and little Pat added a loud "No, *I* sit next to Mother!" his expression darkened again.

"I won't be late," he said gruffly, ungraciously.

"IF ANYONE asks you, I don't think much of Petey Kern!" Mary Kate said.

Tom's ugliest look came into his face.

"You don't have to run with him!" he reminded her lightly and levelly, with a faint emphasis on the first word.

"I thank God for that!" Mary Kate said promptly.

"Now stop it, the both of you!" Mrs. O'Hara directed them sharply.

"Petey Kern's a lot older than you are, Tom," Cass said, unable to leave Mary Kate undefended. Tom gave him a resentful look as he left the kitchen, pulling on his cap as he went.

There was an instant's blank pause, and Mary Kate glanced swiftly, apprehensively, at her mother. But Mrs. O Hara was buttoning on Pat's coat, with expert, motherly fingers, jerking it into snugness around his neck, ending operations with a kiss on the fresh little fair face she framed in both her big hands. Then she went to put on her own coat, the heavy black coat with the draggled strip of fur at the collar, and her widow's bonnet with its dingy veil.

Returning to the kitchen she found everything in order; Mary Kate had drawn the table back against the wall, the sink was empty and spotless, the chairs in line.

A little bustle of departure, a discussion of keys and hours and lights and locks set in. Mary Kate said:

"Aw, sit down here, Ma, and let me love you!"

MRS. O'HARA obediently taking the rocker, her nineteen-year-old daughter climbed into her lap; Mary Kate locked her arms about her mother's neck, and pressed her transparent ivory and apricot cheek against the older woman's still firm and rosy face.

"Oh, Ma, you're darling!" said Mary Kate, looking sidewise at Cass Keating, with a smile that challenged him to criticize this performance. "Do you know you're a saint, Ma?" she asked, arranging the disordered bonnet with great nicety.

"I know I'm nothin' of the kind—look out the door, Regina, and see is it rainin'," the mother said patiently.

"Let Mother go; they want to get in before the crowd," Martin suggested, from the luxury of a pipe and the evening newspaper, beside the stove.

Cass was watching his girl with great approval. He had been orphaned as a little boy; he loved all this evidence of family affection. The scrambled meals at the O'Haras' house were his idea of felicity, with the children supplying amusement, the (*Continued on page 42*)

Cass Keating stood beaming behind her in the doorway. "I was kept at the office," Mary Kate explained. "Mother, have you enough dinner for Cass?" she asked

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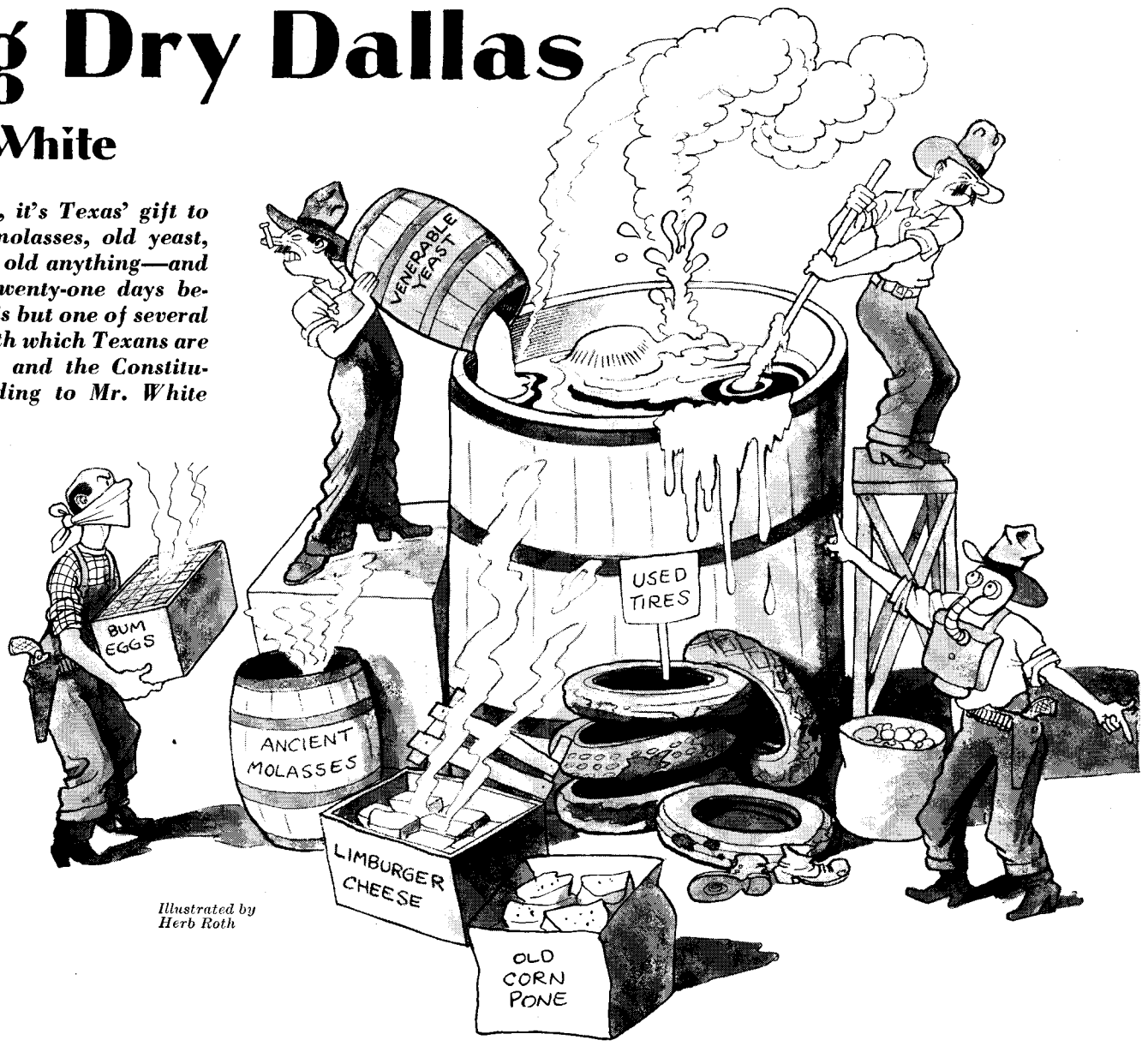
Dripping Dry Dallas

By Owen P. White

Ever hear of chock beer? Well, it's Texas' gift to prohibition. It's made of old molasses, old yeast, old corn pone, old shoe laces and old anything—and it must smell and ferment for twenty-one days before it's bad enough to drink. It is but one of several varieties of home-brewed pizen with which Texans are violating their own constitutions and the Constitution of their native land, according to Mr. White



Illustrated by Herb Roth

THE only thing, so far as I could learn, that prohibition has done to the drinking habits of Dallas, Tex., is to ruin them completely. I mean this. Years ago, as anyone at all familiar with the history and fame of the Lone Star State well knows, the male inhabitants of its holiest and most enterprising metropolis were law-abiding gentlemen who consumed as much hard, legal liquor per capita as the citizens of any other town in the land. But in those days it was good liquor. If it hadn't been the he-men of Dallas, some of whom in 1920 were still wearing both their boots and their pistols on the outside of their pants, wouldn't have touched it with a ten-foot pole. But now look at them; and at the same time look at Dallas!

Take in the whole unpleasant situation as carefully as I did; listen attentively to what men on the inside have to say on the subject of variegated booze, and judge for yourself what Dallas really meant when it voted "dry" in the last national election.

To begin with then, use your own vivid imagination, construct for yourself a mental picture of a stalwart Texan, or his flapper daughter maybe, consuming a bottle of CHOCK BEER and you will have before you a perfect demonstration of what I meant when I said that the drinking habits of Dallas have been completely ruined.

But to fully understand this you must first know what CHOCK BEER is. Well, CHOCK BEER is a fancy beverage which, because of the simplicity of its construction and its sudden and enthusiastic kick, has become highly popular among a class of people who are conscientiously opposed to any modification of the Volstead Act which would enable them to indulge in honest, healthy beer or good light wine.

A few gallons of old black-strap molasses are mixed with a few more gallons of water; an appropriate amount of compressed yeast is tossed into the mixture; a number of chunks of left-over corn pone, representing an increased potential alcoholic content (the molasses already contains quite a bit) are added to the mess and it is then allowed to sit around and smell and ferment for twenty-one days. Thereafter it is strained, bottled, corked, and in another twenty-four hours or so it is ready for consumption.

And Dallas is always ready to consume it. A man who lives there, and whose business it is to be an authority on intoxicants, told me all about it. It is made and drunk by both Ethiopians and Caucasians; it contains, when properly brewed, about twenty-two per cent of alcohol, sells for twenty-five cents a bottle and sends more people to jail for fighting, and into the domestic relations courts, than anything else in Dallas.

Nor, as I was informed by the same authority, is this CHOCK BEER the only internal embrocation with which grown men who once openly imbibed Bud and Bourbon are now secretly assaulting their constitutions, and at the same time violating the Constitution of their native land.

Take extracts for example. Dallas literally loves its extracts. Pear and lemon are the favorite flavors, and in regard to each of them it may be well, from a purely educational point of view, to say just a word or two.

For Drinking Purposes Only

Lemon extract, as everyone of course knows, is a high-power exhilarant which has for many years been looked upon with deep reverence by many of the sincere drinkers of the dry South. Its potency is amazing and equally amazing is the ease with which the candidate for an inexpensive jag can extract the alcohol from the lemon and thus secure a liquid that he can swallow without killing himself.

A Texas grocery salesman, who said that his customers now buy about twenty times as much lemon extract as they did prior to 1920, let me in on the secret. He said:

"All they do is to chip out a small, cup-shaped hole in a cake of ice and fill it with the extract. In just a minute or two the lemon content, which is a syrup, becomes thick and gummy from the cold. But the alcohol doesn't; it won't freeze; it is easily poured off and there you are. Thus for thirty cents any man, woman or child in Dallas who wants one can secure an adequate and comfortable skin-full."

The pear extract, however, of which I have spoken, is somewhat different. Until I invaded Dallas I had never even heard of the stuff. In fact, so I was told by a government official whose unpleasant duty it has been to try to convict quite a few of the vendors thereof, pear extract has no domestic use whatever and never existed until an enterprising chemist, hearing that the people of Dallas would drink anything with a wallop in it, began to make it and put it on the market.

It was barreled, shipped by the carload to Dallas, bottled there and then sold to the thirsty. It at once jumped into great popularity.

In order to imbibe it no preliminaries are necessary. It can be taken straight, right from the bottle, as is, and as a consequence it wasn't long after its discovery until dry Dallas was freckled all over with emporiums wherein pear extract could be had merely for the price and the asking.

"But why," I inquired of the official who was thus singing the praises of the good Dallas drinkers, "didn't the government stop the sale of this stuff?"

"The government couldn't," was the answer. "It was made in general compliance with the pure food laws and when an occasional barrel of it was seized and destroyed, because it was not strictly non-potable, a dozen other barrels at once appeared to take its place. And then, too, you must consider this: When the people of a community want anything it's pretty hard to take it away from them, and Dallas wanted its pear extract. It's cheap enough to be within reach of everybody; it bore on its label the taint of respectability, so that no pious deacon or good housewife need blush for shame at making a purchase of a half a dozen bottles. And also it possessed a soothing quality which highly recommended it to overworked business men and tired mothers. But although Dallas still likes its pear extract, and still consumes it in reasonable quantities, there are several reasons why the demand for it isn't as great as it used to be."

"What are some of those reasons?"

"Well, the principal one is that the progressive people of Dallas have, in the last couple or three years, gotten their hard liquor traffic so organized that they can now get about all the whisky and gin, such as they are, they want."

"How did they do that?"

My informant grinned. "Easily enough," he said. "Just take a look at the report of the industrial growth of this town—a growth, by the way, of which Dallas is very proud. Note the fact that in recent years this has become quite a center for the manufacture of hair tonics, patent medicines, cosmetics, paint (both face and house), and you have the answer. All these businesses are possible only because they are able to draw alcohol, either grain or industrial, from the government, and thus the bootleggers of the town are now in a position to secure plenty of the 'diverted stuff' which they promptly turn into synthetic gin and overnight whisky.

A Much-Needed Industry

"As an illustration, not so very long ago a new sign announcing a new hair tonic appeared on the Dallas skyline. It was a new industry for the town, and, although no one had suspected it before, it was soon evident, from the prosperity of the proprietor, that it was one that had been badly needed for a long time. Apparently every man within the entire scope of Dallas' trade territory was going bald. Business was booming; the size and number of the manufacturer's automobiles increased; his wife gave more and bigger parties. And then something happened.

"Two innocent darkies, who swore they didn't know what they were trans-

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The noble thirsts of Dallas drinkers are amply assuaged by chock beer, a concoction which is brewed from whatever is handiest and which speedily develops about 22 h. p.

Texas scofflaws occasionally resort to the heroic measure of singeing off the less palatable poison in their liquor

porting, were caught with a truck load of alcohol which had come from the hair-tonic factory and was on its way to a bootlegger in a near-by suburb. Trailing the truck, in a high-powered roadster, were the manufacturer and his wife. They were arrested but what of it? The gentleman paid a fine and retired from business. Dallas, in a short time, had rewarded him for his industry by making him independently wealthy.

"Nor, under the present system of operating, do the Dallas bootleggers have to depend solely upon the Dallas business men for their supply of raw material. They have sources of their own which they work overtime. They get cheap sugar alcohol, via automobile, from Louisiana; cheaper cactus alcohol, via airplane, from Old Mexico; and for their real high-class trade, they bring in bottled goods, via all forms of transportation, from New Orleans, Mexico and El Paso."

"Are there many bootleggers in Dallas?"

"Are there *many* bootleggers!" The Dallas man repeated my question in a tone of injured pride, and at the same time he reached for a sheet of paper and began to draw a diagram. Briefly what he drew was a small map showing the locations of the Baker and the Adolphus hotels and across the street from each of them he indicated the location of bootlegging joints. As I remember it, there were, or rather there are, because I don't suppose anything has yet happened to any of them, six of these places in two short blocks in the very heart of the business center of the city.

And, as I later found out, there are probably a hundred or more scattered about all over the town.

The Resourceful Texans

Most of these places, as I observed, seem to be thinly camouflaged under the guise of "pressing clubs" and shine parlors so that all any man who wants to know the truth has to do in order to get it, is to walk in, climb to a seat, and whether he needs it or not, have his shoes polished. During the process, unless he is deaf or blind, he will be able to see and hear enough to convince him that the good people of dry Dallas know how and where to get their bottled goods.

One shine was enough for me. I saw Texans enter the establishment, heard them utter the cabalistic words, "One pig," and watched them depart with their packages.

Industrial alcohol, poisoned as it has been by a paternal government, has always *seemed* to me, in my quaint and old-fashioned way of looking at it, to be entirely out of the question as a beverage. Personally I am without faith in the ability of any individual to defeat this particular move of a reform government. To me poison is poison; but the people of Dallas, who in exercising their right of local option have decided that theirs is to be a very, very wet city, don't agree with me.

They have plenty of faith in their ability to defeat ANYTHING that is intended to interfere with their drinking. Consequently they take their industrial alcohol, drink it straight, or turn it into gin and whisky. And, as in the case of lemon extract, they have evolved their own primitive, simple and inexpensive method of rendering it comparatively safe.

But not by redistillation. Of course not. For a hasty thirst, such as Dallas enjoys, redistillation is entirely too slow.

They pour out their industrial alcohol —which came to town to make paint maybe—into a large, shallow pan and set it on fire. The poisonous spirits, whatever they are, are more volatile than the pure alcohol; they burn off first, with a YELLOW flame, and thereafter, just as soon as the flame turns BLUE, the blaze is smothered and the party is on.

To be sure, there is probably much less drinking in Dallas than prior to prohibition, but what is there is much worse, and, although in my wanderings around I didn't run into any open saloons or speakeasies, I did see and hear enough to convince me that I am not far from wrong when I assert that Dallas is one of the wettest towns in the country; that its drinkers consume more kinds of detestable liquor than any drinkers I ever met, and regardless of its registered attitude in favor of strict enforcement of the dry laws I know of no town more bold in its violation of them.

With such thoughts in my mind the question that naturally occurred to me was: How do they get by with it all? In order that I might secure a trustworthy answer I made an engagement with a man whose sole occupation for the past seven years has been the study of the lawlessness in the city of Dallas. In substance, this is what I was told:

Dallas is a very corrupt city. One of the most corrupt, according to this boastful citizen, in the United States. And ever since prohibition came into the land, and especially since a "reform administration" took charge of municipal affairs, Dallas has been growing steadily worse.

"But the newspapers," I inquired. "Why don't they write up the evil of all this?"

Everybody is Happy

"Humph!" The Dallas man seemed actually disgusted with me for my bucolic simplicity. "The Dallas newspapers are just like the Dallas policemen. Whatever the public in this town wants the police and the papers are going to stand for, and as it is quite evident that Dallas wants both its law and its liquor, the one unenforced and the other highly reinforced, the editors and the cops are not going to be foolish enough to muddy the water.

"As it stands today everybody is happy. We have prohibition for the pious, booze for the thirsty and plenty of graft for the grafters. What more could any city want?"

"Better booze," I suggested, sarcastically perhaps, and at once the Dallas man came forward with the information that the town, so he thought, was about to secure it. "But," he added, "the improvement isn't going to come through the efforts of the Chamber of Commerce or the local drinkers. What has happened is that the fame of this place as a drinking and distributing center has spread abroad to such an extent that the real captains of the liquor industry are about to take (*Continued on page 38*)

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"That's a lie!" cried the prisoner. Moran's fist clenched. It was the moment to strike out

Sweet Rosie O'Grady

By Paul Deresco Augsburg

Hard-boiled, he was, and a terror to crooks—and the gangster who stood before him was the son of the one girl he'd loved

"You're to blame because that boy went rotten!" he shouted. "You forced him to it! You ought to be took out and hung!"

THE dusty curtains were powder burned. Moran, Chief of Detectives, parted them to look down on the pavement where Louie Lom had sprawled in sudden death. Across the way a loud-speaker, placed over the sidewalk in front of the radio store, imposed a song on the street sounds. The voice was aggressive, dominant, supernatural, bawling out to assert itself over all the other noises. A moment Moran just stood and listened, his mind a blank to everything else, to gang war and crime and destruction.

It had been pleasant for the killers, having this radio music to relieve the boredom of watching. He pictured them waiting here by the open window, hour after hour of ceaseless vigil, while across the street that blatant voice was crying them entertainment.

For several days they must have kept their watch by this window. There were those piles of cigaret stubs. The cheap carpet had been burned by them, and so had the faded woodwork. More than a hundred stubs in all: two distinct brands of cigarets mingled in blackened remnants on the floor.

Moran thought of the ubiquitous advertisements, with their claims to millions of enthusiastic consumers.

"Can't hang a man on what he smokes. We'd have to pick up all the famous mugs of the billboards—including the ladies," he added.

"Just grab everybody who's caught walking a mile to keep from taking a sweet."

"Yeah," grinned the Chief of Detectives.

He opened his hand and glanced down at the penknife snuggled there. The entire width of the window sill had been scarred by the blades of that knife. There was a death's-head carved with elaborate care, and beside it the one name "Lom." There was a heart in which some initials had been, but these were prudently mutilated till only a trace remained. There was a crude attempt at cutting the human figure.

What had happened seemed plain enough to Moran. Louie Lom's appearance had been so abrupt that the carver dropped his penknife. Their nervous vigil was ended; the gangster moved, a fitting target, down on the street below them. The rifle cracked, their victim fell, and then sudden getaway was all of their ambition. In the excitement of that minute the penknife, under the radiator, had been utterly forgotten.

It was a small knife with the initials "J. L." lightly engraved on its gold-plated side. One could win the same sort of knife, Moran remembered, by playing the poolroom punchboards. He would put a pair of men at work to check up with the jewelry shops regarding those initials.

ONE thing set this killing apart from the usual gangster murder. Neither a sawed-off shotgun was used nor the more deadly, more modish, machine gun. This had been like an old blood-feud of the hills. A rifle shot finished Louie Lom: a single bullet straight to his heart—and the empty shell now lay in Moran's coat pocket. That and the penknife and the stubs of cigarets were all that remained of the two who had lurked here in ambush.

From a store across the street a familiar figure emerged. The Chief of Detectives watched him—Rapp of the City News Bureau—shoulder his way through the curious throng which stood about the police machine, waiting to see they knew not what, staring and talking and wondering. He saw him brush past the uniformed officer stationed on the steps. The cop objected, but Rapp only growled, as though he were just a flunkey. Then the reporter was entering the room with a careless little laugh.

"While you birds are trying to figure out who did it, I've landed the real low-down behind the shooting. A radio guy was singing Sweet Rosie O'Grady. The gun baby thought Louie Lom was making all the racket. Plunko! He sunk a bullet in Louie instead of the mike—and the radio kept right on singing!"

Moran turned to look at Rapp.

"That what was on the air when he shot him?"

"Yes. It was an old-time program. The old bird in the shoe shop was singing the words along with the radio. He said it brought back the good old days. Then plunko! Good-by auld lang syne!"

The Chief of Detectives knew a queer sensation. By George, he could finish that song himself if he really had a mind to. After all these years the words would come. Now—surprisingly—he was humming them as he gazed on the scene of gangdom's latest murder.

Sweet Rosie O'Grady,
My dear little Rose!
She's my steady lady,
Most everyone knows . . .

The name was Rosie O'Grady, but the face which it conjured before him was that of Mary Collins. He saw himself, a lusty young copper, a harness-bull strutting his beat beneath an old-fashioned helmet. Strutting his beat, swinging his club, humming Sweet Rosie O'Grady! Past Heinie Schmidt 's place and Terry Melarckey's, exuding the fragrance of a good steam beer, the keener odor of whisky. Past Hook & Ladder 39, with the boys all loafing out in front, enjoying the fine spring evening. Past the Lutheran school and the Dutchman's store. A pause, then, to glance up Manny's alley, named for the soak who always retired there to sleep off what was in him. On he would strut, past shop and flat, past saloon and public building . . . past the house where Mary Collins lived.

Shoulders back, club a-swing, helmet cocked aslant his brow, Officer Moran moved grandly past the house where Mary Collins lived. He could see her now as he saw her then; the blackest of curls, the gay gray eyes, the mouth which had been the despair of him, the full-skirted, trim little figure. Back across the years he could almost hear her laugh, laughing at him strutting past as though he owned the town. It was pleasant to hear her laugh like that, teasingly coquettish. He yearned to have someone start a row, right there in front of where she lived. He was not called "Knuckles" for nothing.

. . . when we are married,
How happy we'll be!
I love sweet Rosie O'Grady,
And Rosie O'Grady loves me.

BUT that is where sentiment yielded perforce to reality. For Mary Collins did not wed Officer Thomas Moran, and he had been very unhappy. He walked his beat like a bear in leash, and savagely he swung his club and longed more than ever for battle. One night a golden chance was his. He accepted it with such a will that three hard crooks, with desperate names, were brought in, bruised and bleeding, for the precinct surgeon to work on. "Knuckles" Moran achieved city-wide fame and was forthwith made a corporal. Thus had begun his reputation of being a hard-boiled copper. Thus had started his upward career as a fighting agent of justice.

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Illustrated by Frank Godwin

He no longer had to walk past the church where Mary Collins was married. The Chief of Detectives, still humming the song, wondered what had happened to her in the years since he was just a cop without a single chevron. Her husband's name . . . he searched his memory . . . Bill Morrell, with the accent on the "rell." A good-looking guy, with fine dark eyes and lots of wavy hair. In this present day they would call him a sheik. He was just a match for Mary.

Moran himself would never have passed for handsome. His nose was small and its profile jogged at the point where it had been broken. His jaw was large and square. His eyes, which were blue, with a touch of gray, had a habit of narrowing, squeezing out wrinkles at both their outer corners. When he faced a crook in the "conference" room on an upper floor at headquarters, those eyes were small and very hard; but in his home, with his daughter before him, they seemed rather mild and indulgent.

MORAN'S reputation went with his small, hard eyes. These and his fists and his heavy shoulders were known and feared and hated. Vagabond crooks in far off San Francisco, in New Orleans, Brooklyn or Montreal, would describe in vivid, profane words just what a man could expect to get at the hands of "Knuckles" Moran. Sometimes a newspaper slyly hinted at the logic used in the upstairs room to induce a reluctant confession. Sometimes, in court, there were wrangles about it. Moran kept on regardless.

There was a stir in the crowd below. A second squad-car slid to a halt at the curb. The Chief abandoned his revery at sight of Lieutenant Schindler's gray fedora. He strode to the door to meet him.

"Sam, you remember a fellow boasting he had a sharpshooter's badge in the army? It must've been over a year ago. He was trailing around with some of Palladini's mob. A pigeon heard him in a west-side joint and—"

The Lieutenant snapped his finger.

"I know who you mean. Lonny Wolz."

"Lonny Wolz! That's the fellow we're after."

THE two machines set out with a businesslike thunder of motors. Their sirens whined, and the whining rose to an outraged shriek, and the black cars shot through the traffic. Chief of Detectives Moran, who once was Officer Moran walking his beat beneath an old-fashioned helmet, always rode like this. He would sit beside his chauffeur, and his eyes were two slits peering out at the madly changing street scene.

Their destination was a certain speakeasy which Lonny Wolz, the sharpshooting Palladini henchman, had been known, Schindler said, to favor with his presence. They swarmed through its doors, both front and side, two squads of men in mufti.

"Hold everyone," Moran commanded.

He had them lined up in front of the bar, still wet with the slops of Palladini beer. Then he passed them by in slow review, his small, hard eyes picking sheep from goats like a buyer down at the stockyards.

"You can go. . . . Outside, hophead. . . . Hold this guy. *And* this one!" He halted in front of Lonny Wolz, looking so surprised and aggrieved and innocent. "So this is him, eh, Sam? I always like to meet the customers personally!"

"What's the idea? Can't a fellow drink a glass of beer—"

"You're not drinking any beer today. Whisky straight, to fix your nerves!"

"My nerves are all right," was the sullen reply.

"You were a wise guy not to hide away: I'll say that for you, Wolz. I'd play innocent, too, if I was you. But we'll talk that over later!"

There was a sound as the side door opened. Moran glimpsed a youthful, startled face and a suddenly motionless figure. Then it was gone; the door stood empty, and frantic footfalls pounded along the walk outside.

"Nab him!" shouted the Chief of Detectives. He caught Lonny Wolz's anxious look. "Shoot if you have to! Nab him!"

But there was no need to shoot him down. They brought him back, a snarling youth, who cursed and struggled and then abruptly fell into stubborn silence.

Moran, walking down the street to the place where the squad cars were waiting, reflected anew on the wisdom of inconspicuous parking. An older, shrewder gangster would have seen them anyway, he supposed, would never have entered, as this kid had done, without first making sure that all was well. He glanced again at his glowering captive. More spirit than brains in this young one.

At headquarters, up in a quiet room, he set to work on Lonny Wolz. In a case like the present it would not do to lose any time delaying. Soon Palladini's high-priced lawyer would come with a writ of habeas corpus. This big booze gangster, bitter rival of the lately dangerous Louie Lom, could be depended on to protect his killer, if merely to guard his own fat neck from the fatal effects of squawking.

But at present Moran had only the most circumstantial of evidence. He could not book a man for murder just because he had boasted of being a former army sharpshooter. Any lesser charge would admit him to bail. No matter; more than one tough crook had confessed his sins in this upstairs room under the Chief's stern guidance.

But Wolz was hard and he knew exactly what to expect as a suspect. Blows and accusations beat upon him in heavy succession. He grew weak and groggy and his brain was numb, but still he stubbornly would not yield an admission which would damn him.

At last they carried him from the room, and Moran, very weary and hot and vexed, sent for the youth who had tried to escape. That anxious look on Wolz's face . . . this lad knew something he could tell; nor was he a hardened sinner yet, too tough to respond to treatment. The Chief of Detectives thought of the penknife. Such a young one, all nerves and not much sense, still a novice in the vicious deeds of gangland, would be just the one to lose his head and leave that knife behind him.

The initials "J. L." were engraved on its side. The first question then, was:

"What's your name?"

"Listen, kid," Lieutenant Schindler whispered. It was his rôle to be friendly, soothing, as though he felt sorry for a likable lad and hated to see him abused. "You want to tell the Chief the truth. He'll soon enough know if you're lying. He's a mean one to cross, that fellow."

Moran's small, hard eyes were before him, and a moment he hesitated.

"Well, come to life! I asked your name."

"All right. It's George Morrell."

MORAN'S stiffly stubborn jaw relaxed and his small, hard eyes went wide. In his surprise he even failed to note that name and initials were not in agreement. Staring at the face of George Morrell, he looked back twenty years and more at a gray-eyed witch with the blackest of curls and a laugh so teasingly coquettish. Yes, he could almost see her in this fellow: the eyes were Mary's and the mouth . . . there was something familiar about the mouth, something reminiscent.

A good-looking kid, like his dad and his mother. Strangely, Moran had a flash of thought for his own maturing Laura. She was no beauty to gaze at, perhaps, but she was her father's daughter. His jaw momentarily tightened. Laura, though plain, was no rotten crook, like Mary's pretty youngster!

He motioned Schindler to leave the room.

"Your mother was Mary Collins, eh?"

"What if she was?" The kid looked startled, his manner sharply defensive.

"I knew her before she was married." Moran regarded him with curious wonder. "Before you were ever born! Is she . . . still living?"

"Yes."

"Father, too?"

"Yes."

"What's he doing?"

"Timekeeper down at the yards."

The Chief of Detectives was gratified to hear it. How much better Mary would have done if she had married him!

Abruptly his jaw hardened.

"You're a hell of a son of your mother!" he roared. "Trailing around with a rotten mob!"

"I didn't—"

"You lie! You stayed hid in a room so you could bump (*Continued on page 46*)

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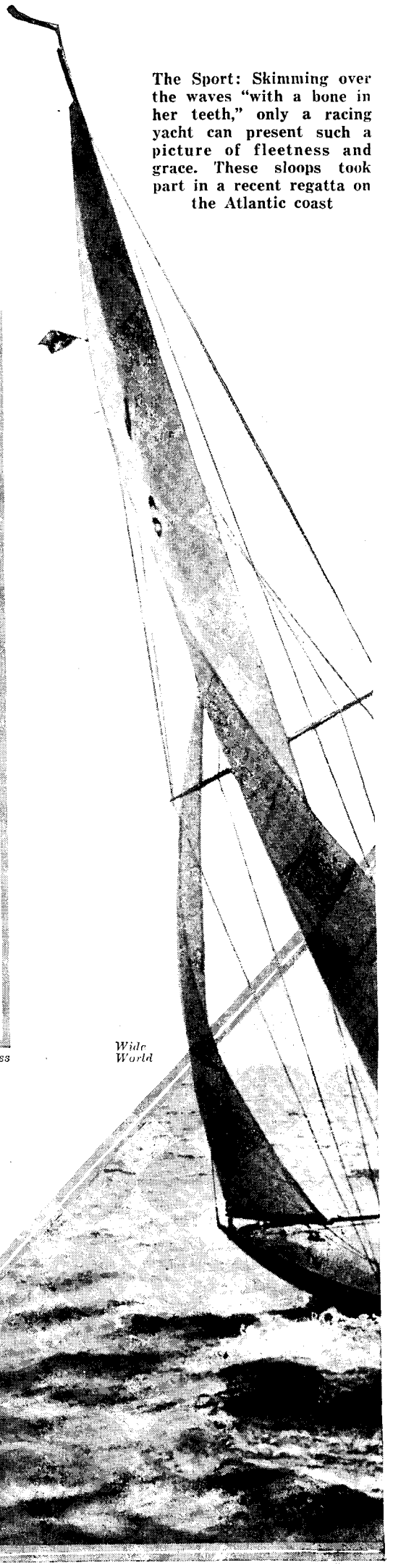
The Look

Warner Brothers

The Screen: Not content with becoming talkative, the movies are now going in for complexions. On With The Show, a technicolor talkie starring Betty Compson, shows the villain and other characters in their true colors

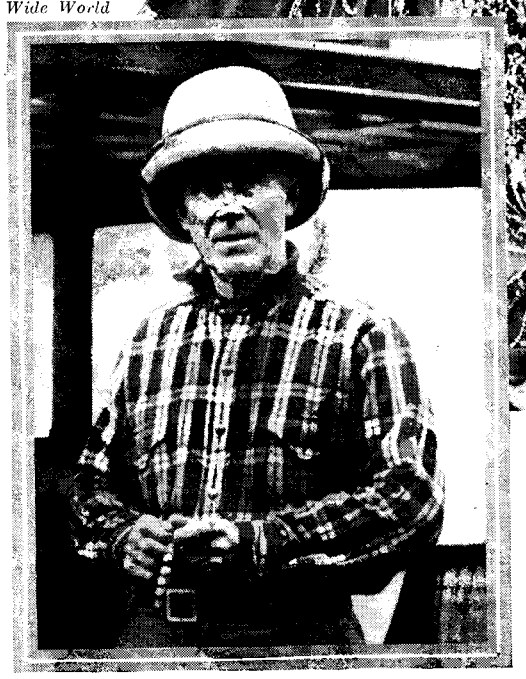
Pictorial Press

Society: Captain of his future, Master Albert Palmer Loening, Jr., (below) son of the airplane builder, is quarterdecking temporarily on this beached craft at Southampton, Long Island



Wide World

The Sport: Skimming over the waves "with a bone in her teeth," only a racing yacht can present such a picture of fleetness and grace. These sloops took part in a recent regatta on the Atlantic coast



Wide World

The Author: When Zane Grey isn't writing he's fishing. Here he is at the latter after finishing his new novel which begins in Collier's in September

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of the Month

Ho-hum! Right in the middle of the vacation season and we hope we didn't startle you. Here's our monthly digest, arranged so as to impose no strain on the eyes

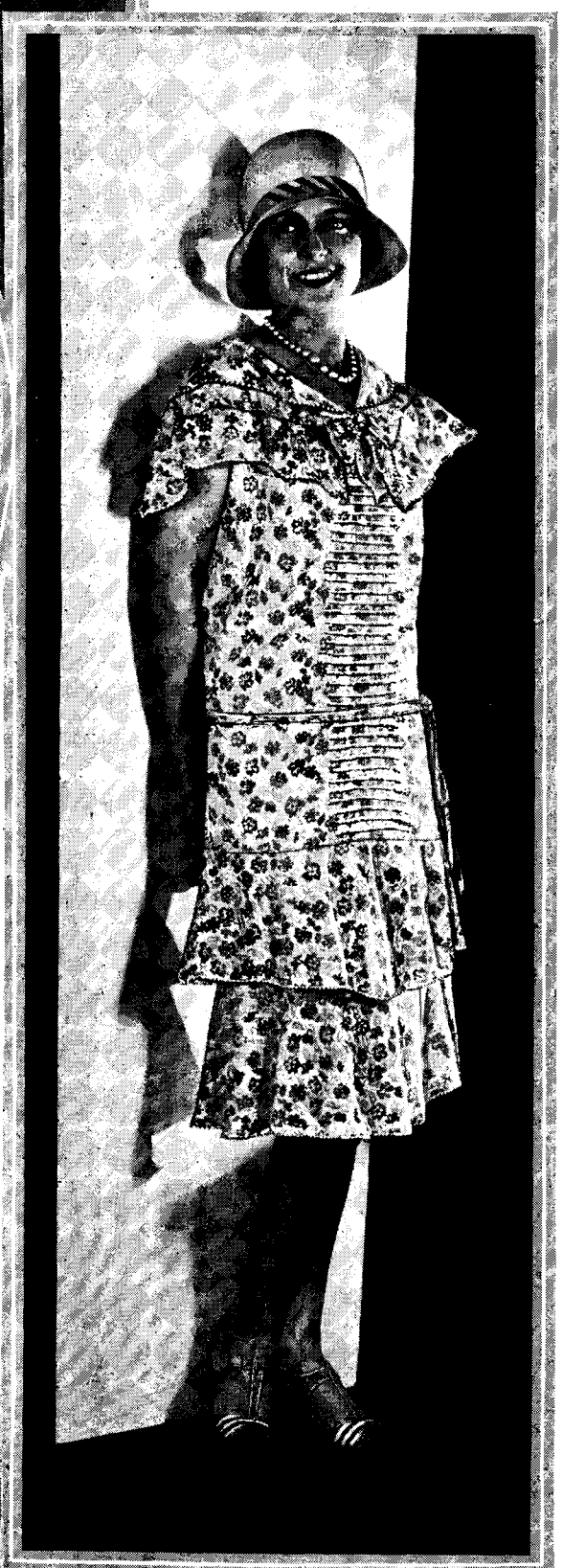
White Studio

The Stage: Light mental refreshment is offered the hot and bothered business man in The Little Show, a new revue. Visiting firemen will pump many a chuckle from this scene, The Still Alarm, featuring Fred Allen, Clifton Webb, Harold Moffet and Romney Brent

The Fashion: Of course you may wear it in the morning or evening, or both, if you insist, but the modiste says it's an afternoon frock of batiste printed from wooden blocks. The bertha collar is the newest neck finish for sleeveless dresses

Schervee Studios

The Bride: A medieval pose of Miss Francesca Braggiotti, society beauty and dancer of Boston, who has just been married to John Davis Lodge, grandson of the late Senator Henry Cabot Lodge



Best and Company

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Alias Kid Mangle

Mr. Rowley, fight manager, finds a knockout artist, and Mr. Birnbaum finds a couple of goats

By Thomas McMorrow

Michael Rowley

ALL *this was one night last* summer when I, Michael Rowley, of the city and state of New York, was in a train coming from Seaville. I had with me in this train my latest discovery, by the name of Gus. I was explaining to Gus the difference between clam-tonging, which was his manly sport from boyhood until 6:00 P. M. of this night, and box-fighting, at which I would employ him.

"Will you pay my fare back to Seaville if I don't make good, Mr. Rowley?" says he.

"I will, my boy," says I, kindly. "And pay for the ice, too. You will go first-class freight."

Behind us is a bozo listening in, and he says: "Mr. Rowley, what do you think of Kid Mangle of Rockfall Center versus Black Friday, at Baybright tonight?"

I says, "I know Black Friday, and he is a panic, but who is this Kid Mangle of Rockfall Center?"

He says, "He is an unknown."

I says, "Oh, Black Friday will fix that with one sock. After that black demon connects, he will not be an unknown because the remains will have to be identified. You ask any coroner."

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Rowley," he says. "I'm Mr. Roscoe Birnbaum of Rockfall Center, and I am in a position to state that Kid Mangle will positively not appear at Baybright tonight. I am the only man who knows this, and being that Kid Mangle is an unknown and there is a loser's end waiting at Baybright, what's the matter with you stepping off there and collecting it with your boy?"

"What interest have you got in this, Mr. Birnbaum?" I says.

"No interest at all," he says. "Only safety of principal!"

Well, it looked like a chance to pick up a little experience with my boy, and I would not have so far to send him if my worst fears came true. He had a great fighting record in Seaville, in the police court, and he was very young and strong.

So I says, "K. O., Mr. Birnbaum," and we three give the train the slip at Baybright and grab a taxi and shoot down Maple Avenue. And while we're arguing with the doorman that we are a fighter and two managers, somebody puts his head down the stairs and squeaks, "Kid Mangle!"

"Of Rockfall Center!" replies this Birnbaum, and we trample the doorman and bust upstairs. We are shown into a dressing-room and I peel my boy and deck him in trunks, and we rush him through the cheering audience and crowd him in the ring.

WE GOT a good crowd. This Black Friday always draws a good crowd, because he is very popular with the fans, and they will go a long ways in the hopes of seeing him get stretched. He is sitting in his corner looking like a dark cloud over a picnic, and he gives my boy a threatening look for keeping him waiting.

"In this corner," says the announcer, "Black Friday."

"Boo-oo-o-oo!" says the crowd.

"And in this corner, Kid Mangle."

"Of Rock-fall Cen-ter!" hollers Roscoe Birnbaum.

They ring the bell and I jump out of the ring.

"Mr. Rowley, please, sir," says Gus, leaning over the ropes, and pointing out to me the referee and Black Friday in case I didn't notice them, "what one do I fight?"

"If I was you, my boy," I counsels, after looking them over, "I would take on the darky first. If you find you can't lick him, you might try the other."

MY BOY shakes hands with the darky, and he is reaching around to shake hands with the referee, too, whom he never met before either, when this Black Friday takes a wind-up, and lands a right-hand sock on my boy's ear that makes him throw both of his dogs up in the air like a tumbler and come down right in the middle of his haircut. Oh, dear me.

"Foul!" says the fans. "Foul!" Well, it wasn't no such thing because Gus had a right to attend to business, but they thought he had overslept and ought to have been called.

"Who done that?" says Gus, bouncing up much vexed. "One of these guys hit me, Mr. Rowley, and they can't deny it. I think it was you." And he takes a run at the referee.

The referee ducks and gives ground, and my Gus is going after him like a champion, when Black Friday, who had a heart of stone, nails him again.

"I seen you that time, you sneak," grits my boy angrily, while the referee is trying to get his story in but can't on account of the crowd. So Gus rises up for the second time and lights out after Black Friday. The darky sees he has a greenhorn, and he thinks he will hurry up and get back to One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street, and he sets himself and lets go right and left, taking my boy right where he grinds his clams. But Gus comes on and backs this man Friday against the ropes and puts his left elbow under his chin to pose him, and then gives him one for himself.

Black Friday goes through the ropes for a rolling fall into the audience. My boy's right after him. Black Friday sees him coming down and figures what he is coming for, but the referee figures he is coming to help Black Friday up like a gentleman. Anyway, Black Friday takes a swing at him, and that is the blow that loses him the bout, and the rest is all in fun.

My boy lands on him and straddles him and what he gives him is nobody's business. Some pokes; let me tell you, men, that business of tonging clams might not be so interesting after the first twenty years, but it is very good for the hands and arms. You want to see my boy's hands; they are like wood. I never see such hands. He's got arms like legs, and he is as strong and healthy as a horse. The only thing that didn't get much benefit out of twelve hours' tonging a day, rain or shine, is his head. Well, any man that it takes twenty years to learn enough about tonging clams is a little slow in the head, what I mean. But be that as it may; anybody that is getting whaled with wooden mallets propelled by horse power is in no position to criticize, and this Black Friday just lay there and hoped for the best.

Well, they give the bout to Gus on this foul, such being the popular verdict and the Maple Avenue being a new club and having to please everybody. And everybody was pleased, except Black Friday. "He hit the Kid outside the ropes, didn't he?" says the referee. "If somebody will ask the Kid not to hit me, I will hold up his glove. Winner, Kid Mangle!"

"Of Rock-fall Cen-ter!" reminds Roscoe Birnbaum. He just had to get that in.

Everybody votes the fight was a wow, and I go to collect my bit, and it is two hundred men. I am on my way with my tongman when Birnbaum says, tagging after me, "We got a world-beater here."

"We, Mr. Birnbaum?" I says, looking for his. "Where's yourn?"

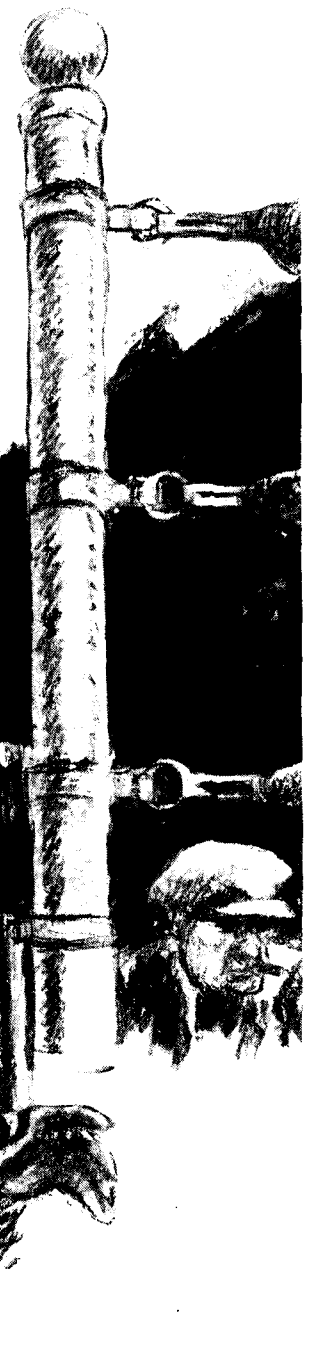
"Listen, Mr. Rowley," he says, "I am much interested in this boy, but not in money, and all I want is to see him win glory. How about you and him coming back with me to Rockfall Center where I got a gym in my barn, and we will put some polish on this lad?"

That sounded K. O. and we got back on the train and went to Birnbaum's house out on the Merrick Road near Rockfall Center and he treated us like a couple of guests.

HE WAS a real fight fan. He had a ring in his barn and all around was pictures of pugs with "To my Pal, Roscoe." He had pictures of himself too, showing his great chest and back. "Do you know where I got that great back development, Mr. Rowley?" he says.

"Stooping for snipes, Mr. Birnbaum?" I guessed.

He took off his shirt to show us his different swellings, and he posed with Gus to show him how to look like a boxer. Me and Birnbaum spent four days in the barn working on our tongman, giving him skull practice, which



Illustrated by R. Van Buren

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was all we could do, having no sparring partner.

Birnbaum says to me, "About this Kid Mangle thing, Mr. Rowley. The name of Kid Mangle was just an Elias for a local boy who decided to have a ring career and then decided not to bother. So he is out and we can let Gus go on as Kid Mangle and not lose the credit of his great victory over Black Friday at Baybright."

"K. O., Mr. Birnbaum," I says, not wanting to have an argument with a man I owe four days' board for man and beast.

"And another thing," he says, full of ideas. "If we don't fight him around here we will not meet so many people who might know there was another Kid Mangle. Let's try him out in that battle you're offered over in Fort Lee tomorrow night. Am I right?"

So we got to the battle of Fort Lee the next night. Fort Lee is in New Jersey, and it is well-known for history even before this battle that really puts the place on the map. Nowadays, if a boy is taking a beating and giving nothing back it is called fighting the battle of Fort Lee; and this is where the custom gets its name.

The bouts were at the Palisade Social Club, and I was fighting my boy in the semi-final. That's high-up in society, but our win over Black Friday has given us big prestige. All the way across the ferry and up the river road in the bus I am packing my boy's ear with the best advice, telling him not to forget to remember his training. "Box him pretty, like we showed you how, see?"

"BUT, Mr. Rowley," he said, "you can't win no fights like that. You got to sock."

"Never mind," I says. "You just do like we showed you."

"Well, I will try your system," he says. "But here is what I wanted to ask you: I get up when the referee counts up to nine and that is all right, but when do I fall down on the floor in the first place? I been wondering about that."

"About falling down," I says, "use your own judgment. All I insist on is getting up."

"You are not got to tear him apart, Gus," says Birnbaum in his other ear. "Just do pretty, like we showed you, and you will win on points."

So we landed at the Social Club, and when the last prelim is in we come down the aisle in a group and grab a corner. The opposing party on this occasion is one Gunner Murphy. He fits our case because he is a polished boxer with nothing much in his kick, and he will give our tongman some great lessons in the manly art. The referee calls the boys together and gives them a parting word. Gus turns around and nods to tell me he understands, and he seems quite satisfied. He says to me later, "He spoke just like you, Mr. Rowley. All about what I mustn't do, see?"

So they shook hands and broke, and my boy puts up his dukes.

Say, he was pretty. If only somebody thought to bring a camera, there was an experienced old ringman, cool, confident, still as a statue while this Gunner was quartering around and dancing and feinting. Not a quiver out of Gus; anybody could see he was biding his time. He was such a knotty boy, and so sure of himself that he made the Gunner nervous and he kept away, and the crowd began to razz him. So he shoots a light left.

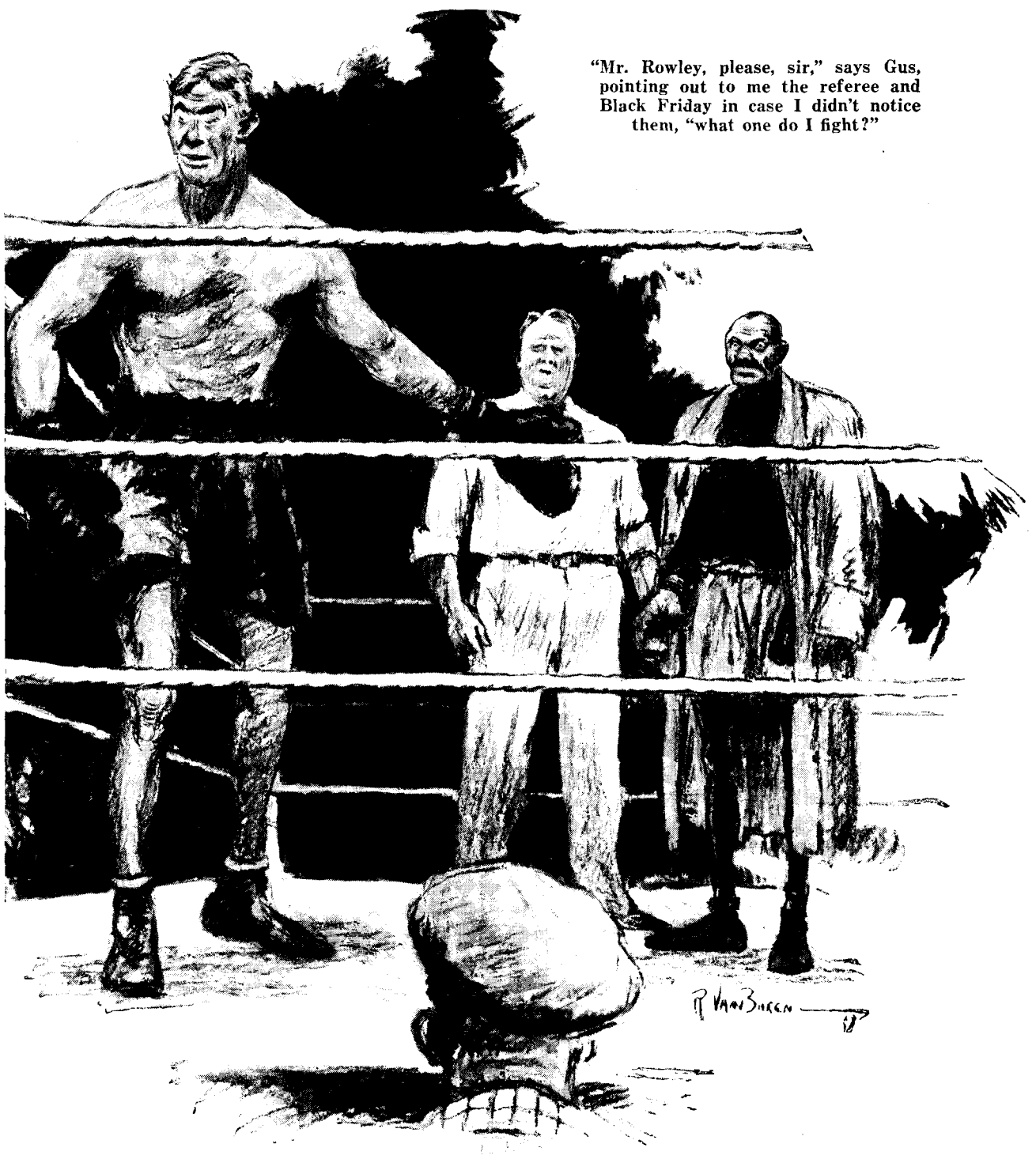
It took my boy on the jaw. It did not shake him out of his pose, but he looked down at me with a wistful look. So the Gunner tries it again. And again it was taken in very good part. Seeing that he did not seem to be starting any trouble, the Gunner jumped in and fired both guns into my boy. Gus staggered, but pulled himself together like a soldier, and puts his dukes up again.

"Fight!" I hollered. "Shoot that right!"

He heard me holler something, but could not pay good attention because now the Gunner was cuffing him heartily, and the crowd was asking him to put the big bum out. My boy pushed the gunner aside politely, and laid himself down on the canvas, and looked at me some more.

"—Six—seven—eight—nine—" said the timekeeper at the side of the ring.

Up jumps Gus, much refreshed. Up goes his dukes. The Gunner comes at him now full steam ahead, going to ram him and keel him over. My boy rolls his head this way and that, taking roundhouse swings on his ears and neck. When that bores him, he dives again and takes a count of nine. Say, he wasn't hurt at all, but he was just doing his stuff. He gets up and the Gunner comes raging at him like a wild man. Oh, this Gunner was some front runner. Well, you got a front runner licked when you got him headed, but you got to head him, don't you? The bell catches my boy in the act of taking another one of his favorite counts; and that was round one.



"Mr. Rowley, please, sir," says Gus, pointing out to me the referee and Black Friday in case I didn't notice them, "what one do I fight?"

"AM I doing good, Mr. Rowley?" he says, coming back to me with his pan all glove-red.

"Lay down here, you big bum," I says.

"I am laying down all right, and I rested good," he says. "Mr. Rowley, please, sir, could I put one good sock on him? Because I am afraid if I show much more science I will lose my temper."

"You certainly can, my boy," I says laughingly. "Turn about is fair play. This time you sock."

"And I will like it better," he says.

The Gunner comes tearing across the ring with wonderful courage. He lets go with both hands, and he is still heading in when the tongman shoots his cold and clammy right. Oh, dear me. It takes the Gunner in the center of the pan, and it spreads his smeller like a flapjack. He goes right over backward, and the referee is waving my boy away.

"Back to the corner, Gus," I holler, "or he won't start the count."

"But only up to nine," he bargains, backing up and waiting his chance to put out several more socks that are on his mind.

"Ten, and you're out!" says the referee.

"Foul!" hollers Gus, who is learning fast about the fight game. "I claim a foul. Don't he have to get up at nine? You ask Mr. Rowley if he don't. All right, fellow, I will lay for you outside, and what I will give you is good and plenty."

Some fighting-spirit, hey, men?

"Wait till we get the champ for him, hey, Mr. Rowley?" says Birnbaum, who brings us in one of these eight-for-a-quarter picture joints and gets a group of Kid Mangle, Manager and Sparring Partner. His own money, too. He was certainly nuts on my boy. I see fans before that will burn their house for the insurance so they can travel a thousand miles to see their hero battle, but I never see a more loyal and faithful fan than this Birnbaum. And one thing I always liked him for, he didn't care about money. Oh, he liked to play with it and would count my roll and hand it back, but he worked as hard with my boy as I did myself, and he paid his own way and asked for nothing but glory. He was certainly bugs on fighting, and he would like to be a fighter himself. Say, he knew more about the fight game than I did. We would be fanning, and I would say, "Well do I remember when Billy Smith beat Dan Needham in fourteen rounds at Frisco in 1892."

He would come right back and say, "I remember that fight too. Except that it wasn't Dan Needham, but Kid McCoy, and it wasn't fourteen rounds but fifteen, and it wasn't at Frisco but at Maspeth, Long Island, in 1896. Besides, it wasn't Billy Smith but Tommy Ryan, and he didn't win but got knocked out. But go right ahead, Mr. Rowley. What was you going to say about that fight?"

He was certainly sold on my Gus. He was the one (*Continued on page 52*)

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Here come the Elephants!

By Grantland Rice

After fourteen years of trial and error Mr. Cornelius McGillicuddy has got him a ball club that looks like a world-beater. Here's what Mr. Rice thinks of it

WHEN Connie Mack, the tall, angular leader of the Philadelphia Athletics, began disbanding his all-star combination in the fall and winter of 1914, just fifteen years ago, he was confident he would have another set of pennant-winners ready in two or three seasons.

He had broken up one pennant combination in 1906 and by 1910 he had McInnis, Collins, Barry, Baker, Plank, Bender and Coombs all geared up for another whirl.

It was different after 1914. For the better part of fifteen years Mack, now over sixty, has seen more than 600 ball players pass in review as one by one he sent them adrift to minor leagues and then tossed out the dragnet again for another haul.

It was not until last spring that he felt confident of breaking up the Yankee march and resuming where he left off fifteen years ago with a club that won four pennants in five years.

A year ago at this stage Mr. Mack and his Athletics were something like twelve or thirteen games behind the Yankees. The situation has been entirely different this spring and summer. In place of limping and shuffling along through the first half of the pennant race the Athletics have been traveling at the speed of a young cyclone. They got away to a big jump through April, May and June and unless some boll weevil of misfortune attacks them later on they will prove exceedingly hard to suppress.

Someone might want to know just what has happened to bring about the big reverse from 1928. Two things seem to have taken place. The Athletics, after discarding some of their veterans, began to get much better just at the time the Yankees were beginning to slip and dip in an alarming way.

When you size up the Athletics of 1929 you can understand why they have stirred up so much dust in passing the halfway post. As a starter they have in Micky Cochrane one of the greatest catchers that baseball has even known. The Giants had their Roger Bresnahan in 1905 and the Cubs had their Johnny Kling from 1906 to 1910. But in Micky Cochrane the Athletics have a catcher who can think and throw with either and who can outhit both. When young Cochrane has finished his career he may be picked as the greatest all-around catcher of all time. If he isn't "the boy who has everything" he is close to it. He has a fine arm, a quick brain, a pair of fast feet and a batting eye that rarely blinks.

A star catcher is almost the main stone in a club's foundation. Catchers such as Bresnahan, Kling, Sullivan, Schalk and Cochrane have a big influence upon the rest of the team as they are vital factors in holding it together in times of storm and stress. Cochrane is that type of catcher and a wicked hitter on the side. He was voted the most valuable ball player in the American League last season and he has been more valuable this year than ever before.

With Cochrane as a starter Mack was also able to send one of the best pitching staffs of the game into action. First of all he has Bob Grove, a left-hander with almost as much speed as Walter Johnson ever carried into action.

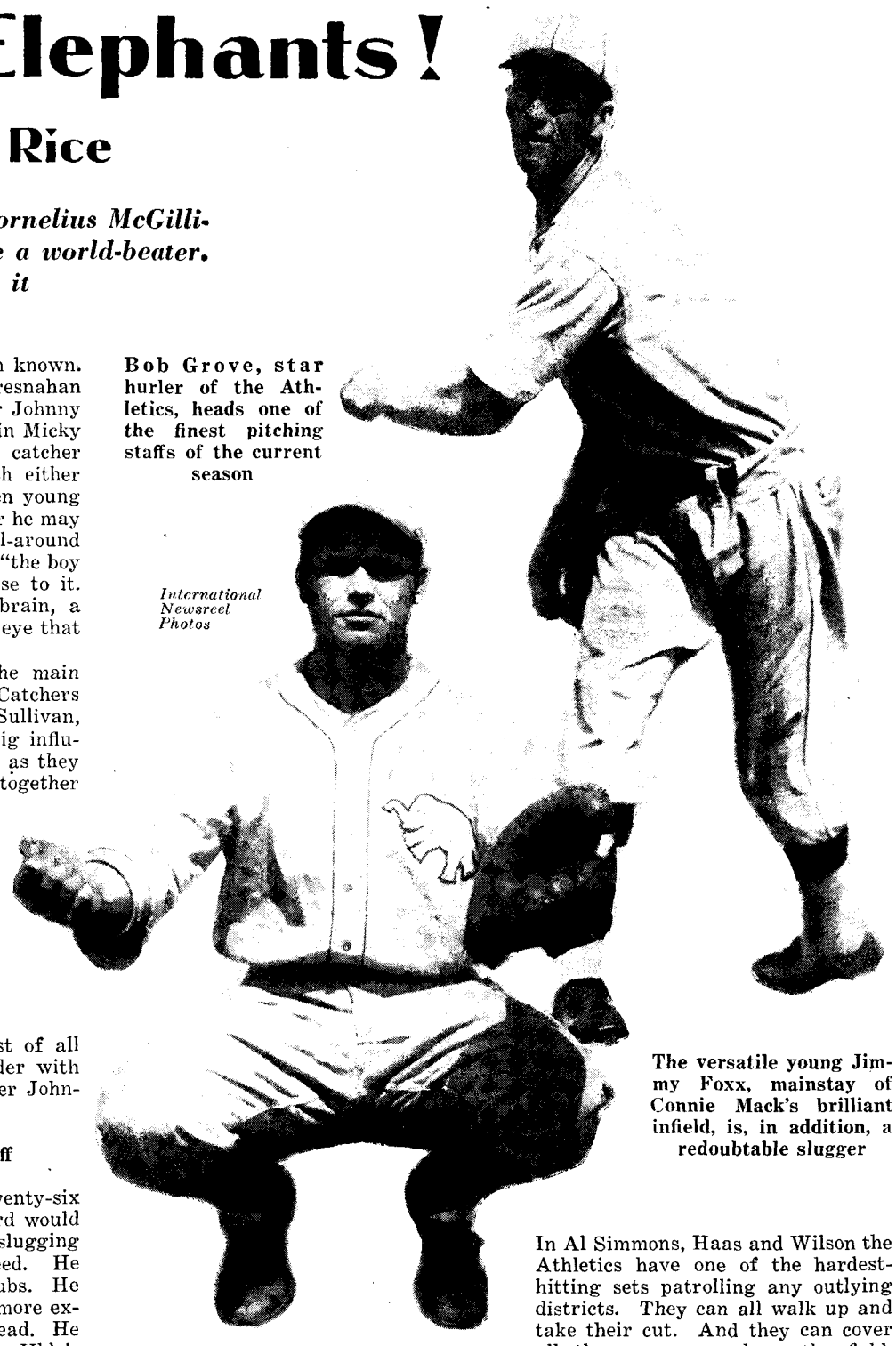
A Brilliant Pitching Staff

Grove won twenty-five or twenty-six games last season and his record would have been phenomenal if the slugging Yankees hadn't timed his speed. He lost only two games to other clubs. He came to work this season with more experience and a better pitching head. He was the first one to stop George Uhle's long winning streak back in June and he had to hold the Tigers to four hits in thirteen innings to turn this trick.

But Grove, a great pitcher, isn't the entire staff. In Jack Quinn, a forty-six-year-old veteran, Mack has one of the marvels of baseball. Quinn was pitching professional ball twenty-five years ago. He was turned back to the minors sixteen years ago, and yet for the last two years he has been one of the most efficient workmen on Mack's staff. It was Quinn who checked the Yankees rather abruptly early in the spring and removed some of their held-over confidence. Then Ed Rommell's arm began to come around again, Walberg's fast one continued to whizz by and there were Earnshaw and Ehmke to help carry on.

With this combination at work Mack could depend upon first-class pitching day by day as May and June slipped by, whereas a year ago through these two months he found his staff limping badly.

Al Simmons, through his prowess at bat, is quite an important factor in the Athletics' strong bid for their former glory



International Newsreel Photos

Bob Grove, star hurler of the Athletics, heads one of the finest pitching staffs of the current season

The versatile young Jimmy Foxx, mainstay of Connie Mack's brilliant infield, is, in addition, a redoubtable slugger

With his battery department all shipshape, Mack at last found the infield and outfield combination that he had been looking for. And the youth who made another contribution to the cause was a twenty-one-year-old ball player by the name of Jimmy Foxx. Foxx, a first-class catcher, is also a first-class infielder and outfielder. He is a star third baseman and a star first baseman. And beyond that he can rip the epidermis off the ball day in and day out. With Foxx at first, Bishop at second, Dykes and Boley at short and Hale at third the solemn-looking Philadelphia mandarin went tearing along with an infield combination not so far short of his old guard. They were not as good, but they have been good enough.

Dykes at short isn't the greatest defensive fielder in the world but he is a hard-hitting, hard-fighting type that helps to lift a team out of the drift. There are certain ball players who may not be stars but who are more valuable than stars.

There is no question but that Mack's outfield is a stronger combination than anything he ever knew back in the days when he was winning four pennants in five years. Strunk and Oldring were the best outfielders on that old club. In Al Simmons, Haas and Wilson the Athletics have one of the hardest-hitting sets patrolling any outlying districts. They can all walk up and take their cut. And they can cover all the open ground on the field.

Through the first two months of the race Foxx, Cochrane and Simmons stood at the top of American League hitters. They averaged above .380 in a team whose general average was above .310.

Foxx a Promising Youngster

They have been talking about successors to Ty Cobb, Tris Speaker and Babe Ruth when the Babe decides he is about through. The best early-season candidate for this job has been the same Jimmy Foxx previously mentioned in these dispatches. In addition to being one of the leading home-run hitters, up with the heavy artillery of both leagues, this young star went careening through the first half of the race with a batting average well above .400.

When you find a kid who can play eight positions on a ball club and play them well, who can run with the sluggers as a home-run hitter and who can keep in the neighborhood of .400 or better at bat, you have found something, something that happens along about once every twenty-five or thirty years.

Mack's present team has been a harder-hitting outfit than his old guard of 1910-1914. It has punch, from Micky Cochrane to the last outpost.

His pitching staff has had no three stars to compare with Bender, Plank and Coombs but (*Continued on page 53*)

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How to be Happy though a Parent

By Emily Post

Author of Etiquette; the Blue Book of Social Usage

Is the mother really to blame for not understanding her fast-stepping daughter? Mrs. Post's answer is "yes" in this article on parent-child etiquette

The younger generation is bored by being told what was proper when parents were young

COUNTLESS anxious mothers and harassed fathers are face to face with a double-sided problem. On one side are the ever-relaxing customs of the times that threaten to destroy that which they hold most precious; and on the other side is an equal unwillingness to bar their daughter from the pleasures permitted to her friends, and thereby to set her apart.

A typical problem of the mother of a young girl who is still dependent upon the permission of her parents, is this: Shall Cynthia be allowed to do the things the other girls do—things which to her parents are shocking, or shall she be deprived of any joy that is the portion and the right of her youth?

The mother is not only willing but eager that her daughter shall have all the admiration and pleasure that can possibly come to her—but not at the risk of lowering admiration, through familiarity, to contempt; not at the risk of future unhappiness out of proportion to mere disappointment in missing a few so-called good times.

For instance, a very attractive woman—a stranger—who sat next to me at lunch the other day, told me as soon as she heard my name that she lived in a small town not far away; that it was customary for many of the supposedly nicest girls in her town to go to New York with a man alone; dine in a restaurant, go to a play, go somewhere and dance afterward and come home on the "milk train" at six in the morning. So that her husband's and her own refusal to let Cynthia do the same thing was causing Cynthia continuous heartache.

I was tempted to answer that the problem was rather one of deciding who should have the heartache: Cynthia or her parents. But I did not say this aloud, because it was not the sort of reply to make to a woman who was in need of help. The answer I made was too long and too personal to include in this article but the gist of every such answer is necessarily this:

Whether Cynthia may be allowed to go out alone with a man depends first of all on the sort of a girl Cynthia is, what her training has been, and what the handicaps of her social position are. If she is neither an outsider to society nor an actress, nor a business woman, if she has been brought up with the same lack of practice in the responsibility of looking after herself that her mother had, the answer is "decidedly no!"

Why Take a Chance?

But if she is a clear-headed young modern, incapable of being nonplussed by any situation in which she may find herself, the answer, so far as her personal danger is concerned, might quite probably be "yes." BUT there is still the question of social position to be defined. If Cynthia belongs within the walled enclosure of Society, the taboos of that special enclosure are enforced by the increasing vigilance of Mrs. Grundy and her old cat companies.

To such a Cynthia, therefore, the question to put is this (said not tearfully or tensely, but smilingly and with a shrug): "Going alone with Tom? Safe enough certainly, but why collect fresh fish for all the old cats who can see you? Why not get Jane and George to go too?"

This is not literal but it is the idea. Never admit danger, because "danger" is the synonym of "thrill." Don't present Mrs. Grundy as a personage of importance but as a trap-setter. And who'd be such a fool as to walk into a trap?

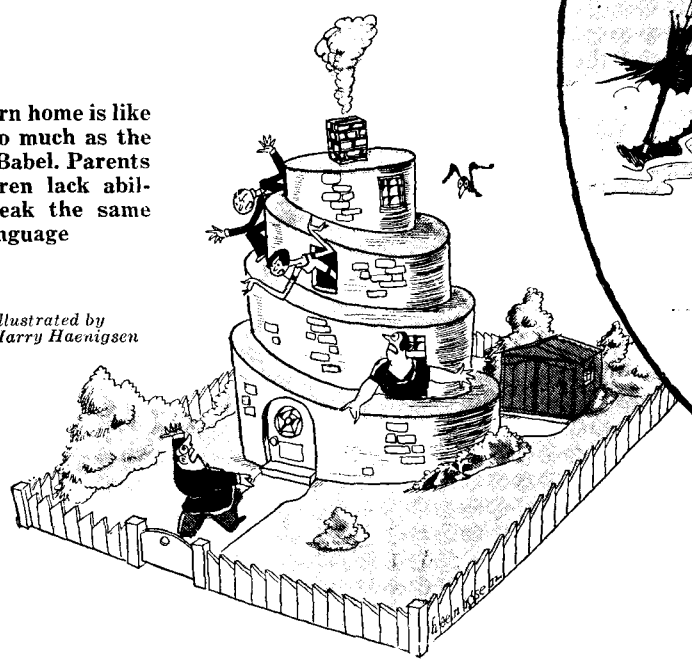
As a matter of fact, there is a second situation that is far more menacing and vital than that of Cynthia, and that is the problem of the parents of older daughters who are separated from all interference by the impenetrable static of misunderstanding between the older generation and the younger moderns. The antiquated type of parent who commands the static to clear, or who insists that the annoying condition is caused by the deliberate insubordination of Mary or Lillian or Lucille, will never clear the air by such means as "allowance withholding" and the ensuing estrangement, if not deceit, that is the inevitable and unfortunate result of any act of coercion.

To talk about sympathy, understanding and love between parents and their daughters sounds sobby. I hate sobbishness, as a matter of fact, every bit as much as the youngest modern—and yet how else can it be said? How else can perfect communication be established?

Wanted: A Mutual Language

Frankly, the only parents who have any chance (and it is *they* who must take the chance) are those who can sink their emotions completely in order to overcome the bias of their own prejudices. The real cause of static is the inability as well as unwillingness of most parents to understand the modern point of view. The complete change from the autocracy of the parents of yesterday to the status of resented obstructionists today has to be met with selfless courage. In no other way can the modern mother or father win the friendship and confidence of the modern daughter. Never in all the world, probably, has it been so heart-searingly difficult to be an ideal parent. It is no light achievement to succeed in being wisely loving, and lovingly wise—and coolly impersonal at the same time.

I wouldn't (*Continued on page 41*)



The modern home is like nothing so much as the Tower of Babel. Parents and children lack ability to speak the same language

Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen

Exclaim "How shocking!" and a modern girl laughs. If you have no grounds for your accusation she holds your opinions in contempt forevermore

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Just a Believer

By Hugh McNair Kahler

When a man is too humble to hope for love, what is a girl to do?

OUTWARDLY there was nothing wrong with the picture presented by Millard Fillmore Brett's mirror. He surveyed it, at first, with something like awe, with a touch of the envious and uncomfortable respect that he felt for better men, men who could have worn with jaunty, complacent assurance the apparel in which, for the first time in his three and twenty years, Millard Brett now beheld himself. His image, indeed, made him feel almost as if it had been Sherwood Rutter who looked at him through the golden-oak frame of the glass.

The thought exerted a curious effect upon that mirrored semblance. No sooner had it taken form in Millard Brett's mind than something happened to the shining wedge of shirt-front, the butterfly of black-silk bow, the impressive wings of the starched standup collar and the imposing dinner jacket framing these lesser symbols.

Millard Brett ceased abruptly to be impressed and overawed; there was no longer any likeness whatever to Sherwood Rutter; the familiar and contemptible identity of Millard Fillmore Brett revealed itself unmistakably through what had become a ludicrous and futile attempt at masquerade.

The countenance above the winged collar now turned back upon its owner the very look, hunted and shamed, of that Airedale terrier which little Effie Hartridge, next door, sometimes teased into doll's clothing and wheeled about in her miniature baby-carriage. Its insignificance was magnified; the ears stood ridiculously akimbo, the shock of mouse-colored hair mocked the refining restraint of Slickshine and assumed a new and aggravated shagginess; for the first time Millard Brett was aware that his brows and lashes were inanely pink and that patient razorings could never altogether efface the feeble paleness of what, allowed to flourish, his mustache and beard would be.

In the bitterness of disillusion Millard Brett saw clearly. He laughed as he set about the process of undressing.

"Like Sherwood Rutter!" he said aloud. "Like Sherwood Rutter! Huh!"

HE ALLOWED himself to be guided by prim habit in the disposal of the dinner jacket on a patented hanger, the stowage of the braided trousers in the No-crease-o Stretcher, but his thoughts were remote from these matters. It had come home to him that again, after all his expensive enlightenment at the hands of experience, he had fallen into his ancient error, yielded to his incurable, besetting vice.

"Nothing," he said between his teeth, "nothing but a believer!"

The epithet gave a dash of acid humor to the recognition of his folly. Never had he proved so well the basic difference between Sherwood Rutter and himself as in this latest effort to achieve a surface likeness!

"Never again," he whispered. "Never!"

The resolution gave him a dull comfort. He shut his teeth upon it as he resumed the garments he had removed, only a few minutes ago. Then he descended the stairs with a faint but agreeable lessening of self detestation.

Aunt Hattie met him in the hall.

"Why, Fillmore! Aren't you going to wear your dress-suit after all?"

Millard Brett had given up the idea of teaching Aunt Hattie not to address him by his middle name. It didn't greatly matter what he was called at home, and there was something dimly pleasing, too, in the way she said Fillmore, a quality of tone that seemed to give the name some reminiscent flavor of presidential state. It was also futile, he knew, to make her understand the distinction between a tuxedo and a dress-suit, and he found this difference less important to himself, for that matter, than it had seemed at supper-time, when he'd taken her up rather tartly about it.

"It made me look like a blacksmith in disguise," he said, quoting from a phrase of Sherwood Rutter's. "I guess I wasn't cut out for glad garments."

HE MANAGED to be decently flippant about it, partly because Sherwood Rutter would have been thus lightly jocular in the teeth of disaster and partly because it seemed a pity to let Aunt Hattie know how he really felt; it would distress her, he knew, much more than it was distressing him.

"Well, you look nice in the suit you've got on," Aunt Hattie declared. "You always look real nice, Fillmore."

Millard Brett achieved a grin and a cheerfully casual hand-wave, as he went out.

But his step flagged, it was certainly true that Edwina had asked him to come. Even now it seemed to him that she had gone to the trouble of looking and sounding as if she had meant it. But that must have been, of course, just some more of the apple sauce that Millard Brett was always swallowing—not that Edwina had been kidding him along out of malice, the way some girls might have done it, but because she was so nice that she tried to make everybody happy—even a simple fish like Millard Brett.

He laughed at himself for having believed that she actually wanted him sitting on her porch, when she could have a dozen better men to choose from, men who really knew their groceries, like Judson Doolittle, or Harry Parr or Jim Varnum, home from State for a summer's leisure in a monogrammed blazer and a sporty little car! When Sherwood Rutter always called on her when he came back to Binchester and, below the enviable aplomb and flippancy of his banter, permitted even Millard Brett's dull ear to detect, unmistakably, a note of genuine approval in his speech!

A fat, Chinese chance for Millard Fillmore Brett, in company like that!

He stopped on the corner, under the arc-lamp. He'd got wise to himself in time, anyway, and his cheeks prickled as he suddenly beheld himself in fancy in the gay group on Edwina's porch, trying to find a place for his hands and feet, trying to be like the others, to think up just one of the wise cracks that they were always springing on Edwina.

He saw himself there, in that tuxedo, a jackass trying to be a parlor pet!

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"Not me!" he said, between his teeth. "Never again!"

The curbward swerve of a squat little car intruded upon these dark meditations. He knew the car; even in the shadow he knew the slender arm that reached out to its steering wheel.

"Oh, Millard!" The voice, as if he had not seen the pathetic folly of such self-deceptions, revived in him instantly all the ridiculous hopes that he had ruthlessly throttled less than an hour ago. Maybe, after all—

"I hoped we'd meet you, in case you were coming over."

IT WAS the same voice, warm and round and soft, but the pronoun strangled these hopes again in spite of it. Beside Edwina, Millard Brett was now aware of a pale gleam of shirt-front.

"Sherwood's just here this one evening," said Edwina, "and he does so want to see the new wing out at the Country Club. I thought you'd just as soon go out there as sit around the porch."

"Jam in, Mill." There was a cheerful cordiality in Rutter's careless invitation. For an instant Millard Brett wavered on the brink of yielding to the pang of yearning that stabbed through him. Edwina sounded as if she really wanted him to tag along and even Sherwood Rutter, seemingly, didn't greatly object.

"Hop in," said Rutter, less amiably. "Snap out of it, can't you?"

Abruptly Millard Brett regained his sanity. Again he'd almost been a sucker, almost let himself believe that Edwina was actually trying to persuade him to spoil the party instead of just letting him down as easily as she could. Of course she'd only remembered about asking him over when she happened to see him standing under the light! Anybody but a Millard Brett would have seen instantly through that kind-hearted fraud of hers.

"Wish I could," he managed to say, "but I've got to—" he groped for an excuse that would fit. He couldn't very well say he had another date when Edwina had asked him and he'd promised to come. "I've got to get back earlier than you'd want to come," he went on, almost at random. "Heavy day ahead of me tomorrow and I want to be in shape for it. You go along, Edwina—I'll come over some other night instead."

Rutter chuckled. "Healthy, wealthy, and wise!" he suggested. "That's the stuff, Mill! In with the chickens and up with the lark! Same old Mill! Own the factory, one of these fine days! It's in all the books."

He waved a hand given visibility by its cigarette.

"Don't ever grow up to be like me, Mill. Always remember that a rolling stone gathers no whiskers. You glue yourself tight to the high stool and the first thing you know you'll own the works and marry Edwina and get elected into the Kiwanis Club!"

"Oh, Sher! You just destroy me!" Edwina's laugh bubbled over. "I mean you do—really!"

MURDER curdled in Millard Brett's heart but his lips crooked into their defensive grin.

"On your way," he said, achieving a counterfeit of gayety that seemed to convince the others. "Don't waste those swell wise cracks on a working-man like me. I might believe you."

The retort, inspiring Edwina once more to creamy mirth, did not, it appeared, destroy her. Her hand waved; gears clashed; the tires spurned the asphalt; Millard Brett, staring at the swift departure of the red spark of taillight, managed slowly to unclench his hands.

He made his way to a slatted bench in the little island of park which split the traffic of the avenue, and here, slapping at mosquitoes, he doggedly remained until the church clock tolled out the hour of ten. Then he went home.

In his room he decided recklessly not to wind the alarm clock. He didn't care, he told himself, what time he happened to get to work in the morning.

That unblemished record of six years without once being late now revealed itself as part and parcel of his comic simplicity. He'd actually been proud of it; Sherwood Rutter might have been reading his thoughts when he made that crack about being early to bed and early to rise.

All along Millard Brett had been sucker enough to believe, deep in his poor fish's heart, that a fellow who kept his nose glued against the grindstone, who punched the time-clock right on the button, year in and out, who went out of his way to hunt for extra work, might eventually get to the top of the ladder. He'd even managed to kid himself into thinking that such a man might some day conquer the regard of a girl like Edwina Mellish!

"Banana oil!" said Millard Brett to his thumped pillow. The phrase left a pleasingly mordant flavor on his lips; just uttering it seemed somehow to attest his late awakening and reform; impenitent and unenlightened suckers wouldn't think of using it.

Edwina was, in Sherwood Rutter's clever idiom, out. Shutting his teeth upon this resolution Millard Brett tried not to tolerate the fatuous lump that swelled up in his throat. Cynically, now, he reminded himself of the regularity with which Edwina had permitted him to fetch and carry for her; like everybody else, she'd played him, he decided, for an easy mark.

Only last (*Continued on page 34*)

Rutter chuckled. "Same old Mill! First thing you know you'll own the works and marry Edwina!" Edwina's laugh bubbled over

Illustrated by R. Van Buren

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Harpo Smites his Lyre

By Alexander Woollcott

On a spavined and rickety harp that would not play in tune at all unless he kicked it reproachfully several times, the Silent One of the Mad Marxes developed a technique which gives expert musicians the fantods but nightly rejoices his audiences

Harpo, the youngest of the Marxes, has twanged his way from the Golden Gate to Buckingham Palace and back

Florence Vandamm

ONE autumn afternoon about twenty years ago, a small, young, extremely uncelebrated vaudeville actor stood on a Chicago sidewalk staring pensively into the window of an art store. The object which engaged his attention was a picture of a winged female figure in elegant white draperies. Comfortably seated on a pink cloud, she was playing a harp.

His interest in this picture was not so much esthetic as practical. For by noting her position, he realized that what had hampered him so discouragingly as a self-taught harpist, what, indeed, had made it impossible for him to reach the further strings with his free arm, was the fact that he had been resting the darn thing on the wrong shoulder. So he hurried home and resumed his life in art with refreshed energy.

That is how he, who had been named Adolph, and had soon thereafter firmly changed that to Arthur, but was commonly addressed around the house as Ahdie, came to be known in time the country over as Harpo. For that youngster was one of the last of the Mad Marxes.

An Unwilling Début

Many years later I chanced to be sitting in a corner of a studio in New York while three musketeers of music, each striving to out-reminisce the other, were spinning yarns of their early days. Jascha Heifetz told of the quarter-size fiddle they got for him back in Vilma when, at the age of three, his toddling feet were set on the long, long road of the virtuoso. Irving Berlin told of the tinny old piano in a Bowery saloon where at dawn, after the sailors and their girls had gone and the waiter was mopping up spittle and cigarette butts from the floor, he used to be allowed to stand and pick out with one grimy finger the songs he had heard the other buskers sing. From Marx, not to be outdone by these two, came the odds and ends of the story which I have here pieced together.

Harpo taught himself to play the harp after it was decided, in full family conclave, that he really must learn how to do something. For some years he and his brothers had been adrift in the land, playing brief engagements at the amusement parks and small-time vaudeville houses whenever their mother could hornswaggle an incautious management into booking them.

It would hardly be accurate to say that he had gone on the stage at all. He was pushed on. He was pushed on by his mother, who, at a time when the other brothers were starting off on tour, could not bear the thought of his being left behind in New York as an unguarded bellhop in the Hotel Seville. So she called for him with a cab and a white duck suit, and (after a brief struggle in the cab) effected a transformation en route to Henderson's Music Hall at Coney Island, where, still feebly struggling, he next found himself propelled before the audience just as the curtain was rising.

Later, when a sketch was written for the Marx Brothers, no one thought to write any lines for this unclassifiable newcomer, so that, as the season waxed and waned, he was more or less driven to develop that mute eloquence in which he now has no peer in the theater of his day. Indeed, he has not spoken a word on the stage in nearly twenty years, except on one deplorable New Year's Eve when he took a cocktail just before the evening performance, spoke several words of his own selection, and so started the New Year right by paying a ten-dollar fine to the management.

Never for a moment suspecting that the critics would one day "discover" him as a great pantomimist, and write long, tedious articles (which he himself could not understand) about his "inviolable mutism," his highly practical folks felt that he could not afford to be the only remaining brother who did not know how to do anything. One brother, for instance, could dance, and nightly performed what his family had to admit was probably the slowest whirlwind finish in the show business. Another brother sang fairly well, and was even then enormously skilful as a comedian. The third could sit down at the most battered piano and touch its keys with such honky-tonk infectiousness as to set the feet of the world a-tapping. But Harpo could only do funny falls and look wistful, for a small weekly stipend. Reproached once too often with being the general in-utility man of the company, he finally expressed a wish to learn how to play the harp, possibly relying on the fact that there was none about and no funds to obtain one.

But perhaps that somewhat pretentious and inaccessible instrument had occurred to him because there had always been one standing in the corner of the flat where he learned to walk. It had been his grandmother's, the one she played when, long before, she used to roam the small towns of Hanover with her husband, a wandering magician who enthralled the German peasantry for half a century and died in Chicago at the age of 101.

At the time of the aforesaid decision, the Marxes had settled down in Chicago, having been overtaken by misfortune there, I suppose, and never having quite scared up the carfare back to their flat in Third Avenue. The mother sent off a letter of inquiry to her brother Al (since celebrated as the Mister Shean of Gallagher & Shean), asking if he knew where there was a good, broken-down, inexpensive harp on which her Ahdie could give himself lessons. The obliging uncle replied that he had taken an option on one for two-fifty.

New Harps for Old

Mrs. Marx was much relieved, for she had thought it might come as high as ten dollars. When word came hurrying back that he had meant two hundred and fifty, her outcries could be heard as far as New York, and, moved by them, he did dig up a harp in a second-hand store for forty dollars. The frame was cracked here and there, and the whole structure was so spavined that it became dislocated every time the new musician toted it on the stage. Indeed, it would not play in tune at all unless he kicked it reproachfully several times.

This, then, was the harp on which, untaught, he picked out his first tunes, and little by little developed that unorthodox technique which, even when employed now on as fine an instrument as the world can make, gives expert musicians the fantods, but in spite of which technique (or perhaps—who knows?—because of it) he nightly stills and rejoices the audiences who come to any Marx Brothers' show.

Where that trusty harp is now, deponent sayeth not, not knowing. It vanished from the American theater shortly after the great train wreck at Toomsuba. The Marxes were barnstorming in the South one winter, and at dawn, when (*Continued on page 45*)

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Danger leaps in view.. *a cruelly punished tire explodes* .. it's too late then to buy this better tire

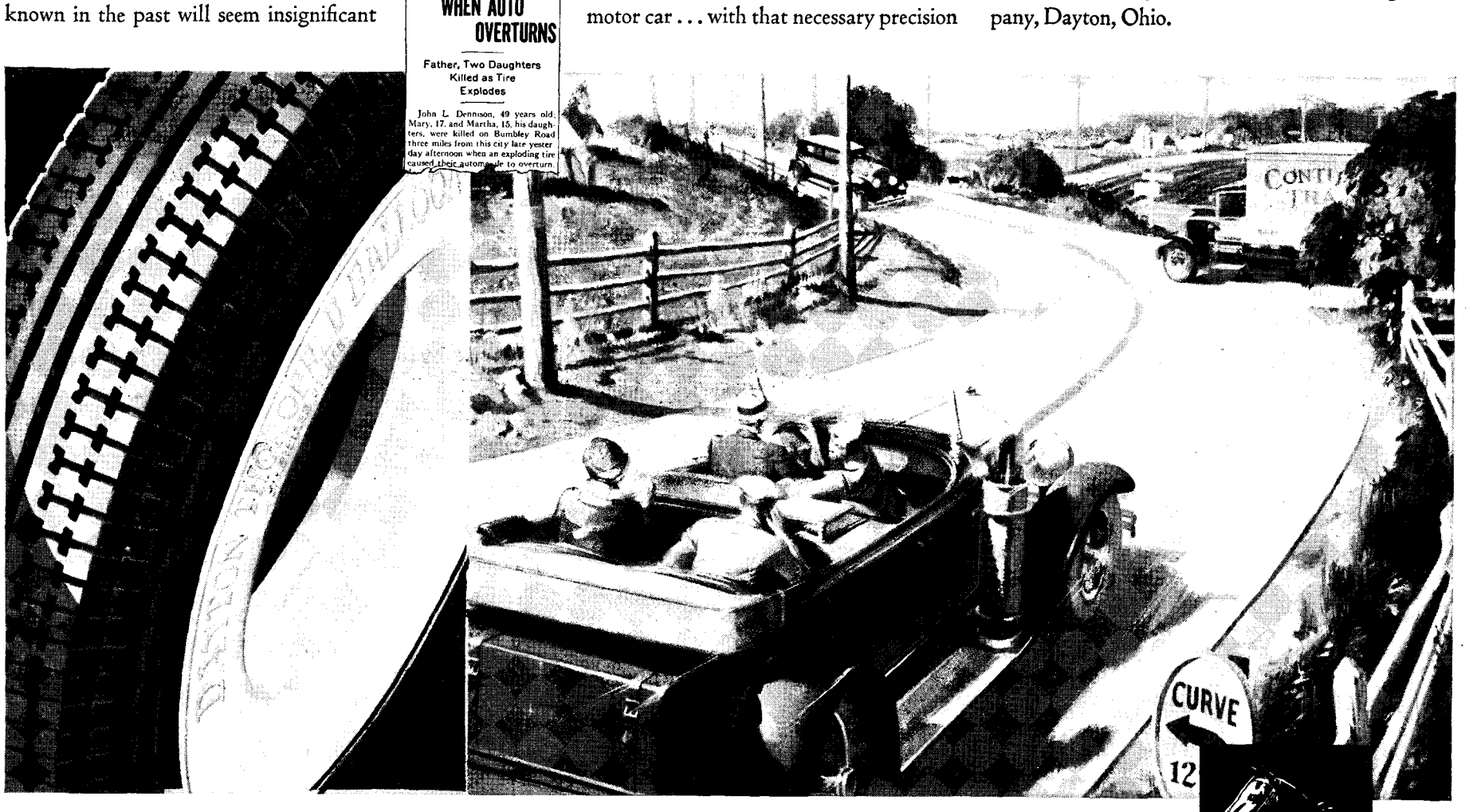
Made with a margin of safety that adds a multitude of extra miles . . . .

IT'S HERE! A tire that's built to meet the terrific strains which tires of today must undergo. A tire for the fast and powerful cars of 1929 . . . the Dayton DeLuxe THOROBRED Balloon. A tire so finely made that the mileage you have known in the past will seem insignificant compared to the mileage this tire will give you. The Dayton DeLuxe THOROBRED Balloon is big and mighty . . . tough and rugged . . . a stabilized tire that is destined to be even more famous than its history-making predecessors . . . the Dayton Pioneer Low Air Pressure Cord and the original Dayton Stabilized Balloon. It is built as only Dayton can build such a tire . . . in a factory where only THOROBREDS are made . . . where mass production and hurried workmanship are unknown.

It is thicker, wider, heavier, sturdier . . . built like the finest watch . . . like the finest motor car . . . with that necessary precision and individual care which can be given only by master craftsmen working with the finest materials and equipment. *And yet it costs but little more than ordinary tires.*

Then why take hazardous risks with your life . . . the lives of those who ride with you? For maximum safety . . . for riding comfort . . . for freedom from tire trouble . . . for mileage which you have heretofore thought impossible . . . equip your car with this new Dayton DeLuxe THOROBRED Balloon.

The highest class of tire dealers in America handle Daytons. The Dayton Rubber Manufacturing Company, Dayton, Ohio.


THREE DIE WHEN AUTO OVERTURNS
Father, Two Daughters Killed as Tire Explodes
John L. Dennison, 49 years old, Mary, 17, and Martha, 15, his daughters, were killed on Bumbley Road three miles from this city late yesterday afternoon when an exploding tire caused their automobile to overturn.
CURVE
12

Dayton

De Luxe

THE NEW DAYTON STABILIZED BALLOON TIRE

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"She has pluck, that one!" Gaston Max exclaimed as the winged thing glided out and down, then flashed swiftly upward past me

The Day the World Ended

By Sax Rohmer

The Story Thus Far:

DISPATCHED to Baden-Baden, Germany, to investigate a report about giant bats, Brian Woodville finds himself pitted against a secret cult of destruction, headed by an evil genius who calls himself Anubis. Castle Felsenweir is the center of operations from which this colossal madman plans to destroy the world. Only his followers will survive.

Woodville falls in love with Marusa, only to learn that she is under the command of Anubis. He joins forces with John Lonergan of the U. S. Secret Service and Gaston Max of the Paris Sûreté, both of whom are trailing a Madame Yburg.

The three men are separately trapped and taken to Felsenweir. Lonergan, apparently hypnotized, visits Woodville and urges him to desert to Anubis. Marusa appears and repeats this demand.

Woodville is shown the laboratory by Dr. Nestor. The Chief Chemist is Madame Yburg.

The magnificent dwarf, Anubis, grants Woodville an interview. He learns how Lonergan was deprived of volition, how the weird creatures that guard the castle are fabricated and he sees Gaston Max motionless and naked in a crystal coffin. He is dismissed with the command that he make his decision within five hours. He has the freedom of the castle, and Lonergan, with will-power restored, accompanies him. Herr Richter acts as guide. Woodville discovers a room filled with bat-like flying suits in which the followers of Anubis travel, supported by an energy wave.

Woodville returns to his room. Marusa visits him. She tells him she is Madame Yburg's daughter, but she is willing to defy Anubis—with him.

Meanwhile Max escapes from the coffin. He puts Dr. Nestor in his place, assumes the latter's clothes and impersonates him. Equipped with a protective device known as a "crown," he penetrates the zones of death-dealing sound-waves which surround the castle and communicates with the international police. In his role of Dr. Nestor he meets Dr. Schreiber and returns with him to the castle. He joins Woodville. They go to the laboratory. Richter is in control, but he relinquishes his post to the bogus Dr. Nestor.

Anubis is asleep. Max and Woodville have till dawn to save the world. The roads are alive with figures hurrying to the attack, but the castle is impregnable. Their only chance is that the Krupp gun, ordered by Max, can be mounted on a ledge of the mountain and trained on the control tower of Felsenweir.

XII

IN a small room adjoining the laboratory I looked down upon Dr. Nestor in his crystal coffin. The thing lay in partial shadow, so that only the dead man's face was lighted.

So startling was his resemblance—sans mustache and with his dark hair rearranged—to Gaston Max, that I gasped and stared.

"Fate," said my companion, drawing on white overalls over his dinner kit. "Nearly, the poor M. Nestor was my double. This, my friend, is 'as it was written.' So the Moslems say. They are very wise. It is not meant that the world should end yet." Suddenly, he resumed the voice of the dead man; and: "No, sir!" he added.

I dragged my gaze away from that ghastly thing.

"One point worries me: Where is Lonergan?"

"Mr. Lonergan is a clever man. Wherever he is, he is doing something useful. Another point worries *me!* This point is: Since the Brotherhood of Anubis runs to time-table, what will happen when Sir Rathbone Edwardes, Professor Dimes and Kluen Yung of Hankow realize that M. Nestor has missed his appointment?"

"They will come direct to Felsenweir."

"I agree. But before they arrive, my friend, *we must be gone!*"

"How?"

Gaston Max, so ghastly a double of the dead man that I shuddered as I watched him, shrugged his shoulders in a way that was not that of the late Dr. Nestor. "This," he confessed, "is a small matter I have so far found myself unable to clear up!"

"Even if the gun is got there in time," I cried. . . .

"*Ssh!*"

I lowered my voice.

"*We* shall. . . ."

"We shall have saved millions of lives," Max interrupted simply. "For *me,* such an end would be sublime!"

Max, before the small mirror, was adjusting his simple but surprisingly effective make-up. He was now clad in white overalls. The illusion was complete—hideous. A dead man lived again. . . .

At risk of that mysterious espionage which we knew to be a feature of Felsenweir, we talked—but in tones low-pitched.

And at what point of our conversation a newcomer entered the room I cannot say.

Some slight sound brought me sharply about.

Marusa was standing in the doorway!

I ran to her.

SHE was dressed as I had last seen her. But, now, her face looked unnaturally pale. As I put my arms around her:

"What is this?" I heard from Max.

"You are mad!" Marusa whispered to me. . . . but, though it meant destruction, I think she was glad of this madness of mine.

She drew back, and faced the speaker.

"I want a word with Mr. Woodville," she said composedly. "Please excuse us, Dr. Nestor."

"*Mon Dieu!*" Max slapped his thigh in the high ecstasy of an artist. "I am, then, perfect!"

Marusa stared at him—and I saw fear growing in her eyes. With that automatic gallantry of his race, he threw Nestor's light overcoat, which he had been carrying hitherto, across the shadowed crystal coffin—and stepped swiftly forward so that the girl never had a chance to see that horrible white face.

"Who are you? *You are not Dr. Nestor!*" . . .

She clung to me.

"It is a friend," I said in a low voice. "Gaston Max. . . . Marusa Yburg."

Max bowed.

"I have (*Continued on page 24*)

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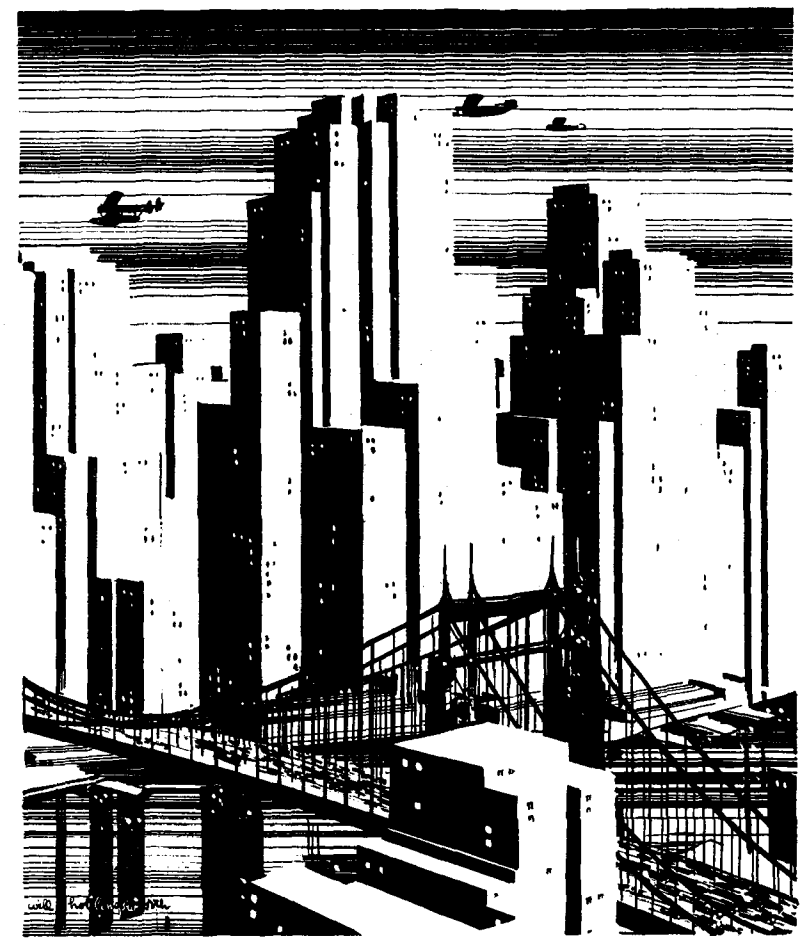

Buick

MARCHING ON TO GREATER THINGS

Once more Buick is on the verge of introducing a new Buick car.

And this year there is special significance in the time-proved phrase,

"When better automobiles are built, Buick will build them."

Ask almost any motorist, "What is Buick going to do in the near future?" And his reply will be substantially as follows:

"They are going to present a new Buick—and I am eager to see and drive it—because Buick is recognized as the standard of value."

This sentiment prevails—not only in New York, Miami, Chicago and Los Angeles—but in every town, big and small, throughout the length and breadth of America.

Motorists display a special, almost proprietary, interest in Buick. They invariably attend Buick showrooms in record numbers to see a new Buick product. And they come with the confident expectation that they will find a new standard of value—

—because Buick has set the standard, year after year, for a quarter of a century . . . because each new Buick has proved a better Buick than its fine predecessor . . . and because this record of progress has so gripped public imagination that more than twice as many people purchase Buicks as any other car priced above $1200; and all have implicit faith that "When better automobiles are built, Buick will build them."

The makers of Buick have taken more than ordinary pains to merit this confidence in designing Buick for 1930. It will be on display soon. To view the car will be to confirm your own conviction that Buick is marching on to greater things.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Canadian Factories
McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ont.

Division of General Motors Corporation

Builders of
Buick and Marquette Motor Cars

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

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enjoyed the honor of admiring Mademoiselle," he said, "but never until now that of speaking to her."

There was an electrical moment, then:

"But Dr. Nestor—" Marusa began.

"Has gone away, dear Mlle. Yburg. I am impersonating him. It is only business. Until I met you I had succeeded!"

Marusa stared as if entranced.

"You are very wonderful," she declared.

Gaston Max seized and kissed her hand.

"You are truly adorable," he replied. "Quick! Where is Lonergan? What do we do?"

"We *join him quickly.*"

Marusa bit her lip—and I realized that she was dangerously tensed up.

"Where?"

"Follow me. It's a desperate way. But we have a chance!" . . .

AND so presently, our going unchallenged, we found ourselves upon an ancient staircase. Down we went, and down. Presently, came a memory. We had reached a point where a narrow flight of steps descended on the left, whilst rather further ahead a second flight led upward.

The Bat Room! Those ascending steps led to that gloomy place where the flying-suits were kept!

"I learned the truth tonight," Marusa exclaimed suddenly—and I realized that what she had to say lay at the root of her suppressed hysteria. "Anubis is a *fiend!* He's going to *destroy the world!*"

Firmly I grasped her shoulders and held her.

"You are a wonderfully brave little lady," I whispered, "I understand. . . ."

Still holding her, I stopped short in my stride. Max pulled up.

A low, wailing sound had broken the silence of those subterranean passages! I felt Marusa grow tense.

"Someone is flying in!" she murmured. "Oh, please God, he can see it through! Quick! Down here!"

We hurried down those narrow steps on our left. In a small, square, dimly lighted room—obviously an old dungeon—we paused. On the stairs and in the passages we had followed so far, an unnatural moonlight had prevailed. This place was lighted differently.

Our hurried entrance, followed by silence, provoked a vague rustling . . . I looked about me. The room was lined with glass cases. It was insufferably hot. I saw eyes watching me! . . .

"Spiders!" Max hissed. "Giant spiders!"

"*Ssh!*" Marusa clutched him. "For heaven's sake!"

I became aware of an indefinable throbbing sensation. . . .

In a tense silence I looked about me. My attention was swiftly arrested.

A man, stripped to trousers and vest, gagged and bound, lay in a shadowy corner!

Up the moon-lighted corridor we followed Marusa, and up the stair to that place I had mentally docketed as the Bat Room. . . .

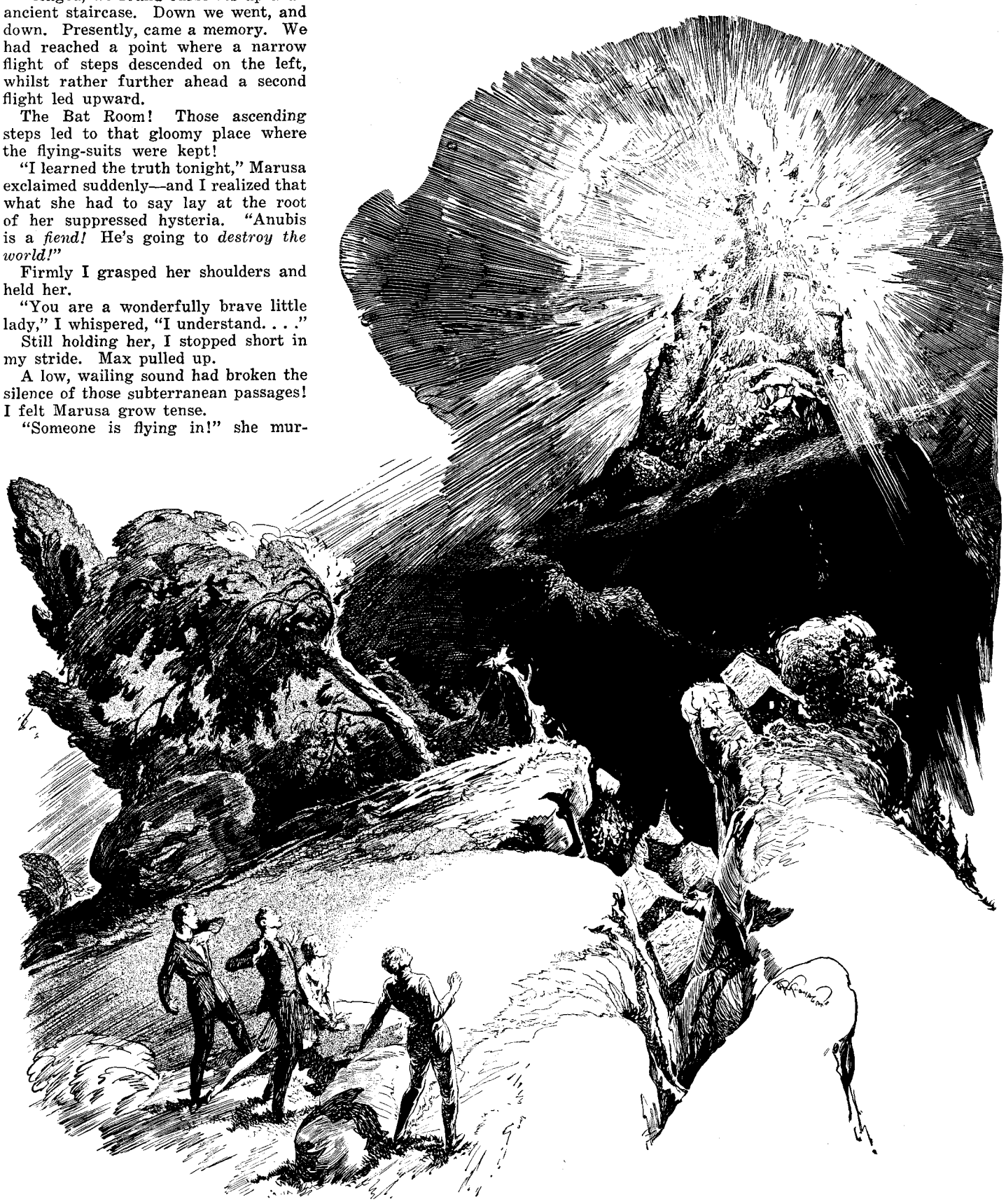
Out from the dark pit I had formerly noted, a man was climbing. He was apparently clad in aluminum! His head resembled that of a knight, visor down. He stepped off the ladder. I shrank back.

"A Flight Controller is a terrifying object, I know," said Marusa. "But his platform is exposed to the energy waves and the suit is for his protection."

THE aluminum man raised his visor. *It was Lonergan!*

"Oh, my God! how thankful I am!" cried Max emotionally. "My dear friend! But—what does it all mean?"

"It means," Lonergan panted, his face wet with perspiration, "that Woodville can't talk Canadian. *I* can. So Marusa here gave me the job. My predecessor's lashed up in the spider cellar."



A veritable earthquake shook the land; I heard a blast of sound such as no explosion imaginable could have produced

"But, Lonergan!" I cried—"even now . . . "

"Listen! It's easy! A child could operate any of the machines here! And Marusa got the Flight Controller to explain everything. Then I bashed him on the head. Don't waste time. Explain a flying suit to Max. I'm going back to the controls. . . ."

Lowering the visor, Lonergan turned and slowly climbed down into the pit. Dazedly I saw him disappear—little realizing that he thought he had looked his last upon us; never suspecting that I watched a very gallant gentleman going uncomplainingly to what he believed to be certain death.

Marusa, obviously, was flight-leader. She knew the sailing marks. Max had quickly grasped the principle of those wonderful flying-suits with their simple, fool-proof gear. A toss of a coin decided our order. Max followed Marusa—then I—and last, of necessity, Lonergan.

Max turned aside. Marusa threw her arms around me. She was deathly pale.

"My *mother!*" she whispered. "I can't believe it. . . . Oh, God, I can't believe it!"

Then she raised those beautiful, tearless eyes to me.

"In case there's any hitch"—her conquest of herself was wonderful—"good-by!"

I have only the dimmest recollection of her actual departure. *I don't recall seeing her step into* that strange, self-adjusting suit. . . . There were six of them in the room. But I remember noticing the blue light spring up across the chasm—the sound of deep, unearthly booming as Lonergan turned on the power wave.

Hazily, too, I sometimes get a fleeting picture of a winged thing gliding out and down—then flashing swiftly upward past me.

"She has pluck, that one!" Gaston Max exclaimed.

I couldn't look at him for a moment—nor speak.

"For her, as for us," he went on, "even now there is only the chance of the gun—"

Then, I turned.

He was holding a small apparatus in his hand which resembled a very compact headpiece.

"She threw it down," he added simply, "before she went."

The deep booming continued.

"We are wasting time, Woodville. Good-by, my friend—until we meet again!"

He moved a lever in the rack below that long beam upon which the bat-suits were suspended. The one beneath which he stood dropped and enveloped him. . . . I saw him making the adjustments. The great, hideous thing slowly descended to the stone floor. The wings opened.

I saw the blue light beyond. I saw the spasmodic movement of Max's feet against the steel rail. . . .

Out he swept—and down. Up, at rocket speed, he flashed past me.

That deep roar in the pit continued. Lonergan was keeping the power on for me.

I stepped toward the third suit. I stopped.

Beside the headpiece discarded by Marusa, a second headpiece lay!

It was that which Max had found in the pocket of Nestor's coat! . . . (*Continued on page 55*)

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Tiny Tots NOW-

Tomorrow they'll be Grown up

NOW that they are so small and helpless, the time when they'll be venturing out into the big, bewildering world all by themselves seems far, far away.

As a matter of fact, you'd rather not think of that time. As you hug them to your heart today, you don't care much whether they ever grow up. They're so adorable as they are that you put the thought out of your mind, pretending to yourself that they always will be babies.

They Change So Quickly!

But soon the high chair and the baby-carriage go up to the attic; a regular bed replaces the crib; a regular bicycle the outgrown three-wheeler. Dolls come and go and then one day you find that they, too, are relics of the past.

The years flash by. Graduation Day comes. Why, they were in kindergarten just a short while ago! Then off they go to high school. Childhood is now but a memory.

How Snapshots Help

You look back wistfully to those distant years and try to remember what your youngsters were like. If you've left it all to your memory, how disappointed you are at the little you can recall. But if you have had the forethought to take plenty of snapshots, everything comes back to you as if it were only yesterday that Sister's first tooth came through and Junior frightened you to death by falling down the cellar stairs.

So get your Kodak out and use it. Lay up a store of precious snapshots for the years to come. You haven't a Kodak? Well, that's easily fixed. There's not a community in America where they can't be bought and the cost is whatever you want to pay. There's a genuine Eastman camera, the Brownie, as low as $2, and Kodaks from $5 up.

New Kodaks with Fast Lenses

And every Eastman camera makes excellent snapshots. Particularly the Modern Kodaks. Their lenses are so fast that you don't have to wait for sunshine. Fair weather or cloudy, Winter or Summer, indoors or out, everyone can take good pictures with these marvelous new Kodaks.

Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box is dependably uniform. It has speed and wide latitude. Which simply means that it reduces the danger of under- and over-exposure. It gets the picture. Expert photo finishers are ready in every community to develop and print your films quickly and skilfully.

Don't forget that childhood lasts but a very short time. Tomorrow the children will be grown up—take snapshots of them now.

• • •

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Please send me, FREE and without obligation, the booklet telling me about the Modern Kodaks.

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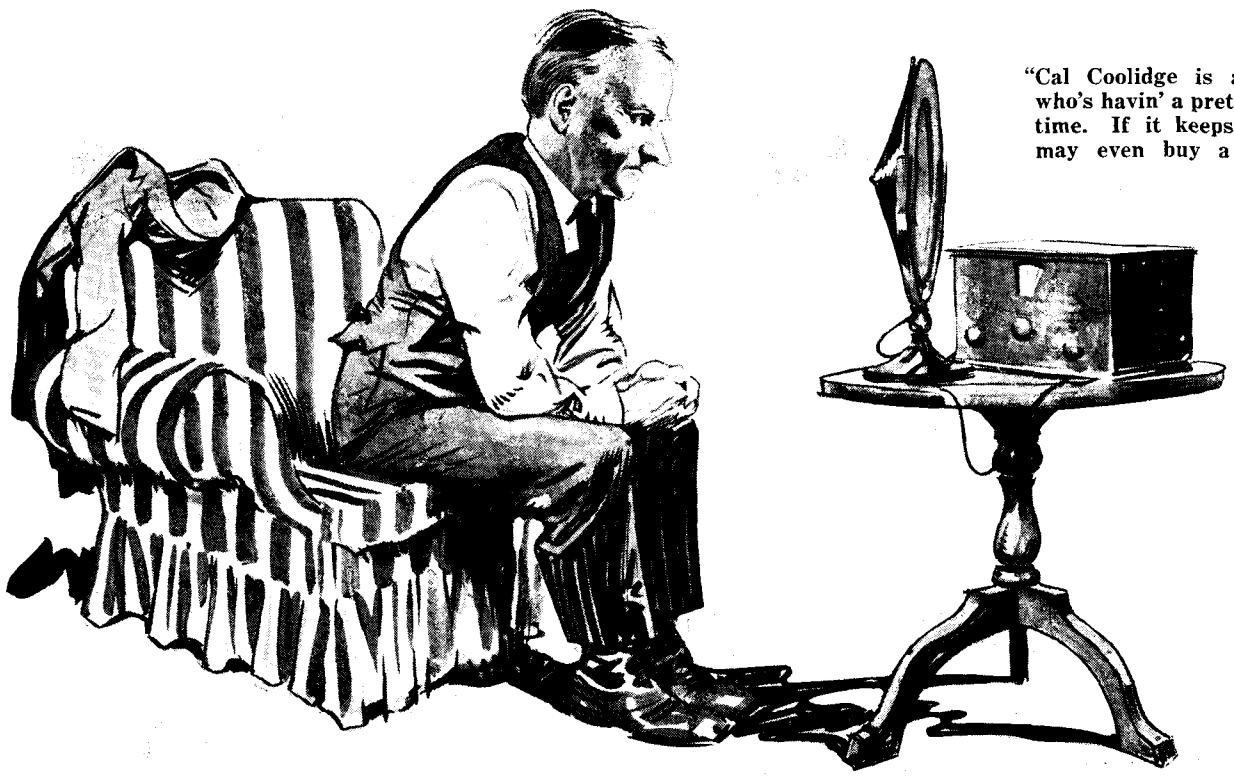


"Cal Coolidge is another who's havin' a pretty good time. If it keeps up he may even buy a radio"

Some Party!

No sooner have the papers announced another G. O. P. landslide, an' while the party leaders are still debatin' how much of a tariff raise the country will stand, than the Pseudo-Republican lets out a long-drawn scream of hate an' rage, an' sinks his teeth into the new President's hind leg

Uncle Henry

"HERE'S a new one on me," confessed Mr. Stubbs, looking up from the editorial page. "What's a Pseudo-Republican?"

"A lot of things," answered Uncle Henry. "For instance, you might call him a political hitch-hiker, gettin' to his destination without sharin' any of the work, responsibility an' expense. Or you could define him as a hardy quadrennial that only blooms once every four years. Even then the blossoms aren't much to brag about. Moreover, they've got to be left in their wild state, for pickin' seems to make 'em worse.

"Perhaps it will be clearer, however, if I say that the Pseudo-Republican is a trained seal that refuses to perform except in a Presidential election. Durin' that brief period he does all that is expected of him, balancin' a rubber ball on his nose, jumpin' through fiery hoops, playin' leap frog an' waggin' his tail in an ecstasy of gratitude whenever the keeper comes into the cage with the usual basket of dried fish.

A Horrible Change

"But the minute the campaign's over, a terrible an' terrifyin' change takes place. No sooner have the papers announced another G. O. P. landslide, an' while the party leaders are still debatin' how much of a tariff raise the country will stand, than the Pseudo-Republican lets out a long-drawn scream of hate an' rage, an' sinks his teeth so deep into the new President's hind leg that it takes a tractor to draw 'em out.

"Take the last campaign for an example. Could anything have been sweeter an' more docile than Borah, Brookhart, Shipstead an' Frazier? They went through their tricks without a bobble, fairly quiverin' with zest an' zeal, an' after the day's work was over, they'd crouch in front of Mr. Hoover with a look of love in their soft brown eyes, makin' 'em seem almost human.

"As I understand it, Herb took a special fancy to Bill Borah, an' never lost an opportunity of showin' him off to visitors by way of provin' what kind treatment would do for the meanest disposition. Why, what caused the slight coolness between him an' Mr. Coolidge was Cal's habit of climbin' on a table every time Borah entered the room, an' refusin' to come down until he'd possessed himself of a brass inkwell or one of the andirons.

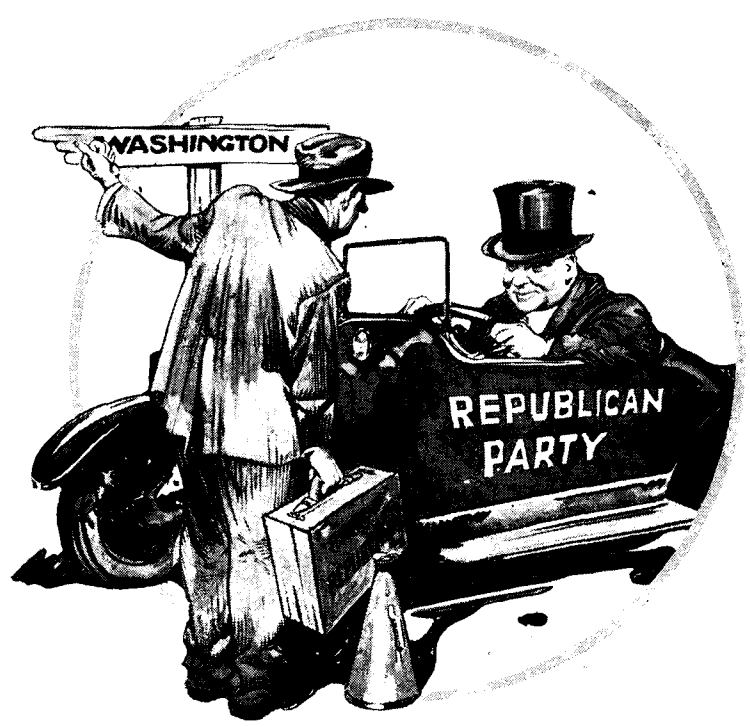
"'Honest, Calvin,' Herb would ejaculate exasperatedly, 'you're carryin' that New England caution of yours to a ridiculous extreme. There isn't a bit of harm in Borah. He's not an appealing sight, to be sure, but who are we to talk? Let me tell you that under his forbidding exterior is a heart of gold. I've got a good notion to name him Laddie Boy an' keep him at the White House as a pet.'

"So it was throughout the entire campaign. Everything quiet, happy an' nice. But look at the darned things now! The only place regular Republicans can hold a meetin' in any degree of safety is down in the cellar underneath the coal.

"As for the President, poor old Herb is afraid to go out for a walk on the lawn until Secret Service men have flashed a searchlight under every grass blade. An' even at night, when the doors are all locked, an' every window battened down, the Pseudo-Republicans keep him awake with their snifflin' an' whinin' an' growlin' as they patrol the White House grounds.

"Ah, well, you can't blame Hoover for bein' deceived, because there's nothin' of the fair-weather Republican about Herb. When he entered the party, after due deliberation, he took it for better or worse. Even when he found out that it was worse—far worse than he had feared—it made no difference to Herb.

"All the time he sat in the Harding cabinet you couldn't tell him from the furniture except when the furniture moved, although some nights would find his teeth gritted together so hard that they'd have to give him nourishment through a tube. But never once did he falter in his allegiance to the party.



"For instance, you might call him a political hitch-hiker"

"An' for another thing, 'Lonzo, all the Republicans that he met, such as Smoot an' Fess an' Slemp, were loyal, dependable party men who wouldn't even come in out of the rain unless a caucus so decided.

"That's why the sudden attack of the Pseudo-Republicans came on him as such a shockin' surprise. To make matters worse, he's gone an' given up his ridin' horses, also the Presidential yacht, so that mighty few chances of escape are left open to him. I see where he dashes off into Virginia in one of the White House cars every now an' then, an' takes to the hills, but a man of his build isn't goin' to be able to keep that up very long. They're sure to get him.

"About the only man who's gettin' any pleasure out of the unhappy situation is Senator Fess. You know him, 'Lonzo. Of course you do. The Ohio man that Borah branded as a base intellectual slave. It's the first time in history that anybody ever had the originality to think of callin' Fess intellectual, an' he's all puffed up over it. Cal Coolidge is another who's havin' a pretty good time. If it keeps up he may even buy a radio."

"If Borah an' the rest of those insurgents don't like the Republican party," said Mr. Stubbs, "then why don't they get out an' go into the Democratic party?"

"Now that's downright silly," Uncle Henry chided. "They want to be elected, don't they? An' what chance would they have runnin' as Democrats? If you were hungry, you wouldn't try to get food from a starvin' man, now would you? If you were perishin' of thirst, would you make a wild dash for the Sahara? Or if you were sufferin' from a bad case of snake bite, would you be fool enough to seek aid of Dr. Clarence True Wilson?

Grant's Left Richmond

"You may not like the Republicans, 'Lonzo—I'm willin' to admit that it's an acquired taste—but all the same it's a *party*. The G. O. P. always knows exactly where it's goin', an' that's in a bee line for the United States Treasury. Ask any mathematician an' he'll tell you that the shortest distance between two points is between the Republican party an' the public offices. A crow's flight is wobbly an' erratic compared to it.

"Can you say the same thing about the Democrats? Not much you can't. The Republicans, you'll notice, never start fightin' until *after* they've elected their candidate, while the Democrats see red the minute a standard-bearer is named.

"It's a crazy jumble, 'Lonzo, but what can you do? Both parties hold to the old Civil War lineup, yellin' for Lincoln an' Jefferson, an' half the people still think that Grant's before Richmond. If we could ever get away from this crazy geographical division, an' split up into Liberals an' Conservatives, we might get some intelligent votin' an' some intelligent service down at Washington, instead of these cat-an'-dog squabbles."

"You jes' wait an' watch the Democrats at the next election," grimly muttered Mr. Stubbs.

"There may not be any," Uncle Henry sighed. "I wouldn't be at all surprised to see the Humane Society ask for an injunction."

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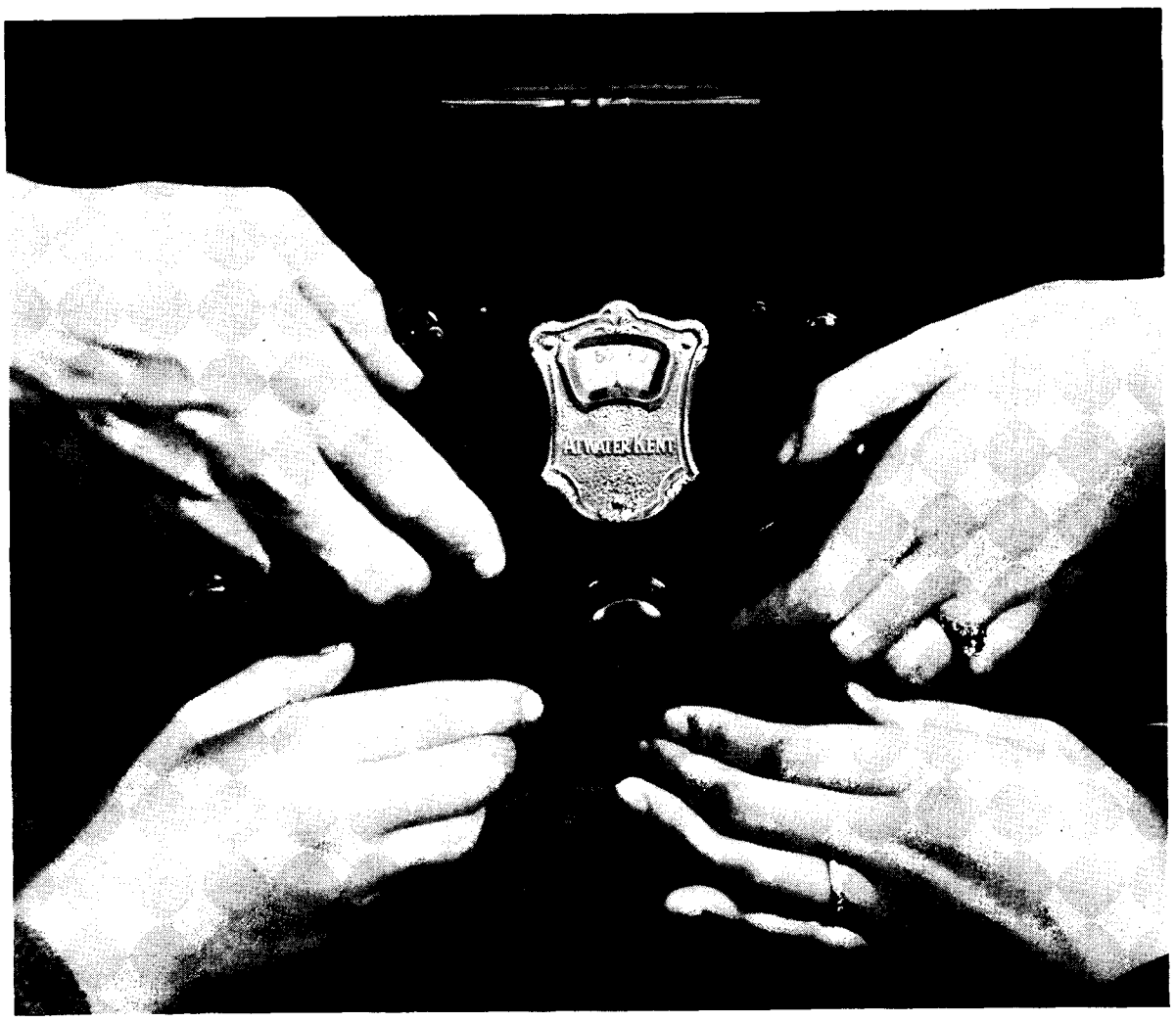
ATWATER KENT RADIO SCREEN-GRID



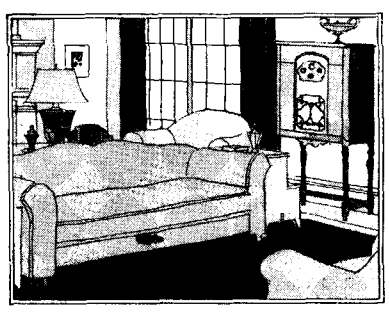
FOUR HANDS: "I want opera!"... "I want dance music!"..."I want good talks!"... "I want the game!"

ONLY a few years ago, people huddled around one big reading lamp.

How different now. Lights in every room—in fact, right at your elbow, upstairs and down.

Radio convenience is moving swiftly in the same direction, and this is the reason:

Most radio receivers, you know, are owned *not* by an individual but by a family. If there's only one family set it is called upon to serve many tastes—all the way from church services to dancing, from opera to sports.



In the living room—this is one of the places in the modern home where Atwater Kent Screen-Grid Radio belongs

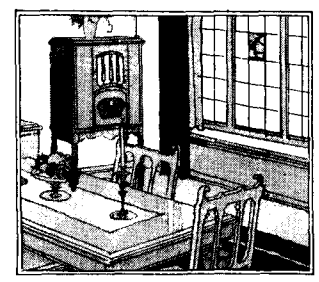
This your radio does willingly, but it can't possibly do it all at the same time.

Perhaps your own family do not always agree on programs. And perhaps the members read, rest or play in different parts of the house. You can't please everybody with just one set.

In this bedroom we found an Atwater Kent Screen-Grid table model, which fits so easily anywhere... Without tubes, $88. Electro-Dynamic table speaker, $34

So the real way to enjoy radio is to have more than one Atwater Kent in the home—have one in every room in which people spend much time. Hear the programs YOU want at the time YOU want in the place YOU want.

In the living room, of course. The dining room for dinner music, without the inconvenience of leaving the table to change programs.

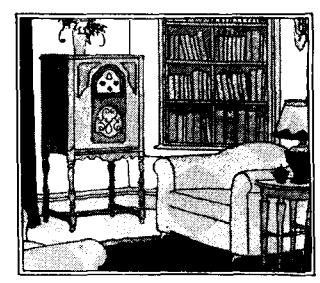


For soft music when you dine

The porch for summer evenings.

The bedroom for slumber music and setting-up exercises—or when you like to read in bed. One for grandmother's room, of course. The library? The playroom? And the maid? Radio in her room lightens a problem in many homes.

The new Atwater Kent Screen-Grid is so adaptable. In cabinet models there is a wide variety of designs and sizes. You could have an appropriate cabinet set in every room and still not exhaust the possibilities of this new freedom in choosing a radio. There is also a compact table model which fits into very small space. Slips into corners where nothing else would do. There is no better radio—yet the price is so low that it is now practicable to have as many radio sets as you need.



The library, too, has a Screen-Grid Atwater Kent in a radio-equipped home

ON THE AIR—*Atwater Kent Radio Hour, Sunday evenings, 9:15 P.M. (Eastern Daylight Time), WEAF network of N.B.C.... Atwater Kent Mid-Week Program, Thursday evenings, 10 P.M., (Eastern Daylight Time), WJZ network of N.B.C.*

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING CO.
A. Atwater Kent, President
4752 Wissahickon Avenue Philadelphia, Pa.

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Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr

The messenger waited. The girl read the brief message twice, still she stood staring at it

Still Waters

By Frederic F. Van de Water

The Story Thus Far:

RICHARD YORK at Aristides, N. Y., is accused of murdering his uncle, Adrian York. Circumstantial evidence against him is damningly complete. Driven to desperation by the venomous brutality of Chief of Police Clow, Richard breaks free and escapes. He is given temporary shelter by Desire Minot, daughter of the district attorney, who is convinced of his innocence. She was, until lately, engaged to him.

Forced once more to flee, Richard is seen by state troopers Tarleton and Conway, but eludes them and finds refuge in the attic of a deserted cabin in the mountains. He sees a load of liquor delivered by airplane and stored in the cabin, and hears arrangements made for its disposal. Convinced that the bootleggers are responsible for his uncle's murder, he sends an urgent message by a farm boy to Desire to send trooper Tarleton to him.

"Dip" Tucket, trouble-shooter for the liquor syndicate, arrived with Richard in Aristides on the night before the murder. Richard, desperately attempting to drown his sorrow at his broken engagement, went with Tucket to Ehud Meister's speakeasy and later invited Tucket to his uncle's house for the night. On the way they stopped at the summer house. Richard caught sight of a pile of liquor cases. Tucket denied seeing them. Next day Richard mentioned the cache to his uncle. A few hours later Adrian York's body was found near the summer house—which proved to be empty.

Tucket has come to Aristides to adjust an open feud between McGrogan and Meister, who, between them, control the local bootlegging. The situation is complicated by the embittered rivalry of Meister and Chief of Police Clow, his secret partner, over Rose Michaux, who has been encouraging both of them.

Rose has temporarily taken her mother's place as a servant in the Minots' house. Desire is to drive her home.

V

ROSE MICHAUX gave a faint giggle of appreciation as she climbed into the car and seated herself beside Desire Minot with a gratified flutter and settling. As the automobile moved off the woman observed beneath the rim of her scarlet hat doubtfully, almost resentfully, the slim figure beside her. A furtive embarrassment clouded her blankly pretty face. Rose never felt wholly at ease with members of her own sex. The taut lines of the figure behind the steering wheel, the clear features, the alert pose of the copper-crowned head provoked and challenged her. She spoke defensively, yet with an uneasy titter:

"S'real nice of you to drive me in, Miss Minot. Of course, I could of got home otherwise. A gentl'man—two gentl'men in fact—'ll drive me anywheres I want to go."

"That's nice," Desire replied. "One of them brought you out this morning, didn't he?"

Her face, scanning the road ahead, was calm as her voice. Instinctively she felt a display of curiosity might drive her companion into silence, and York's revelation together with her own eavesdropping had made her suspiciously eager to learn whatever she might about Clow.

"Mr. Meister," Rose acknowledged, as one displays a trophy, and paused as though moving on to her chief exhibit. "The other's Mr. Clow, the chief of police. Both of them's crazy about me. I s'pose you know how that is yourself, Miss Minot."

"No," the girl answered carefully. "I don't think I do." Rose giggled her complacence.

"Well," she condescended, "maybe you're lucky at that. Two gentl'men can get awful jealous."

"That must be rather unpleasant," Desire commented. Candor crept into the woman's voice.

"It's just awful, sometimes," she confessed. "It's hard enough to please one man, let alone two. I don't see," she went on virtuously, "why they take on that way. I ain't married to either of them."

"Perhaps," the girl ventured, "they don't like each other."

Discredit, purposely cast by this hazard, stimulated Rose. Her denial was emphatic.

"They used to be as thick as batter," she asserted. "They're in business together—sort of, an'—"

"Really? What sort of business?" Desire asked, but her companion had caught herself up with belated caution.

"I don't really know," she replied. "Only, business or no business, they certainly don't get along good since I came back. It's wearin', that's what it is. A girl can't call her soul her own. If you're nice to one of them, the other takes on terrible. I wisht I knew what to do."

"Marry the one you like best and have him take you away," her companion suggested. "Though I don't suppose either of them wants to give up his business, does he?"

They jolted up from the state road onto the pavement of Aristides. Pride of conquest stirred Rose.

"One of 'em wants me to go to Paris with him," she boasted.

"Paris, New York?" Desire asked, in canny disparagement.

"No, ma'am," the other flared indignantly. "Paris, France. We'd start tonight if I said so. He just begged me this morning while he was drivin'—"

Again, tardy wariness gripped her and a spasm of dismay crossed the pretty face.

"Oh," Desire prompted, "then Mr. Meister's thinking of giving up his business, is he?" But Rose made no reply. She sat stiff and sullen, darting suspicious glances at the elaborately unconcerned girl who swung the car up the shabby side street on which the Michaux home stood.

"BY THE way," Desire propounded indifferently. "Do you know a Mr. Tucket?"

"No," Rose said and her companion knew she lied. They drew up before the cottage. Rose disembarked hastily with a sigh of relief.

"I'm sure I'm much obliged, Miss Minot," she babbled. "I guess Momma'll be well enough to come out this evening, if you want her."

"You're entirely welcome," Desire told her with a smile, "and if you do go to Paris—"

The woman cut her off quickly. "Oh," she said with a specious giggle, "I guess he was just kiddin' an' I get to talking, Miss Minot, an' say whatever comes into my head. G'by, Miss Minot." She gave an uneasy smile and hurried into the cottage, her steps small, hips swinging, an opulent, faintly overblown figure, trailing perfume. Desire turned the car with a thoughtful frown.

She parked it before a store on Main Street and returning, bundle laden, collided with a passerby so sharply that she dropped a package. Both reached for it at once and collided again.

"My mistake, lady. 'At's too bad," a voice said in her ear. A little man in shepherd's plaid with a tight freckled face, seamed with deep wrinkles as though it had cracked in drying, offered her the fallen parcel and tipped his derby. Her smile halted him as he turned away. It dazzled and he lingered, instinctively adjusting the necktie transfixed by its diamond pin, while she placed the parcels in the car. Her movement was purposefully deliberate but her mind ran fast, with the certain economy of a well-tuned engine. Her gaze when at last it returned to his ruddy little eyes was clearly ingenuous.

"I guess," he began, "I must have met you somewhere before."

SHE smiled again but shook her head. "No," she replied, "but I almost feel that I know you. You're Mr. Tucket, aren't you?"

"Say," he exclaimed, "can you tie that, eh?" She entered her car and patted the vacant seat beside her.

"Would you sit here a moment?" she invited. "I want to talk to you."

"Will a cat eat liver?" Dip replied, obeying with alacrity. "Listen, don't tell me you live in Aristides. Where you been keeping yourself, Baby?"

"I'm Desire Minot," she told him. "Winslow Minot's daughter."

The announcement seemed all at once to smother Mr. Tucket's ardor. "Oh," he commented, (*Continued on page 48*)

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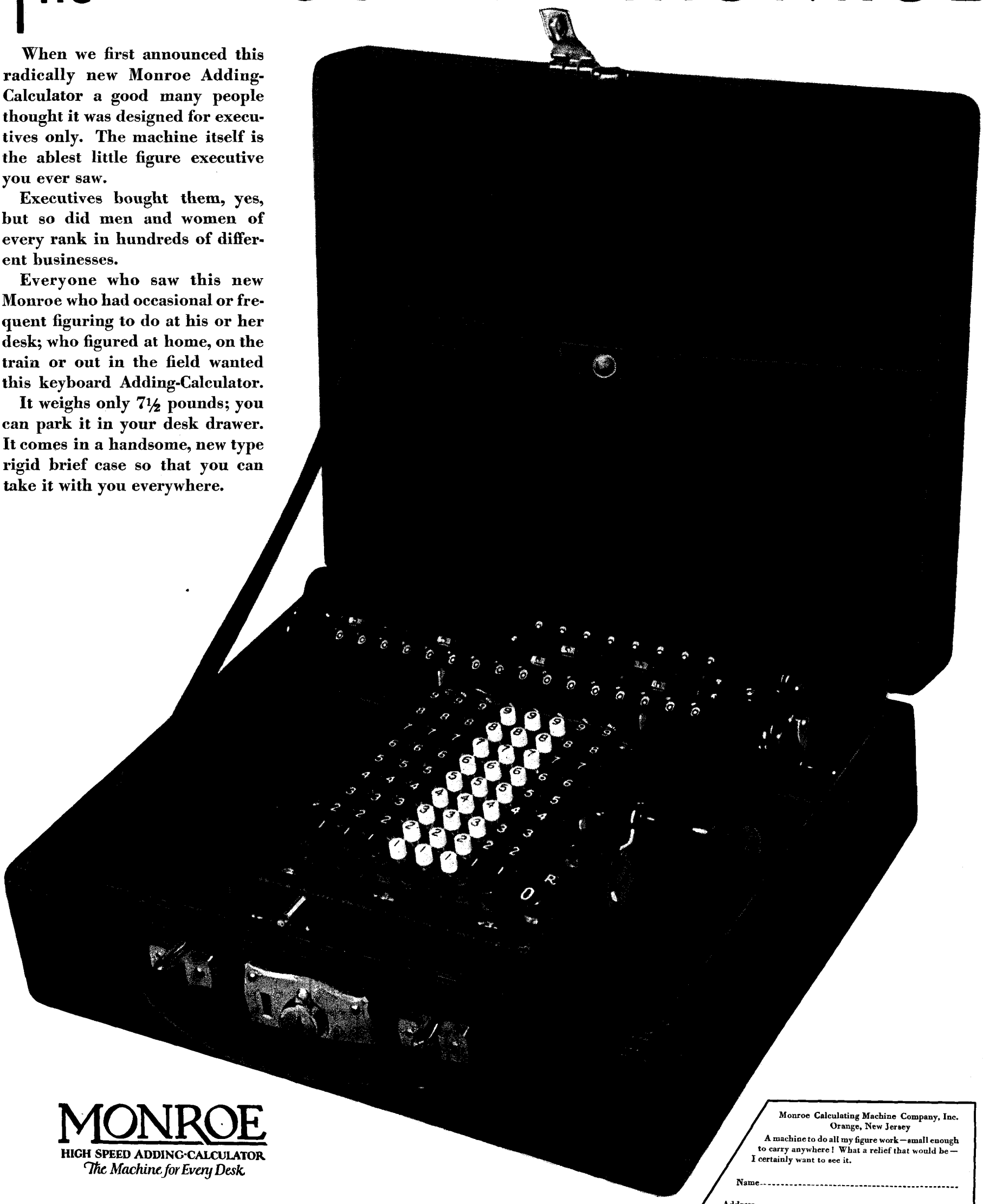
The EXECUTIVE MONROE

When we first announced this radically new Monroe Adding-Calculator a good many people thought it was designed for executives only. The machine itself is the ablest little figure executive you ever saw.

Executives bought them, yes, but so did men and women of every rank in hundreds of different businesses.

Everyone who saw this new Monroe who had occasional or frequent figuring to do at his or her desk; who figured at home, on the train or out in the field wanted this keyboard Adding-Calculator.

It weighs only 7½ pounds; you can park it in your desk drawer. It comes in a handsome, new type rigid brief case so that you can take it with you everywhere.



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A machine to do all my figure work—small enough to carry anywhere! What a relief that would be—I certainly want to see it.

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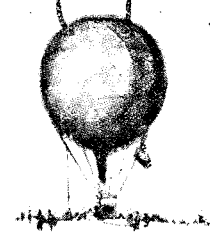
CAUSE



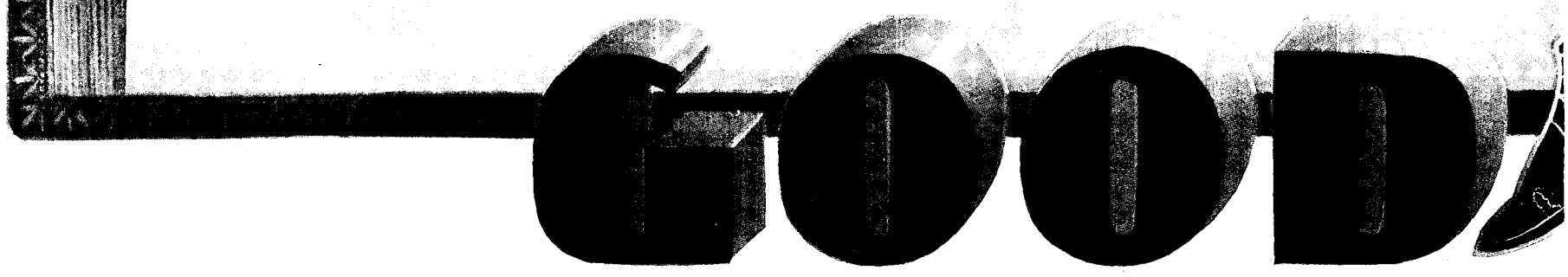
It is a Goodyear conviction that success requires not alone that we serve the present, but that we deserve the future. Accordingly it has always been part of the Goodyear endeavor to foresee and provide for needs it might efficiently serve before these needs arrived.

Easily the most dramatic example of this policy is found in the swiftly developing science of aeronautics, where Goodyear's long-time experience with balloons and airships is proving indispensable to the transportation of the future.

More greatly and immediately valuable, if less spectacular, are the benefits of this policy in the fields of motor truck and automobile operation, where Goodyear's forehandedness is daily of priceless service to industry and public alike.

P. W. Litchfield

President



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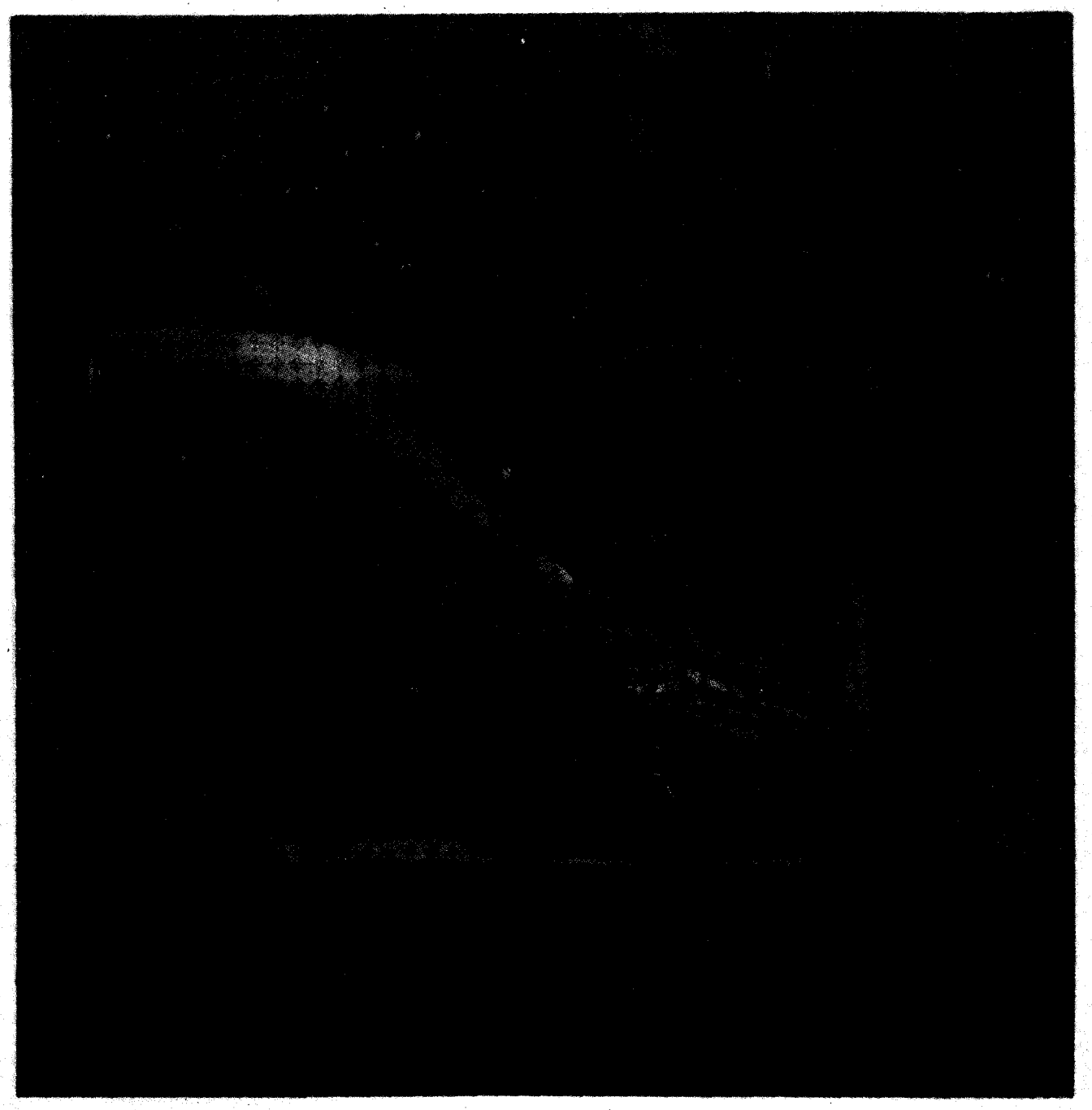
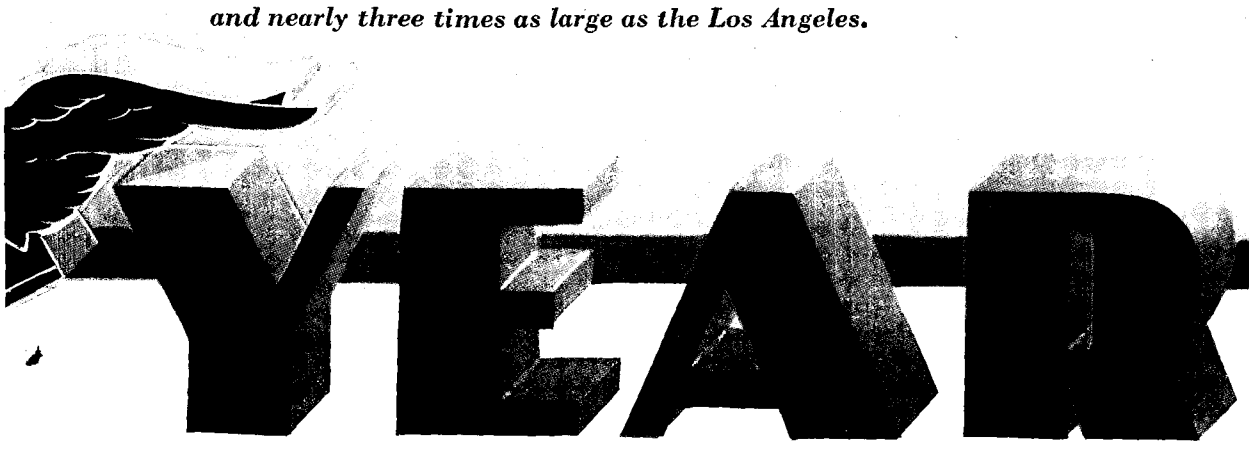


The future needs of the national defense and of transoceanic commerce by air find Goodyear prepared. Already Goodyear has built 1,051 passenger carrying balloons, 123 airships of all types, and now has under construction for the United States Navy the two largest airships the world has ever seen, each of these two aerial leviathans being nearly twice as large as the famous Graf Zeppelin and nearly three times as large as the Los Angeles.



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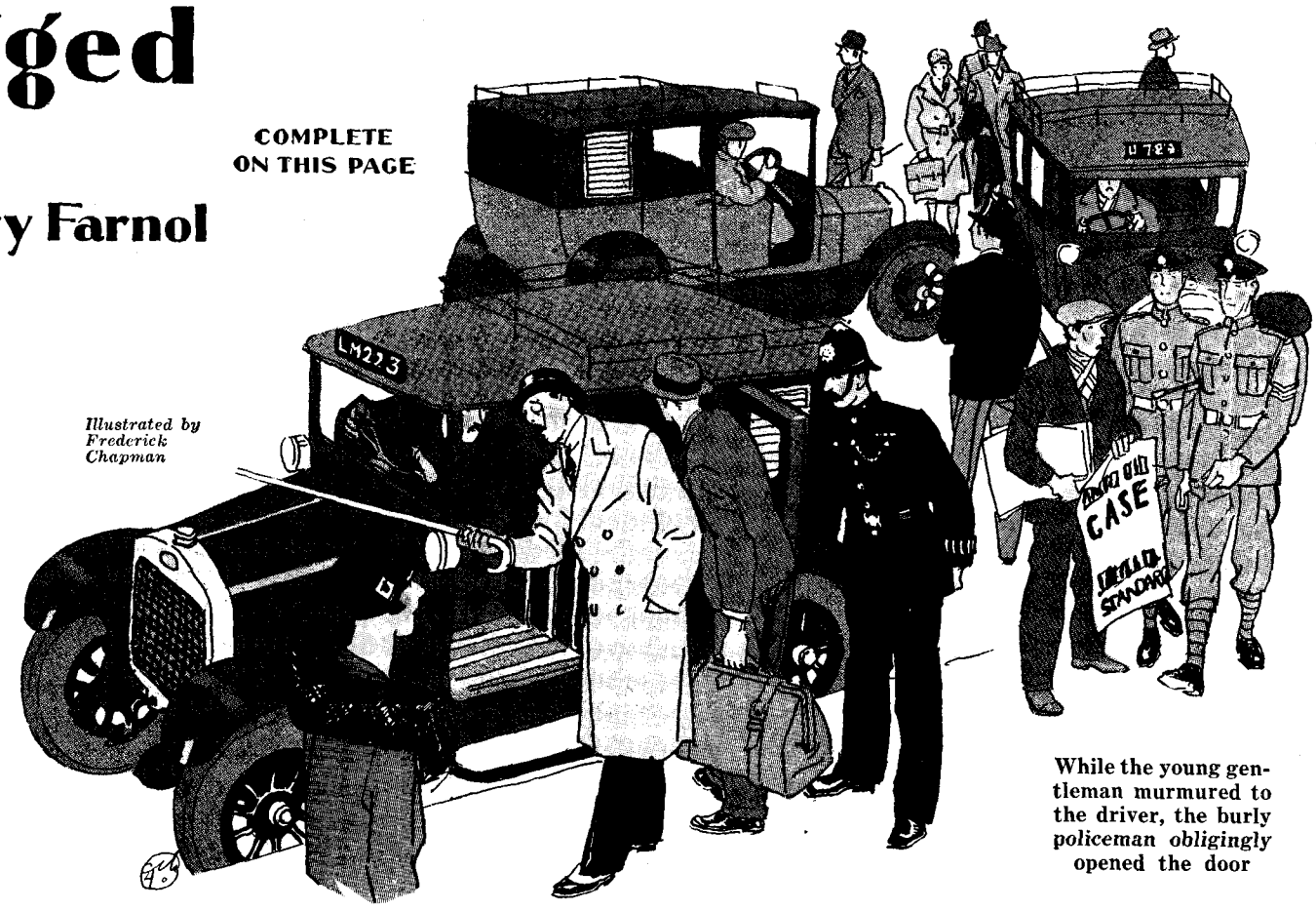
Bagged

A Short Short Story

COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

By Jeffery Farnol

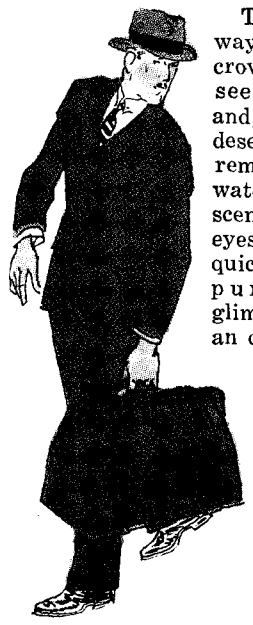


Illustrated by Frederick Chapman

While the young gentleman murmured to the driver, the burly policeman *obligingly* opened the door

GEORGE was cold, shivering with such deathly chill that only the famishing may know; he was worn out with his long day upon the streets and had nothing to show for his labor, for evening had fallen, shops and office buildings were closing, and soon he must tramp wearily home again, back to her who waited his return so hopefully. . . . The pale patient face of her! . . . And she would be hungry!

His fists clenched passionately and he closed his eyes. . . . The man who let his woman perish was a failure, a very weakling! And yet what more could he do?



The great railway terminus was crowded with home-seeking humanity, and, crouched upon a deserted seat in this remote corner, he watched the busy scene with haggard eyes. Hurrying feet quick with eager purpose, faces glimpsed and gone; an ordinary enough, everyday crowd and yet to the watcher's disordered fancy each and every individual in this bustling throng seemed to obtrude his well-being upon him.

Money! It was all about him now, it had jostled him on the busy streets all day long. . . . Money! And thrusting clenched hands into his empty pockets he cursed bitterly, for She, his woman, was starving.

Miserably he sat there, head bowed, vaguely conscious of the never-ending stir about him—the tramp of innumerable feet speeding by, feet that came and were gone, feet that hurried, that trod heavily, that sauntered; and of all these feet two that stopped suddenly in his immediate line of vision.

Large feet these, expensively shod and spatted beneath well-filled trouser legs, that pertained to an overnourished, plethoric person, who panted noisily, mopped rosy face with snowy handkerchief and grasped a cowhide bag as plump and prosperous looking as its owner. This rubicund person, panting, mopping and heavy-breathing, stared about him, uttered an inarticulate exclamation, set down his bag upon the seat beside George, and plunged into the crowd. George glanced swiftly about him, drew a deep breath, rose and taking up the bag turned to run, set his teeth, took six leisurely strides and was borne along by that human torrent.

It was a heavy bag, yet it was not this that caused his breath to labor so painfully, his heart to throb so heavily—it was rather the terrible strain of listening—listening to discover, amid the din of these multitudinous footsteps pattering all about him, the sound of feet quick and loud in dogged pursuit. Five minutes and he would be in the Strand.

And now while hearkening to these feet George began to count his own. Ninety-one, ninety-two, ninety-three. Five minutes and he would reach the comparative safety of the Strand. Ninety-four, ninety-five— Hard by the nearest exit stood a burly policeman. Unhesitatingly George turned thither. Ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety—a light touch upon his shoulder. George faltered.

A TALL, immaculately clad young gentleman who beamed at him with one eye and glared through a monocle with the other.

"Off with your booty, eh—the spoil?" he inquired in soft, sleepy tones, tapping the bag with the handsome cane he carried.

George gulped and wiped clammy brow with tremulous hand.

"I happened to be watching you."

"Well, you . . . you've got me," stammered George in choking voice. "And there's a policeman over there—"

"I see him. Keep on walking—slowly, so!"

"Sir," said George, licking dry lips, "is it any good telling you this is the first time—"

"Oh, quite!" sighed his captor wearily. "You're a sick man out of work with a wife and numerous offspring wailing for bread, I know, I know. . . . And don't stop, keep on walking . . . a gentle amble."

"Sir, I swear to God—"

"When in a crowd always blaspheme softly. And don't attempt to bolt or I shall have to knock you down, which might make people stare, and I hate being gaped at."

"Are you . . . are you going to . . . give me in charge?" gasped George, glancing toward the burly policeman.

"Oh, quite," murmured his captor, hooking three fingers in George's trembling arm, "but not before this mob. There's Bow Street fairly adjacent, and Vine Street—you can plead your hard-luck story far better in the comparative seclusion of— Hi—taxi!"

A waiting vehicle purred up to them and while the young gentleman murmured to its driver, the burly policeman obligingly opened the door. So George got in, lugging the heavy bag with him, and leaning back closed his eyes, overcome by bitter remorse, a growing terror for . . . She would be waiting, watching for him, his Mary. She would know him for a felon—a sordid sneak thief.

He heard the taxi door slam, felt it glide smoothly away and looking up found his captor regarding him with a certain keen intentness.

"So you'll tell me this is your first essay in crime?"

"Yes!" said George, faintly.

"Quite!" nodded the other. "And you annexed another man's property with such finished expertness, such cool dexterity that at first I mistook you for the Dasher himself. You know him of course—one of his gang, perhaps."

"No!" murmured George.

"Well, then, you'll know of him?"

"No!" answered George.

"Tut, tut!" quoth the young gentleman, lighting a cigarette. "Then to tell you a truth which you probably know better than I—The Dasher is the most accomplished and pestiferous baggage thief in the three kingdoms."

The taxi crawled from one traffic block to another while George, lying back in his corner, stared at the stolen bag with eyes that saw instead the vision of a woman's pale face bowed in an agony of shame—his Mary.

"AND," said his companion suddenly, "you have the usual sick wife, of course—the wife of every felon caught in the act is always sick and—"

"Yes, I have. . . . I have!" cried George in a cracked strident voice. "She's so young . . . only a kid and—delicate, needs good food . . . pure air and I can't give them to her . . . I can't. I can't, though I've done my best. I've tried. God! how I've tried! And now . . . I'm a thief! When she knows, it'll just finish her . . . and so for her sake I ask you to have . . . have mercy—on her. I don't care a damn for myself, sir, but if I go to prison—if she knows I'm not straight—" The hoarse, pleading voice broke and George bowed his face between clutching hands.

"Absolutely!" said his captor, flicking cigarette ash out of the window. "You do it so jolly well that it sounds almost convincing. Yes, you do it so much better than most of 'em that I almost think . . . yes, upon my soul I almost fancy—"

"Let me go!" whispered George, his haggard eyes bright with sudden hope. "Let me go and I swear—"

"That you'll keep a brighter lookout next time, oh quite!"

The glowing eyes grew dull, the eager face twitched with sudden spasm, and, uttering a gasping sob, George shrank back in his corner as if from a blow.

"Damn you!" he groaned. "If I was half the man I used to be I'd lick you like the cur you are—"

"Quite!" nodded his captor. "As it is, luckily for me, you're ill and starving—eh?"

THE taxi crawled to another halt and George stared out miserably at the throng of vehicles, seeing them through a blur of anguished grief. . . .

Then a strong vital hand grasped his and into his lax fingers was thrust something that crackled. . . .

"God—!" exclaimed George brokenly, glancing from the money in his trembling fingers to the face of him who beamed at him with one eye and glared at him through a monocle with the other.

"No, friend, merely me, Sylvanies Host, at your service. And here," said Mr. Sylvanies Host, opening the taxi door, "is where you hop!"

So George stepped out, then paused, turned for a last word, was hooted and roared at by indignant drivers, and, dodging to the safety of the pavement, stood there like one utterly amazed.

And who shall say what fervent, what sacred oaths he took in regard to the future? Then lifting his head and squaring his shoulders, away he hastened to his Mary. Resolute to outface all that the tomorrows should bring.

Meanwhile a certain taxi wended its slow way westward and seated therein a certain Mr. Sylvanies Host—better known in certain circles as the Dasher—beamed at a certain plump and prosperous-looking bag.

"And now," quoth he, opening the blade of a gold-mounted penknife, "let us see what I have purchased from yon poor fish!"

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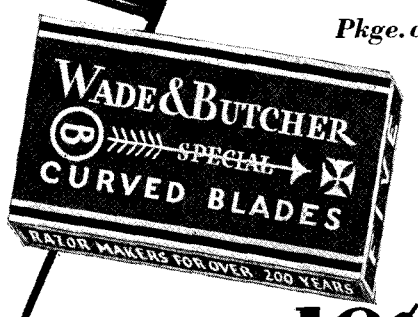

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WE'D HAVE MADE ANOTHER TRICK IF YOU FINESSED YOUR JACK! WHY DON'T YOU WATCH THE CARDS?
WHY DID YOU LEAD A SPADE? YOU KNEW SHE WAS TRUMPING THEM! IF YOU HAD DRAWN THEIR TRUMPS WE'D HAVE STOPPED GAME!
I PLAYED ACCORDING TO RULE, THIRD HAND HIGH AND I DON'T INTEND TO BE YELLED AT!
YOU SAW ME DISCARD CLUBS! WHY DIDN'T YOU LEAD DIAMONDS? OF ALL THE STUPID
THE INQUEST

How would You play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North
S. 8-4-3
H. A-K-5
D. J-8-3
C. 10-8-6-2

West
S. J-9-7-5-2
H. Q-8-4
D. Q-6
C. K-5-4

East
S. Q-10-6
H. J-9-7-3
D. K-5-4
C. 9-7-3

South
S. A-K
H. 10-6-2
D. A-10-9-7-2
C. A-Q-J

THE above hand was given in last week's Collier's; the description follows:

The Auction Bridge bidding would be: South one No Trump, followed by three passes.

The Contract bidding would be: South two No Trumps, West pass, North three No Trumps, which would obtain the contract.

The Play

West obviously must lead his only long suit (Spades) and of course selects the fourth best card (the five) of that suit. South is obliged to win and it is at this point in the play that he should plan with great care. One of the most difficult choices that a Declarer is called upon to make is when deciding which of two suits to establish. In some deals, the adversaries not having bid, the choice is little more than a guess; but in almost every instance careful consideration is apt to disclose some indication which will favor one of the suits.

In this situation the Declarer can count two Spade tricks and no more, two Heart tricks with no reasonable chance for any more, one Diamond trick with a good chance for more, and one Club trick with the certainty that two more can be established. He will see that his danger lies in the possibility of losing his remaining Spade stopper while he is establishing Diamonds or Clubs, and having the adversaries run their long Spades.

The Clubs being Declarer's strongest suit, his first thought would be: what would happen should he lead them? He will see that if the South hand should lead Clubs, establishing dummy's Ten, Declarer would take three Club tricks, but the adverse King would win regardless of whether it be held by East or West. If dummy's two top Hearts should be used as entries for Club leads from dummy for finesses and if the King, being held by East, should be captured, dummy could not enter a third time to cash his Ten, so three Club tricks would be Declarer's maximum, and the latter method of making them would establish the adverse Hearts.

Three Clubs and the five assured tricks in the other suits would leave Declarer one short of game, so his second consideration should be what might happen if his attack be made with Diamonds. If Diamonds are led from the closed hand, the adversaries would be expected to win with both King and Queen. In that case Declarer's Diamond tricks would be limited to three and, if West held five Spades, the chance for game would be lost.

The King and the Queen of Diamonds might be both in the East hand, both in the West hand, or one in each hand. With two of these three possible divisions Declarer can make game by leading Diamonds from the North hand, because he then will be practically assured of two Spades, two Hearts, one Club and four Diamonds. Should West have either the King or Queen of Diamonds when he wins he can take out South's last Spade stopper; but then, unless West has both high adverse Diamonds, Declarer can finesse a second time and run the suit before East and West can regain the lead. If both high Diamonds are held by West, the result of this method of play may be disastrous; but with the chances in favor of the plan's success, and no other plan holding out any promise, the Diamond suit should be chosen.

To summarize; South wins trick 1, puts North in with a Heart (trick 2), North leads the Diamond Jack (trick 3) and if East covers, South wins and clears the suit. If East plays small, South ducks and West, winning trick 3, will continue Spades, which puts South in (trick 4) to lead another Heart (trick 5) for another Diamond finesse at trick 6 (North leads the Eight and South ducks again if East holds up his King).

Result: two Spades, two Hearts, four Diamonds, and one Club.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North
S. 8-5-4-2
H. 8-5-4
D. Q-10-9-8-3
C. 9

West
S. 10-6
H. 10-3-2
D. K-7
C. A-Q-8-7-6-2

East
S. Q-J-9
H. Q-J-9-7
D. J-6-5
C. 5-4-3

South
S. A-K-7-3
H. A-K-6
D. A-4-2
C. K-J-10

Just a Believer

Continued from page 19

week, when that cousin of hers had come down from Painted Post to spend the week-end, hadn't it been Millard Brett who'd been assigned to escort her, giggles and spectacles and buck-teeth and all, to the dance at the pavilion?

"Never again," swore Millard Brett.

He contemplated a pleasing mental movie of *not* waiting to be fired, of walking into Byron W. Mellish's private office and telling him insouciantly just where he could go with his old job. A man with twelve hundred and six dollars in the savings bank didn't have to worry about being attached to a pay roll; even Jim Varnum had been playing the market with his college pocket-money and cleaning up right along.

"Sorry I won't have time to see Edwina before I go, B. W."—yes, he'd call him B. W., just like that—"say good-by to her for me, will you?"

He drifted into unconsciousness on a cheering fancy of driving back sometime in a contemptuous car and dropping in for a careless half-hour to let Edwina see what she'd missed. Aunt Hattie's voice broke in upon it; the room was filled with a new, brazen day:

"Fillmore! Fillmore! It's a quarter to eight!"

HABIT betrayed him. He was gasping in the bathtub before he remembered that there wasn't any hurry. He might as well stay up, he decided—he couldn't go back to sleep now, even if Aunt Hattie could be bullied into letting him. He dressed, however, without undue haste, and came down to breakfast almost as deliberately as if he had been Sherwood Rutter himself.

Then he departed, under Aunt Hattie's fond urgency, on the dot of his fixed schedule, and reached the office on the stroke of nine.

Routine stretched out ruthless hands to seize him. The mail was on his desk; his telephone buzzed as he pulled back his chair; McMurtree demanded instructions as to three cases of dubious credit; Miss Perley sought permission to consult her dentist.

With these several matters Millard Brett dealt summarily, an eye upon the open door of Byron W. Mellish's private office. He was in the midst of the mail when the telephone hummed again.

"Brett? Mellish speaking. Say, Brett, you'll have to handle things today. I'm going over to Darnell."

Opening his mouth to ask B. W. Mellish if he thought he could keep on hiring for thirty-five a week a man to whom, when its owner chose to waste a day at golf, the management of the business could thus casually be entrusted, Millard Brett listened to the voice of his ancient habit, saying supinely:

"Yes, sir."

It was almost one when intuition warned him that Edwina Mellish stood behind him. Somehow he invariably knew when she came into the office; there would come upon him, before he looked around, a curious paralysis of tongue and throat, an unrhythmic bumping of heart and diaphragm, a stupid unsteadiness of wrist.

Doggedly, now, he opposed these evidences of artlessness, bending over the expense account. Not until Edwina actually compelled it by twitching the document aside did he lift his head.

"Hello, there," said Edwina. She contrived to speak as if she privately considered this a rather clever style of greeting, and Millard Brett was obliged to chide himself for a stupid inclination to agree with her.

Allowing an uneasy grin to answer her he tried to survey her with the aloof and sophisticated eye of a Sherwood Rutter, to think of her, in Rutter's negligently-approving phrase, as a pretty sweet dish—for Binchester; but the effort fell a little short of success. He was aware, indeed, of a dull glow of anger toward Rutter for having thus described her. Even in New York, he felt, Edwina would be a sweet dish; his ears prickled at their edges under her merry gaze and he withdrew the words. It didn't seem just the right way to think about her, somehow. It wasn't—with Edwina looking at him he found the word less ridiculous than it should have been—it wasn't quite respectful.

"How about," demanded Edwina, "lunch?"

Aha! Triumphantly the enlightened half of Millard Brett's split-personality jeered at this innocence. He might have expected this.

Yesterday Millard Brett's feet would have tangled in the eagerness of his assent; today he was able, with a valiant effort, to make a decent show of resistance.

"Can't." He pushed the word past the silly tightness of his throat. "Got to stick on the job—your father's away, and—"

"And the place'll blow away if you don't sit on it!" jeered Edwina warmly. "Apple sauce!"

He perceived that he had invited this. It had been the excuse, not of a young man acquainted with his brussels sprouts, but of a Millard Brett. Even Sherwood Rutter might have been deceived by the generous impatience of Edwina's dissent.

"Besides," said Edwina, "you've got to buy my lunch for me. I'm flat."

Aha! Again the awakened and worldwise fraction of Millard Brett cried out in triumph. Here, at last, was the bug under the chip!

"All right," his fatuous mouth was saying. His witless hand outstretched itself eagerly to last summer's hat. Beside Edwina in the pudgy little car he gave ear to a blithe account of last evening's escapade.

Sherwood Rutter had been marvellous; he just destroyed Edwina; Millard Brett would have simply died if he could have heard Rutter jollying that traffic cop who stopped him, driving the car home from the Country Club, and demanded to see his license.

Wistfully Millard Brett gazed forward to a day when he would emerge victorious from such a clash of wits, when he wouldn't be such a stupe as to be afraid of policemen and traffic laws.

HE FINGERED the money in his pocket uneasily as he followed Edwina into the Yellow Teapot. It would be just like him to come all the way out here without enough on him to square the check, and he wouldn't be able, he knew, to talk his way out of such a jam, like Sherwood Rutter.

"I just want a lettuce sandwich and some iced tea," said Edwina. Consulting the figures on the typewritten menu Millard Brett breathed again. It would cost more, at that, than the regular business-man's lunch at the Majestic, but he realized that this comparison of values marked him as still a piking small-towner. Sherwood Rutter wouldn't even have looked at those figures.

"Sher said to tell you he was sorry he didn't have more of a chance to see you," said Edwina. "He had to catch the midnight back to New York."

(*Continued on page 36*)

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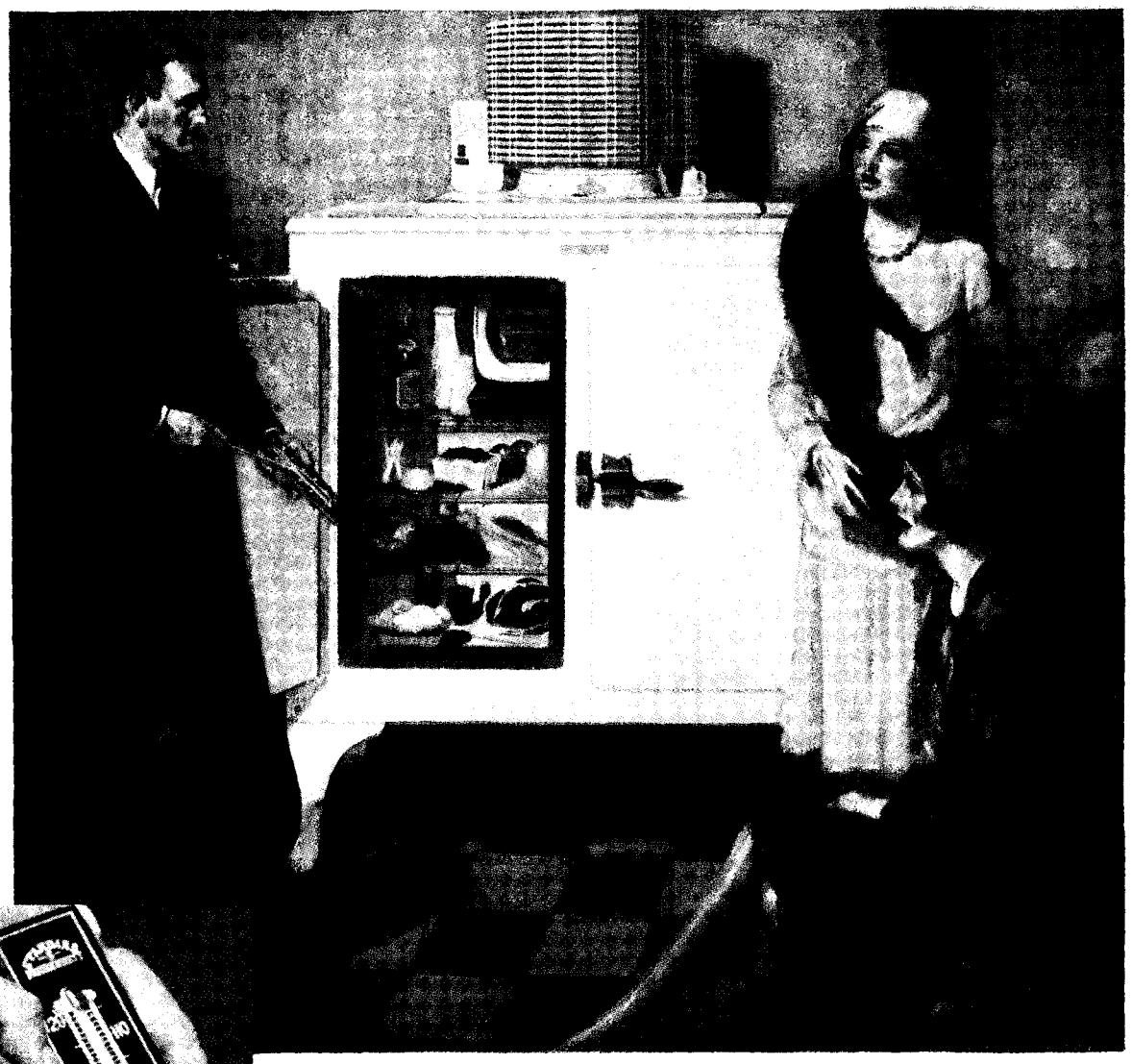

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In the General Electric Refrigerator the temperature is kept several degrees below fifty . . . *always!* Fifty degrees is accepted by scientists as the "danger point" in the preservation of food. When the temperature rises even a degree or two above that, bacteria multiply, foods become unsafe to eat . . . a positive menace to health.

Perhaps you think your own refrigerator is always "cold enough." You cannot be *sure* unless you actually take your refrigerator's temperature under varying conditions. It is *constant* cold which is needed. When you own a General Electric Refrigerator, you need never worry.

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Countless superiorities give the General Electric Refrigerator its outstanding position . . . an hermetically sealed, dustproof mechanism, mounted on top . . . an accessible temperature control . . . a new standard of quiet operation . . . no oiling . . . no troublesome machinery . . . simplified installation . . . no radio interference . . . an unqualified two-year service guarantee.

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"I'll be seeing him there pretty soon," said Brett. The widening of Edwina's eyes gave him a gloomy satisfaction. He'd made her sit up, anyway.

"What are you going to New York for?" she demanded, as if he'd spoken of New Zealand, as if he hadn't any right to go where he pleased, and when.

"Had about all I can stand of this one-horse town," he said. He couldn't help feeling dimly guilty, thus describing what was, after all, the fastest-growing city between Buffalo and Binghamton. "Made up my mind to get out of it."

"Don't be silly!" said Edwina. She spoke sharply. She wasn't often angry; it made her, Millard Brett decided, a little prettier than she was in her normal humor. "You ought to know better than to talk like that!"

"What's silly about it?" he asked defiantly. "Why shouldn't I—?"

"It's just silly, that's all!" She spoke with finality.

"Why is it?"

"Because you—because it just is, that's all!"

"I suppose it was silly for Sher Rutter to do it, too?"

"Oh, Sher!" She waved her hand as if to indicate the utter irrelevance of the suggestion. "It was all very well for him, maybe, but you—why, I never heard of anything so perfectly fantastic!"

"All right. Maybe it's fantastic, but it's what's going to happen, all the same."

He saw that at last he'd convinced her. She regarded him with round eyes in which there was no longer any disbelief.

"When are you going?"

Yesterday, if she had looked and spoken like this, Millard Brett's believing simplicity would have imagined that she was sorry, really sorry, deep down, the way Millard Brett himself was sorry about things. Even today, for an instant, he was almost persuaded to think—

"I don't know. Pretty soon." He tried not to sound too solemn about it; Sherwood Rutter wouldn't have dealt with such a matter except in a key of becoming flippancy.

"Is—is there anything wrong at the office?" Still he was obliged to resist a crazy notion that she was going to cry. "You haven't been scrapping with father, have you? Because, if that's all—"

He shook his head. "Everything's jake there." Rutter had stopped saying that, he remembered; it was now oke or hokay.

SHE continued to contemplate him with that queer look of puzzled searching in her eyes. Suddenly they went soft and bright and merry again. She put her hand gently on his.

"Don't go, Mill. I don't want you to."

Endeavoring to maintain, under this elementary form of apple sauce, the proper attitude of genial sophistication, Millard Brett was unequal to the test. He knew, of course, that Edwina, if she missed him at all, would regret only the loss of somebody who could be depended on to look out for buck-tooth cousins from Painted Post, to furnish, when nobody more amusing was available, iced tea and lettuce sandwiches.

All this, as certainly as if he had been Sherwood Rutter himself, he knew. The trouble was that he didn't believe a bit of it.

He could actually kid himself into thinking that she'd brought him all the way out here to the Yellow Teapot because it meant a four-mile drive in wholesome air, air that wouldn't do a man any harm after four hours' prison in a sticky office!

Opening his lips to utter some gay, skeptical repartee, Millard Brett could only say, in a froggy croak:

"Honest?"

"Cross my heart!" Edwina's voice was as frivolous as ever, but he knew that he was going to believe her, just the same.

"Well, then, I guess I'd better be getting back on the job."

EDWINA, also rising, emitted her bubbly laugh, as if he had said something funny, but Millard Brett knew, of course, that she was laughing, not at the speech, but at him, at the comic squirrel who could be coaxed back into his wire-wheeled cage without even a peanut.

This, however, proved not quite accurate. Bumping over the cobbles of River Street toward the triumphant face of the office, Edwina inquired whether, tonight, he was doing anything, and being assured, superfluously, that he was not, proposed the Country Club and a bit of dancing.

"And you'd better come to dinner, too," she directed, without waiting for assent.

He was, he perceived, to have the peanut. At the back of his mind he was cynically aware that these rewards were bestowed upon him only to make sure of future docility—a needless precaution on Edwina's part.

"I'll be there," he said, happy persiflage, for once, coming unbidden to his tongue, "with my hair in a braid!"

FOUR years. Millard Brett ticked them off on mental fingers. Four years since he'd seen Sherwood Rutter, that night when he'd stood dumbly and listened to Rutter jollying him about high stools and early risings. For Millard Brett four Binchester years, years of days like coral polyps, piling up their little skeletons, generation after generation, to build an inch of reef. Four years that had only widened the difference between Millard Brett and Rutter.

Under Rutter's affable raillery Millard Brett was as mutely contemptible as ever. Rutter's eye even inspired in him a miserable distrust of his brand-new blue-serge suit.

After four years it needed only Sher Rutter's amused glance to make Millard Brett perceive that the yellow ribbon pinned to his left lapel was not a slightly vainglorious token of membership in the Reception Committee but a confession, comically naïve, that his presence here on the Boardwalk owed itself to sordid and ridiculous business causes.

Four years!

His eye uneasily evaded Rutter's, fixing itself instead on the gaily striped tie, such a tie as, even on this epic journey to Atlantic City, Millard Brett could not have dared to wear.

"Well, well, well!" said Rutter jovially. "Will you look who's here—himself! With a badge and everything!" He inspected the yellow ribbon with affected reverence. "Reception Committee! What do you know about that? What does E. A. A. I. M. & D. stand for?"

Reluctantly Millard Brett mumbled the demeaning admission. There was, he perceived, something funny about the Eastern Association of Agricultural Implement Manufacturers and Dealers which, till this instant, had been invisible to him.

"Down here for the convention," he said, as if Sherwood Rutter might otherwise have thought him capable of embarking, purely for pleasure, upon such an excursion. It was at this moment that his lowered eye detected, just at the inner margin of the knot of that striped tie, a slightly threadbare area.

"WELL, well, well!" boomed Rutter. "Another local boy makes good and I don't mean peradventure! What did I tell you, Mill? Didn't I always say that if you kept the old beak against the grindstone you'd get somewhere? And now just give yourself a look, will you? Not a gray hair and a delegate to the—the E. A. A. I. M. & D!"

His palm administered a solemn accolade. "And you're going to climb to dizzier heights yet, Mill. I can read it just like print in the way you look! Yes, sir! One of these days, if you keep it up, you'll get a piece of the plow works for your very own and—"

Millard Brett suddenly stopped feeling uncomfortable. Perhaps it was because of that threadbare place in Rutter's tie; perhaps it was because, at this moment, Edwina emerged from the auction-room where she had been reducing an eloquent Armenian to the brink of tears; perhaps it was because, with Edwina's hand possessively within his elbow, not even Millard Brett could keep on being uncomfortable.

"Go right ahead, Sher," said Edwina, on top of the little, bubbly laugh. "Speak the rest of the piece and tell him he's going to marry me, will you? I can't seem to make him believe that he's done it!"

Continued from page 34

Just a Believer

Baa, Baa, Black Shape

YES, but it's more than a child's game this business of creating things out of solidified shadows. A puzzle's a puzzle, but a Colliergraph is a picture. When you're through with one of them you've got something to show for your pains—and, also, the possibility of additional reward. The rules are printed below.

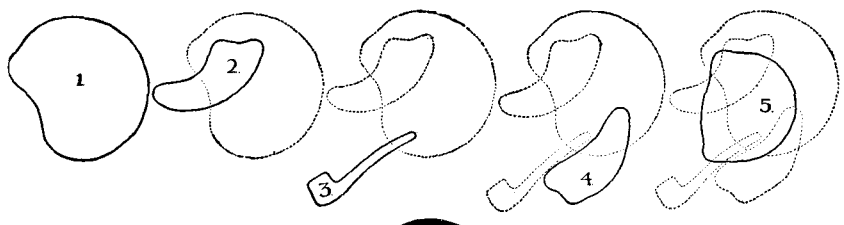
Mrs. C. H. Haugerud, Clam Falls, Wis.

Mrs. Linnie Arnold, R. F. D. No. 1, Drexel, Mo.

Helen Pettes, 112 S. North Carolina Ave., Atlantic City, N. J.

Esther Coogle, 2243 High St., Louisville Ky.

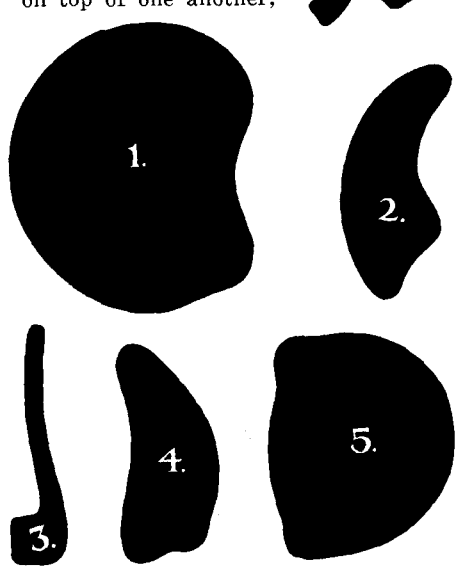
Mrs. David Krause, Crawford Apartments, South Brownsville, Pa.



How to Do It

Cut out the five black figures below. You might mount them on cardboard separately. When you've laid them on top of one another,

shift them about until you have a portrait. Hold them down and with a pencil trace the outline. Then remove pieces and fill in the silhouette.



Here are the pieces— cut them out

$5.00 Each for Those Published

When you have achieved a good Colliergraph send it to Colliergraphs Editor, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York.

Remember you must send in the separate pieces actually pasted to a sheet of paper. No Colliergraphs can be returned.

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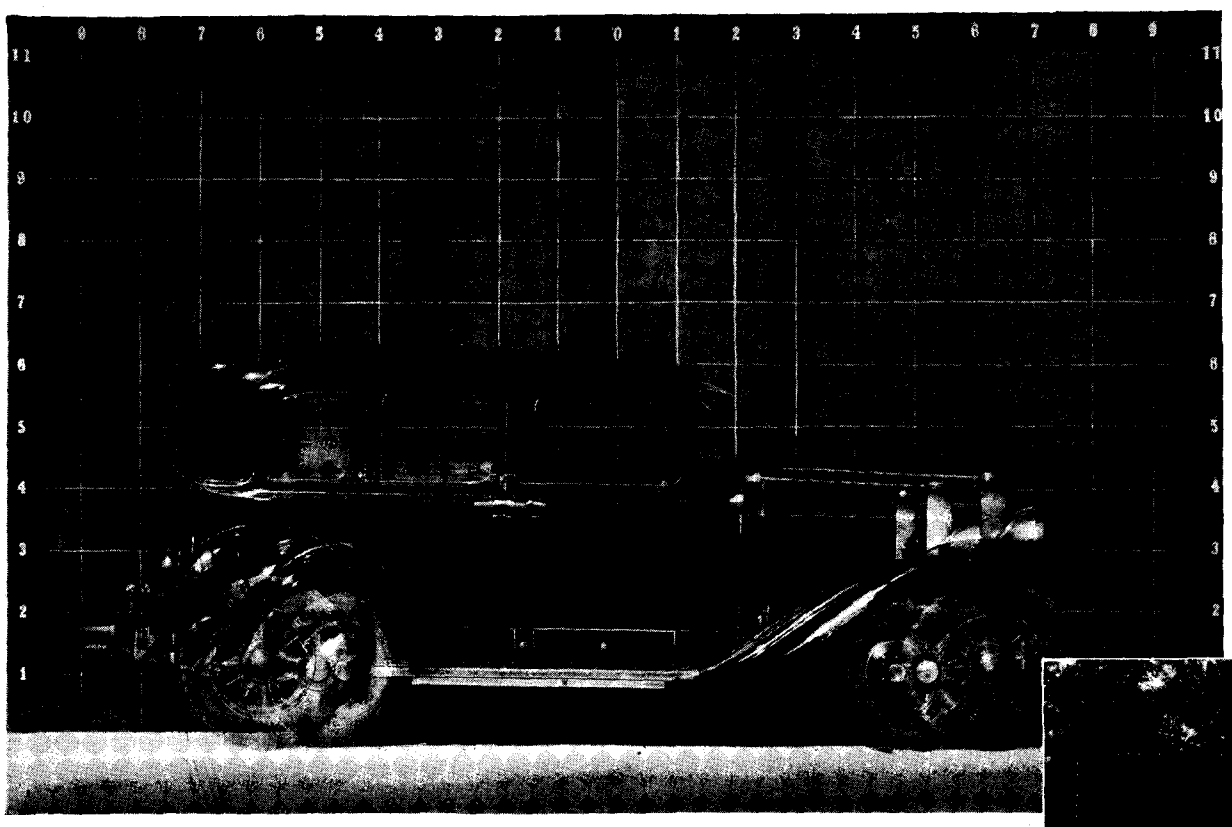
No. 6. *Inside pictures of the General Motors Proving Ground*



The picture above illustrates the principle of the Proving Ground "checkerboard." It brings together negatives of three different cars. The smaller picture at the right shows the camera house, with the photographer in the act of "snapping" a new model.

TUNE IN—General Motors Family Radio Party. Every Monday Evening. 8:30 Eastern Standard Time. WEAF and 37 other stations associated with N. B. C.

Taking the new car's picture

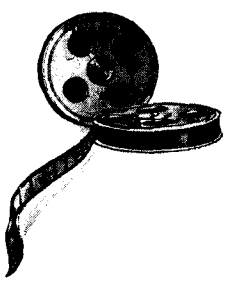
ALL new cars have their pictures taken against this checkerboard background at General Motors Proving Ground. By superimposing the negatives one upon another, General Motors engineers can study the trend in body designs and keep ahead in anticipating public taste in motor car style and comfort.

The Proving Ground occupies 1268 acres near Milford, Michigan, convenient to all General Motors car divisions. It is a great "outdoor laboratory" where automobiles can be tested in a scientific manner under conditions that are exactly comparable. Especially constructed roads and hills duplicate every driving condition.

At the Proving Ground the General Motors car divisions thoroughly test and prove their new models before they are offered to the public.

Here also cars of different American and European makes are tested after they are put on the market, thereby enabling General Motors to know precisely how its products compare with others in their respective price classes.

The tests involve speed, power, endurance, braking; riding comfort; handling ease; fuel, oil and tire economy; body strength — every phase of car construction and performance. And claims and opinions are reduced to *facts*.



A MOTION PICTURE showing the Proving Ground in actual operation is available in lengths of one, two, or four reels, free of all charges except those of transportation. It may be borrowed by schools, clubs, churches, and other organizations. Please specify whether the 35 or 16mm width is desired and give several weeks' notice in advance of showings. Write to Institutional Advertising Dept., General Motors, Detroit.

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Catching up with the World

By Edwin E. Slosson
Director Science Service

WHEN a telephone connects countries which use different languages, the question arises: Which language shall be used? This question is not settled by prejudice but by comparative economy. The International Standard Electrical Corporation in London, which has been experimenting on this point, has found that there are two distinct questions involved and that they have two different answers.

One question is: Which language is the most intelligible? This was tested by speaking a large number of single sentences over the phone and noting what percentage of them was correctly received. In this test Italian stood first, followed in order of intelligibility by German, English and French.

The other question is: Which language will convey a given number of ideas in the shortest time? In this test the rank is reversed. French comes first, followed by English, German and Italian.

From this we may infer that the more highly inflected a language is and the longer its words, the better is the chance of its being understood but the longer it takes to express oneself in it. Short words have the advantage in speed even if some of them have to be repeated on account of unintelligibility.

Strangled Eggs

One of the great economic problems of the present day is how to preserve eggs in their pristine freshness en route from the hen to the eater. The chief reason why eggs age is that they lose their breath. Eggs, like all living beings, give off water vapor and carbonic acid gas. These pass out through the pores of the shell while the space fills up with air from outside, so that the size of the air cell in the egg enlarges, which is one sign of age.

The escape of carbonic acid gas is worse than the loss of water, because that leaves the white more alkaline and it becomes watery. Experiments by Paul F. Sharp at Cornell show that the white becomes a hundred times more alkaline by the loss of the acid. Accordingly he proposes to check the deterioration by keeping eggs in an atmosphere heavy with the gas. The gas can be obtained cheaply, compressed in steel cylinders for soda fountains.

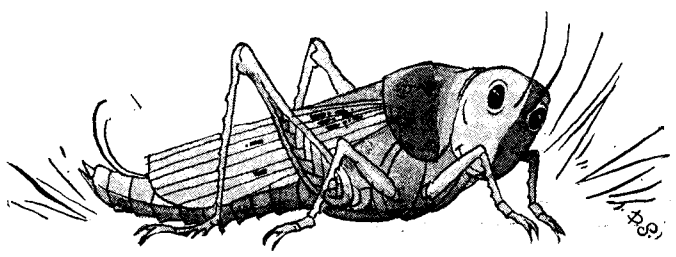
At a cost of less than a cent a case, enough of the gas could be added once a week for six months to a cold-storage room to raise the proportion in the atmosphere to one per cent, which is about thirty times normal and yet not enough to bother human breathing. Since the air is also kept humid and cold the evaporation of water is prevented, and the egg is enabled to maintain its fresh, unspoiled, country constitution. But if the egg becomes contaminated with bacteria before leaving its rural home, the soda-water treatment will hasten its degeneration.

Insect Dialects

Collier's has called attention to the variations of dialect in various localities of the United States which the radio has revealed to us. That similar differences are discernible in the songs of birds and insects of the same species is shown by H. A. Allard of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. He has found that the common black field cricket of the District of Columbia has a distinctive intermittent chirp, while those of what seem to be the same species in northern Georgia sing a continuous trill. The katydids of New England "rasp with subtly different intonations and accents from the Washington forms."

I wonder whether the difference is due to climate, diet, or breed. The rapidity of a cricket's chirp rises with the temperature so regularly that by timing his tune with a watch one can use the cricket as a thermometer. If we had an insect fancier of the Fabre type, he would try making phonograph records of the voices of various insects in New England, and then transport them to Georgia to see how long it would take them to acquire a southern accent.

The English nightingales are said to sing better in some valleys than in others. One of the wealthy residents of Florida stocked his estate with a lot of English nightingales, but they all died the following year. To his surprise, however, their song continued to be heard. The mocking birds had learned the nightingale's song.



Dripping Dry Dallas

Continued from page 9

the town over. And so, unless all signs fail, it won't be long now until Dallas drinks better stuff furnished by better bootleggers who are better organized and better protected."

I asked for more particulars.

"No," he said, "I might get it all mixed up but if you want the low-down ask the United States Commissioner to tell you what has happened here in the last few days."

I asked the Commissioner; and here, in my own words, is his story:

For the past six years a stylish bootlegger we will call Smith has been operating a pressing club in the very heart of Dallas and getting rich at it. On numerous occasions Mr. Smith's establishment had been raided and searched —as a gesture, maybe—but never had any evidence as to his true status been brought to light. As a municipal benefactor who had been patronized by the best people he had always been protected and prosperous. Then came the catastrophe. One morning, just a few days before I arrived in Dallas, Mr. Smith's phone rang. When he answered it a strange voice asked him if he wanted to continue to run his business.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Smith.

"All right then," said the strange voice, "in that case you must kick in with a $250 initiation fee in a new organization and after that cough up fifty a month for protection. Otherwise your joint will be closed up before next Sunday."

Smith sent his lawyer—to whom the stranger, after admitting that he represented a Chicago syndicate, very frankly laid bare all the details of a comprehensive scheme.

He said that the organization of the liquor industry represents the biggest and most profitable thing in American business today. Dallas was looked upon by them as important, he continued, because of its apparently insatiable thirst and its strategic location as a trade center. The town's bootleggers would have to pay up and join the syndicate's organization. Those who did would be protected from interference by the police or federal authorities; those who didn't would be closed up. Mr. Smith had been given the first chance.

Got Cold Feet

All together the lawyer had three interesting conferences with the gentleman from Chicago during which he was told how federal agents all over the United States are to be handled by the new organization; how judges are to be "convinced," how police officers are to be persuaded and, in short, how the entire country is to be benefited by being furnished with better booze at cheaper prices.

Then, at the conclusion of the third conference, the man from Chicago added a personal touch by telling the lawyer: "We need a legal representative here in Dallas and will pay you a thousand a month for your services."

The lawyer got cold feet and went to the United States Commissioner with the entire story.

"I want to see that fellow," said the Commissioner.

"All right," answered the lawyer. "Come to my office at two tomorrow afternoon and he'll be there."

The Commissioner went, stood in the hallway and watched the Chicagoan appear and go into the lawyer's office to get his final answer. The lawyer rejected the offer that had been made him and also, on behalf of his client, stated that Mr. Smith would *not* join the organization.

This bad news didn't disturb the Chicago promoter in the least. He merely reached for the phone, called Smith up direct. This time Smith said he would meet the man and have a talk with him, and he kept his word.

The United States Commissioner saw the men meet in a hotel lobby, but didn't overhear their conversation. He also saw them separate and then he went back to his own office to sit down and think the thing over for a day or two. But in the meantime the man from Chicago, whose proposition had been definitely rejected by Mr. Smith himself, must have been at work.

They Found the "Evidence"

On the next Saturday, in exact accordance with his threat, two policemen, bringing with them a search warrant based on information whose source is still a mystery to the Commissioner, appeared at the Smith pressing club. Mr. Smith's place had been raided several times before and nothing incriminating found there. This time it was different.

The policemen went to work as methodically as if they had a blueprint of the premises. They located a sliding panel in the wall, tore down the wall, entered a neat little office equipped with signal lights, a desk, armchairs, and the like, and from there they passed on to a subterranean chamber where they found the "evidence"—and likewise found the entrance to an underground passage a hundred feet long which brought them out in a popular garage on one of the main streets.

But, having deprived the Dallas drinkers of their most reliable source of supply, what will be the Chicagoans' next move? At the present writing nobody seems to know. It is only a few weeks since it all happened; the outspoken spokesman of the Chicago syndicate has disappeared; the United States Commissioner confesses that he is totally mystified by the whole proceedings; the police allege that they are also; and the average citizen is withholding comment.

Under its own management the drinks and the drinking habits of Dallas are so bad that any changes, even though brought about by a gang of Chicago crooks, will necessarily be in the nature of improvements.

Will they stop the sale of bad liquor by bad girls in a good many small hotels and rooming houses? Will they do anything to the numerous roadhouses scattered around on the outskirts of Dallas to which the young people of the town motor and get tight whenever they want to? Will they run down the "distilleries" operating in some of the basements of stylish residences out in the swagger Oak Hill section of the city? And will they bring gloom and sorrow to the owners of some of the town's new industries by forbidding their licensees to use industrial alcohol?

They probably will. As they have shown, by their offer to Smith, these Chicago promoters are firm believers in the doctrine of high license and fewer and better liquor dealers. The rigid application of such a doctrine to dry Dallas will greatly benefit the town.

Now for a last word. While I was in Dallas the flu epidemic was at its height, and one morning when I remarked to a barber who was shaving me that there seemed to be quite a number of deaths from it, he replied: " 'Tain't the flu, mister, that's killin' em. It's this Dallas liquor they drink to cure it."

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Safety with Speed and *Comfort*

Model 16 banks at speed in good shape on short curves

SAFETY may not be important to you—perhaps you've never had anything happen to you—yet.

But "Safety" is a great word anytime Old Man Trouble looks you in the eye.

The Outboard Sea Sleds have acquired a reputation for being just about "fool proof."

Displacement and beam are distributed over a longer water line than for ordinary craft of the size.
Safety here means stability.

The hollow bow sends bow waves under the hull. A Sea Sled doesn't stick her nose under.
Safety here means seaworthiness.

The greatest draft is at the sides.
Safety here means she doesn't roll.

The inverted V bottom gives lessened skin friction and freedom from pounding.
This means speed and comfort.

Model 13 is the safest fast craft for youngsters yet designed

TRADE-MARK REG. **SEA SLED** U. S. PAT. OFFICE

THE SEA SLED CORPORATION

Sole Licensee under Hickman U. S. Patents

226-228 Fourth Ave. at 19th St., New York

Yards at W. Mystic and Groton, Conn.

5 *Reasons Why*

The Sea Sled dealer is usually the best boat dealer in his town.

1. He can start business with a single little Model 13 at discount.

2. We don't sell direct, and he has no competition from the local boat builder.

3. Sea Sled models are exclusive and patented It's not necessary to change fast enough to make his stock old fashioned.

4. A Sea Sled dealer can work up with us to a full range of outboard and inboard models, get ting the best terms and lowest rate every step of the way.

5. He guards his net profit better than by scattering his orders.

HIGHEST FACTOR OF SAFETY **SEA SLED** OF ANY CRAFT OF THE SIZE

SPEED · · WITH COMFORT AND · · SAFETY

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"Leads in Reader Interest"

"Proved by Performance"

A. STEIN & COMPANY find Collier's readers an audience in which both men and women play important parts.

MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL HEAT REGULATOR looks to Collier's readers for leadership in correct heating practices.

PARIS
GARTERS
AND
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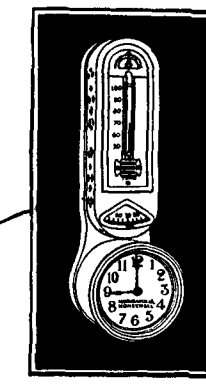

"WE feel that a publication which increases its circulation from about 1,000,000 to over 1,900,000 in less than four years, without the use of artificial stimulation, shows a distinct leadership in reader interest.

"Collier's has always offered an important market to the manufacturer of men's products. And we believe that women also play an important part in this audience of over 1,900,000 families.

"Collier's is building on the basis of quality, value and a knowledge of the spirit of the times. Since we are doing the same in our merchandising of Hickory Personal Necessities for women — and Paris Garters and Suspenders for men — the fact that our policies parallel impresses us favorably."

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Collier's for Action!

now more than 1,900,000

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How to be Happy though a Parent

Continued from page 17

for an instant pretend to be an infallible expert on how to behave though a parent, but I *do* know some things *not* to do. There is no excuse for the stupidity of a mother or father who complains and nags and asks questions and illustrates all arguments with bygone pictures!

The younger generation is not impressed, but bored, by being told what was thought proper when their parents were young; how much they relied on their own parents' wisdom. Those who have been brought up to have good manners will assume an expression of looking pleasant before a camera, but they will *think*, "Why can't the animals be left in the ark?" And on the subject of their father's claim of superior wisdom their reply is a shrug and a mental challenge that he "prove it!"

But whether children are frankly combative, stubbornly silent or resentfully obedient, the present lack of adjustment between them and their parents is the inability to speak the same language.

Dangerous Accusations

The modern home is like nothing so much as a repetition of the Tower of Babel. Parents say words that have no meaning whatever to their sons and daughters. Sons and daughters say words that utterly terrify their parents who try to interpret the sounds according to archaic definition which results in an unintelligible meaning.

Exclaim "how shocking!" and a modern girl laughs. Tell her she is outrageous and she is delighted. Tell her that she is cheap, and she looks you straight in the eye in anger, unless you can give her, equally straight in the eye, good reasons for your opinions. If you can, she will take it exactly as a boy will take a blow that is deserved. But if you have no grounds for your accusation, she returns your injustice with contempt for your opinions forevermore.

And what to do about it? I have theories—I'm sure you have theories, in fact, nearly all of us have theories of one sort or another—but which of us can prove that any of his theories are halfway right? As a grandmother, I ought to be far less in sympathy with the youngest generation than with that of their mothers who are usually much younger than I am. Instead of which, I have an enormous sympathy and liking for what I should call the "typical moderns" of the younger generation. I like their honesty of outlook, their complete frankness (if given a chance to be frank), I admire their courage, their self-confident pride in being able to cope with whatever may turn up. "Cope," by the way, ranks with "divine" as a favorite expression.

Perhaps they have pulled the wool over my eyes, but at least it is my honest belief that appreciation of knowledge was never greater than today. But response to cant, to false sentiment and to pretended wisdom is a cut wire.

Because a man happens to have encumbered the earth with his utterly mediocre abilities for half a century or so grants him no right whatever to instruct either a young man or a young woman whose intelligence is quite possibly greater than his.

This sounds curiously iconoclastic, perhaps, from a manners "expert," but remember that the chief object of manners is consideration of others and not forcing our opinions on those made helpless, by the requirements of good manners, to resent them. After all, one must, in fairness, grant two sides to the question.

The tragedy of the too-loving mother is something like that of the too-loving wife; oversensitive feelings are not an asset but the greatest possible handicap.

The intelligent mother builds what foundations she may by personal example, by evincing an open mind, by keeping away from the personal and sentimental. The father who is loved, respected and willingly obeyed, is one whose sympathy springs from keenness of understanding and whose opinions are founded on wisdom of judgment, even if he has to work like a student to acquire it. The truth is, that passing the college entrance examinations is *nothing* as compared with passing an examination as an adorable and infallibly wise father or mother. To acquire understanding means development to the utmost of one's self-control no less than one's mental capacity. It is no small achievement, I promise you, to understand today when one's horizon is bounded by yesterday! The only thing to do is to follow the Bible's advice, and bend the twig when it is young. Be the friend of your young children, never pretend to know more than you do, never be satisfied with what you know, and *never* stop trying to learn the most that you are able!

The real breach between parents and children—the lack of sympathy between mothers and daughters especially—is about nine times out of ten due to the shortcomings of the *mother*.

A certain "spoiled" type of woman paints a mental picture of herself as an embodiment of perfection. It may be as a beauty, a wit, an organizer, a golf player, or a wife and mother—no matter what. She is, or does, whatever seems to her worth while or admirable and takes it for granted that her children will see the picture exactly as she does. The children see an innately self-centered woman with no thought of anything but her looks, or her organization, her vanity, or her game, who expects them to respect her judgment, and admire her character, and give her their love simply because she happens to have brought them into the world.

The Strongest Chains

This type of mother, more than any other, complains bitterly that "Mary thinks of nothing but amusing herself. She *never* tells me what she does or where she goes. I'm going to tell her father that if she does not show us more devotion he must cut off her allowance." (If Mary has, or earns money of her own, mother is louder in her denunciation, but weaker in control.)

The perfect parents, needless to say, have very rarely cause for complaint. Chains forged through character, intelligent sympathy, and selfless devotion are apt to be too strong to break.

But "Run along, dear! Mother is busy!" or "I haven't time to listen now," or "Why do you bother with that!" or "Mary, I forbid you to say this," "I will punish you if you do that," and the child, with dejected shoulders, wanders off alone—gets the habit of being alone or finding what companions and what pursuits she may. By and by the child grows up, mother worries and weeps and wails; father sulks and storms, and daughter shrugs her self-reliant shoulders and continues the pursuits that have become her habit.

The thermometer says, "Hot" The thermometer says, "Hotter" But *Ingram shaves are always* COOL!

(THIS COUPON BRINGS SEVEN COOL SHAVES FREE)

THE men who use Ingram's Shaving Cream are forever free from a razor's fiery pin-prick stabs!

For Ingram's is the pioneer of all shaving creams planned to be cool! It began the revolution in shaving ease and comfort.

Ingram's is cool . . . *cool* . . . COOL . . . *COOL!* The first time you lather up with it, you'll know it's different!

You'll tell yourself, "That's the *cool* shave I've always wanted!"

And, after the job is finished, your face will feel refreshed, and you'll know a new bracing and tonic sensation that you've never felt before!

Never mind your Whiskers, think about your Face!

With Ingram's, you need no lotion. Ingram's is shaving cream, lotion and skin freshener all in one! Because of three special cooling and soothing ingredients, it tightens and tones the skin *while you shave.*

And with Ingram's, you can shave closer. Your skin is in better condition to "take" the razor. Above all—you miss those smarting little nicks and stinging jabs that make shaving a torture for so many men today!

* * *

IF you'll go to two minutes' trouble and send us that little coupon just below, you'll be rewarded with seven glorious morning starts toward a lifetime of shaving ease and comfort. Our sample may be no beauty to look at, but it's the most powerful persuader and the greatest gatherer of friends any company has ever had.

Don't fail now to try Ingram's! You'll never regret it. Mail us the coupon! Do it today!

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

"Never mind your Whiskers, think about your Face"

7 COOL SHAVES FREE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. C-79
110 Washington St., New York
I'd like to try seven cool Ingram shaves.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

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GOLFERS ATTENTION

!

IN the August 3rd issue of Collier's the makers of the Bristol, the first successful steel shaft, will announce in detail the development of a new steel shaft that every golfer will welcome.

When we say it is entirely new in principle, we mean exactly that. It will be worth waiting for.

Watch for the August 3rd Collier's.

• • •

In the meantime, write and we'll put you down for a free subscription to our newsy publication, "The Bristolite"—the next issue of which carries full details of this remarkable new steel shaft.

THE HORTON MANUFACTURING COMPANY

(Makers of Bristol "Gold Label" Steel Shafts)

127-B Horton St.,
Bristol, Conn.

April Escapade

Continued from page 7

comfort of the fine older brother everyone's charge, the loving, busy, scolding mother superintending everything, and his glorious red-headed, white-skinned tall girl making them laugh, making them serious, entertaining them, criticizing them, generally bedeviling and enslaving them all.

His affair with Mary Kate was at the delicious point where everything was *understood and nothing definite. They* thought of each other all the time; every word was significant, every glance. Sometimes they talked indirectly of marriage, of what "anyone" could do on forty dollars a week, of what "anyone" would have to pay as rent for two rooms, or three rooms.

They had been inseparable for more than three months. Gradually Mary Kate's other beaus had dropped away; gradually the skies had cleared. Cass's Aunt Lizzie had died, leaving fifteen hundred dollars for funeral expenses and for Cass. Even after very handsome obsequies there had been several hundred left—a nest egg for house furnishings. Then, after March first, Cass was to be put in the "field"—which meant a commission on every sale of real estate, on every lease, on every dollar's worth of insurance.

"I'll bet I'm averaging three hundred a month this time next year!" Cass predicted.

"Oh, act your age," urged Mary Kate.

"Well, whadder *you wanter bet?*" Cass was a typical hard young Irishman, handsome, blue-eyed, lean-jawed and shrewd. He knew that he was smart, and that some day the world would know it. "Lissen, I've been up against it, taking care of Aunt Lizzie, and paying off my father's doctor bills, and all that," Cass would say. "But lissen—I don't gamble, do I? I don't run around with any neighborhood gang, mixing cocktails and rolling the bones, do I? I tell you I can't lose!"

"You're a marvel. I'm going to write your life, Cass. Birds' Brains, or How Cass Keating Got the Job!"

THIS in the beginning, when Cass had brought her home from dances, and taken her to picnics in Mill Valley. But of late Mary Kate had been taking Cass, and life, a little more seriously. He had been joining the family pretty regularly for Sunday dinner, and he had often come in informally during the week, for the past six months. And at Christmas time he had helped trim the children's tree, and had gone to midnight Mass with the O'Haras.

Mary Kate could not remember anyone ever doing that before—any outsider in the pew with Mother and herself, and Mart and Tom and the girls, and little awed and blinking Pat. The cold dark starry night outside, the big church, warm and scented with incense and evergreens, the strains of the solemn Noël and the triumphant shout of the Adeste had sobered her strangely, this year.

In the weeks since Christmas that graver mood had deepened and intensified between them, all the silly giddiness and gayety of their early friendship had vanished. Cass had gotten the habit lately of asking her little intimate friendly questions almost marital in their sweetness.

"Is that coat going to be heavy enough, dear? . . . Did the aspirin work, Mary Kate, did you get off to sleep? . . . What happened when Tess told Sister Immaculate what she had done? . . . Isn't it maybe just that you're hungry and tired, Mary Kate, and want to go have some fried oysters with me?"

In a few weeks or days—sometime—there was no hurry, they would tell the others—they would be engaged. Meanwhile, they walked on air.

Tonight, when Mrs. O'Hara and the three younger children had gone, and Mary Kate and Cass and Martin found themselves alone in the kitchen, an interval of peace suddenly descended.

Martin put aside his paper, and Mary Kate, who seemed unable, Cass noted with a sort of jealous pleasure, to keep her hands off the persons she loved, went over to sit, precariously balanced, on the arm of his chair, with his own arm braced about her slender waist. She rested a white, well-groomed hand on her brother's dark hair, sometimes ruffling it idly and once or twice looking at the rich mop thoughtfully, before stooping to kiss it.

CASS sat at the table, smoking a cigarette, and looking at the brother and sister.

"I thought you people were going to a dance?"

"We are," Mary Kate answered indifferently. "But it's only Lermann's, the regular Friday night. Mart, why don't you come? Dolores is going to be there."

"Dolores—ha!" Mart echoed, taking his pipe out of his mouth for a brief, cynical laugh.

"If you ask me, she likes you," Mary Kate said.

"Well, I don't ask you," Mart assured her good-naturedly.

"Mart, what have you got against Dolores?"

"Nothing!" Mart stirred restlessly, sighed. "Nor have I against Pat, Tess, Regina, Tom and Mother," he added significantly.

Mary Kate looked serious, at this, and a sympathetic shadow fell upon Cass Keating's face.

"They have to eat," Martin explained simply.

"Mother has her rents—" Mary Kate offered unhappily.

"Well, of course. But just at the moment—" Martin countered with a shrug. He put his pipe back in his mouth.

They were all silent for a minute, and they could hear the rain beginning again, soft and plushy, against the windows, and the soft restless movement of the spring wind, outside in the dark night.

"There's my hundred," Mary Kate said suddenly.

"Oh, you!" her brother jeered affectionately. "You'll want to get married, some day. No," he added more seriously, as the other two exchanged a quick, self-conscious glance, and the girl's transparent skin flushed rosily. "No, if I had the right to leave home now—and if I had a few hundred to leave with Mother for emergencies—"

He was thinking aloud, spacing his words deliberately, as he fitted them to his thought. He paused.

"I'd not bother Dolores Boyle," he resumed suddenly, as Mary Kate and Cass regarded him in silence, wondering what was coming. "I've got something better to do than *that!*"

"Oh, what, Mart!" Mary Kate exclaimed rather than asked.

"Doc van Antwerp wants me to go to Germany with him," Martin admitted impulsively.

The enormity of it smote the kitchen into silence. Cass and Mary Kate stared at the speaker with widened eyes and parted lips. The rain pattered—pattered—pattered outside, the door rattled gently. Pat's big gray cat made a flying, velvety leap from the floor, and alighted on Cass' knee. He stroked it absently, his troubled glance not leaving Mart's suddenly flushed and excited face.

"Martin Joseph *O'Hara!*" whispered Mary Kate, then.

"*Yes*—of course I can't do it," Martin said, with a gruff, careless laugh. "I told him right away that it was impossible—"

A moment's pause. Then Mary Kate said incredulously:

"You said you couldn't! Martin, are you *crazy?*"

"No, I'm not crazy—"

Instantly both were scarlet and angry.

"Well, you are, and you make me wild—"

"Why should I make *you* wild? If anyone's going to go wild, it ought to be me, having to turn down a chance like that—"

"But you don't have to turn it down, you poor sap! Listen—"

"Now listen yourself, Mary Kate! I'm the one that knows whether—"

"Oh, you don't know anything of the sort!"

She was bending back at arm's length now, glaring at him. Both their faces were red; their voices high.

"If you think I'd have any satisfaction running around Berlin—"

"Oh, satisfaction!" She was up from the arm of the chair, frantically pacing the room. "I call it dishonest!" she said passionately, "I call it actually dishonest to pretend that Mother and the children and I couldn't get along perfectly well without you! *You're* not a slave! You have to have your chance—"

"If you'd just calm down, and let me explain—" Martin began.

"I don't want you to explain. All I know is that you have refused an offer that any other man in medical college would simply jump at—a chance to go to Berlin with old van Antwerp—"

"Oh, shut up, you give me a pain!" said Martin rudely.

CASS, so far, had been a concerned, but not alarmed, witness. Now he said pacifically, with all the dignity of his twenty-seven years:

"What's the proposition, Mart?"

"Well," said Martin, eager to talk about it, in spite of himself, "Doc is going to do a year's staff work at a Berlin hospital—one of the best, I guess. He says he'd only want me about three mornings a week, to take clinic notes, and of course to drive him around, weekends, and I could do my second year's work in the rest of the time—easy."

"Speak German?" Cass asked, scowling and considering.

"Oh, like a native!" Mary Kate exclaimed. Both men laughed. "Well, Mart, you *have* studied it for years!" she added, accusingly, her cheeks reddening.

"I've had to, driving old van Antwerp around," Mart explained. "I guess I could make out," he admitted, bashfully.

"And this is a chance, is it, Mart?"

"Oh, my God, Cass! It's being picked out of the ranks. Why, I could get a scholarship *easy*, if I had a year in Germany with van Antwerp," Mart said.

Suddenly he chilled, fell silent. His voice, when he spoke again, was flat.

(*Continued on page 44*)

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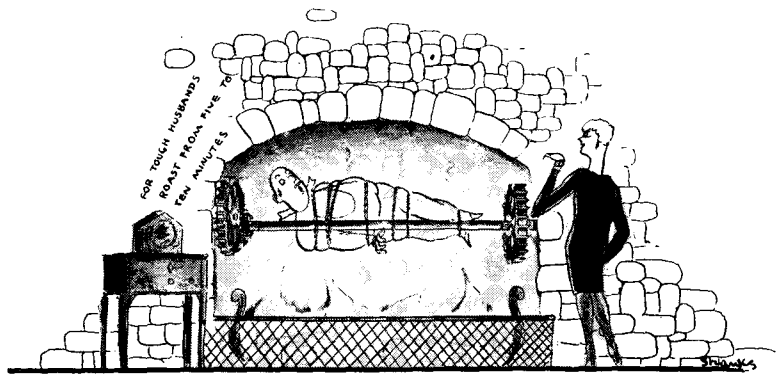


Picked out of the Air

By Jack Binns

DURING the temporary lull in husband-shooting it looks as though the charming sex is seeking more exciting diversions. Anyway, this seems to be the trend, judging from a letter recently received from a listeneress, by station KGO at Oakland, California. It reads:

"Enjoyed your talk on how to roast a husband. Please send me a copy."

Reversed Decision

After many months of indecision, the Federal Radio Commission yielded to the pleas of Ohio listeners and granted WSAI an experimental license to operate on full time with five hundred watts power. By half-heartedly reversing itself in this fashion the commission admits that its first order, limiting WSAI to daylight operation, was unreasonable and against the public interest, necessity and convenience.

Although I do not do my listening anywhere near the banks of the Ohio River, it always seemed to me the commission was venting its apparent spleen against chain programs upon WSAI as a particular example. Otherwise I could see no reason for shutting that excellent station down each evening while practically every "hay-wire" station was permitted to continue. If WSAI is good enough for an experimental license, it is good enough for a permanent one on power high enough to cover its service area.

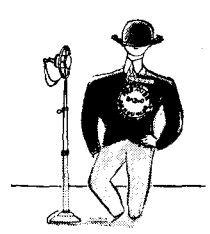
Humanizing Government

In the "Half Hour with the Senate" series that is running now over the NBC chain, members of President Hoover's cabinet have been outlining the duties and problems of their departments. This is a distinct step forward in popularizing government, and let us hope that it will lead to a closer contact between the administration and the public so that important current events and problems can be frankly discussed and explained.

Unscheduled Radiation

This is the story of a semitragic comedy that occurred in the auditorium adjoining the studio of WLW at Cincinnati. A number of visitors were listening with rapture to the Salon Group performing before the microphone beyond the glass wall that separates the auditorium from the studios. It was an intense moment.

Suddenly into the classic scene there came a messenger with his arm outstretched carrying a package. Upon his pallid face were worried lines. Before him floated a pungent odor. The visitors stirred uneasily in their seats. Bob Burdette, one of the announcers, sensing the situation, grabbed the messenger and pushed him into an anteroom where he gasped: "What's the trouble, kid?"



"Package for Miss Natalie Giddings from a radio fan," cried the boy.

Petite Natalie, who manages many things so admirably for WLW, was sent for. She tore open the note that accompanied the package, and read:

"Enjoy your programs from WLW, especially those fur trappers. Here's a little present."

"Oh!" exclaimed Natalie, "what shall I do? It may be a bomb. I can smell the chemicals through the package."

Bob, with great gallantry, got a pail of water and started to open the package nervously, ready to plunge the contents into the water should their fear prove real. In the meantime J. A. Chambers, chief broadcast engineer, entered the anteroom. Natalie hung on to him breathlessly as Burdette gingerly unfolded the last piece of wrapping. There, lying resplendent, were two beautiful but undiluted skunk skins all ready to be disinfected and then to be made into furs to fit around Natalie's cute shoulders as a frame for her bobbed, blond hair.

The Penalty of Fame

Milton J. Cross is the premier radio announcer of the country. The American Academy of Arts and Letters has decided this, and its officials have pinned a medal on Milton's manly chest as a token of their judgment. I am one of those thoroughly in accord with this award, although I have always felt that Milt's tone was apt to be a trifle too ministerial and at times rather funereal.

Frankly, I do not know whether to congratulate him or to commiserate with him. Just think of the millions now listening attentively to him each night. Not all of these are actuated by admiration. Our most human trait is to look for the flaws in the monument we place upon the pedestal of Fame. Although I have not spoken to him about it, I know full well that right now Milton is deluged with letters whose writers are either attempting to convince him the Academy committed a great error of judgment, or else pointing out some mistake, real or fancied, that the peerless announcer made the last time he was on the air.

Aside from his vocal ability, Cross seems to have another quality that undoubtedly had a great deal to do with the Academy's decision. When he is announcing he tells us what we want to know about the program, leaving his own personality out of the picture. That being the case, I feel sure that Milton will not find it necessary to buy larger hats this year, even though he has a medal on his chest.

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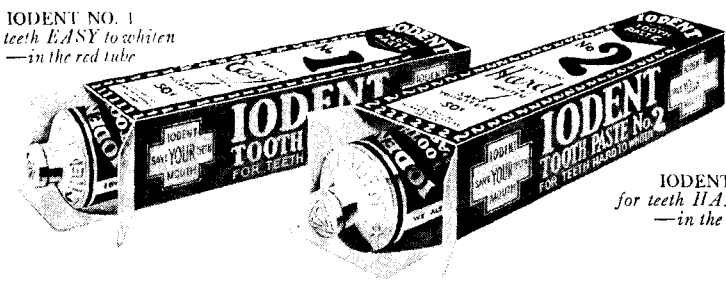
for teeth EASY to whiten
—in the red tube



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WILDROOT

Hair Tonic . . . Taroleum Shampoo

April Escapade

Continued from page 42

"But of course it can't be done!" he said simply.

Mary Kate's indignant, expectant eyes moved to Cass's face; Cass dared not fail her.

"How much money would it mean, Mart?"

"He'd pay all my expenses, and a small salary, too."

"No, but I mean—here?"

"Oh? Oh, yes. Well, I'd say a thousand," Mart said magnificently. "I'd want Mother to draw about fifty every month—that's six hundred. And then the rest for emergencies."

MARY KATE returned to the arm of her brother's chair, and put her arm about his neck, kissing him firmly on the temple. She fixed a look of utter confidence upon Cass Keating.

"Now, listen, Mart, you're *going!*" she said positively. "Isn't he, Cass?" she said.

"I think he ought to," Cass decided hesitatingly.

"Well, you'll have to take it out thinking," Martin said. Yet he was pleased by their interest.

"I could raise a thousand"—Cass mused aloud.

"Forget it!" Martin said, with an air of finality.

"Oh, but Mart—Mart—" Mary Kate wailed, "it might mean your whole *life!*"

"It won't."

"You mightn't ever get another chance like this!"

"I will."

"I can't bear it!" she said rebelliously, out of a silence.

"There's nothing to bear," Mart said, in a tone of annoyance. "It's not the first thing we've all had to give up, —look at Mother. Why, she practically sacrifices her life, cooking and slaving—"

"Yes, but that's different, Mart. When it's your children!"

"I don't see it." Mart closed his eyes, and rubbed his head gently up and down against Mary Kate's shoulder, as she leaned against him.

"Cass, don't you think it's different, when it's your own children?"

"Anything I say to be used against me?" Cass asked, with his clean flash of white teeth in a dark face.

"Oh, aren't you vile?" Mary Kate reproached him.

"Ma isn't going to know one word of this," Mart said suddenly.

"No, I suppose not." There was a silence. "Do you suppose we'll always be poor?" the girl asked then, dreamily.

"No!" the men said emphatically, together.

They all laughed.

"I thought you people were going to a dance!" Mart said, when the clock over the sink said nine. Mary Kate departed to dress, and he dragged himself to the entry, dragged on his overcoat, still damp from afternoon rain, and finally stumped sleepily away, yawning and dull, for an hour in the medical library.

Cass combed his hair at the sink, and straightened his tie, and in exactly fifteen minutes a tall girl in a shabby, dark-blue taffeta dress came downstairs to join him. Mary Kate's slim body was outlined by the plainly fitting frock; her arms and her innocent white throat were bare; her hair was brushed into silky flame above her wide, babyish forehead. There was a liquid sapphire glitter in her eyes.

This was her hour. She knew it the moment she stepped into the kitchen. She trembled as the dark boy got to his feet, and came over to her, and quite simply put his arms about her. Cass might be poised and scornful and sure of himself sometimes. But not now.

Now he was shaking and incoherent, and incredulous. He could not believe that any girl as wonderful as Mary Kate could really want to belong to him —live in the simple little home he could make for her—care that his coffee was hot and his chair comfortable.

"Mary Kate, you mean that we'll—we'll get married?" he kept saying, over and over again, with unsteady laughter.

"Well, believe me, Cass Keating, if you and I are going to keep house in one of those new apartments in McAllister Street, we'll be married!"

And then gales of laughter, and the whole thing to be said all over again.

"No, but you do like me, don't you, Mary Kate?"

"I *think* I do."

"Oh, darling, you know that you do!"

Interlude.

"No, but just tell me this, dear. You've not liked anyone this much before, have you? Just tell me that."

The dance was forgotten. They were together in the big chair that had been "Mother's rocker" ever since Mary Kate could remember anything at all; all the lights except one were out, in the kitchen. The windowpanes looked black, and the rain crawled and twinkled on them.

Mary Kate did not have to speak much. She rested contentedly in her man's arms, her soft cheek against his. Cass did all the talking.

Listen, they ought to tell everyone right away. And listen, they ought to plan to get married right after Easter. And listen, he was going to stay on with the O'Connor Own-Your-Own-Nest Company for just two more years, and then he was going to borrow capital and start in for himself. And listen, there was no reason why they should live in town, if she would prefer Berkeley, San Mateo or any other suburb.

But no, Mary Kate wanted to be near her mother. All right then. But listen—

EVERY little while she gave a little wriggle of excitement and pleasure. This occurred when she thought of all the "fun" ahead; that fun of which she had lost sight in the excitement of discovering herself really upon the eve of an actual engagement.

But there would be house-hunting to do—oh, fun. And then her name would be changed of course—she would be Mary Kate Keating. *Fun.* And the girls in the office would all crowd around to see her ring—oh, yes, and she'd have a ring! And some day she would have a square little sturdy boy, with his little tummy belted into a clean, stiff romper, and a little pink girl baby in a gray perambulator, with snowy blankets and a batiste embroidered cover, and eiderdown all round her pink cap—

"Listen, dear. You could manage on that?"

"Oh, Cass! We can have company dinners. I'll ask Ma how she fries chicken—"

"Mary Kate, don't die till some of this comes true!"

More laughter. Then presently they were off all over again.

"I said to Jim Cane, 'No, the girl with the red hair—'"

"That was at Kitty's party."

"Yes, and I hadn't wanted to go!"

"I had on an old white rag. I was sort of in mourning for Uncle Miles." She giggled. "I remember that when I bought those slippers I told the clerk I wanted deep, deep mourning, but with a dancing heel!"

"You're a case—" Cass told her, adoringly.

There was only one cloud.

"It seems selfish for us to be so happy, Cass, when poor old Mart has to give up his trip to Germany."

"D'you suppose it means so much to him?"

"Oh, Cass! With Doctor van Antwerp?"

"Well—if I get going—" Cass reminded her, anxiously.

There was a silence. Mary Kate had not heard him. Her blue eyes were animated with a sudden change of expression; she was looking into space, frowning faintly, lightly biting her scarlet lower lip.

"Oh, my goodness—" she breathed.

"What is it?" the man asked.

"Oh, heavens!" ejaculated Mary Kate, still in the same abstracted undertone.

But she would not say what it was. Instead she laughed, her face suddenly hot.

CASS kissed the fragrant, silky top of her head, and went on with his plans. "Listen, dear—"

Obediently, she listened. Or rather she tried to listen. But her thoughts were racing now, and her senses confused.

Something rather odd had occurred that very day in the office. Something that had seemed to Mary Kate quite unimportant at the time, if rather puzzling and amusing. But now it came back to her in a different guise.

She hadn't had any special urgent need of money, then. But all sorts of things had changed, even since three o'clock this afternoon.

The news of Mart's chance to go abroad, was one thing. Her engagement—she was engaged!—was another.

Gordon Rountree, her employer, rich and spoiled and fat and almost sixty, had come into her office, or rather had unexpectedly appeared in his own, for she worked in his office. And with him had been a Mr. Christopher Steynes, a big, fair-headed, too well-dressed person of about thirty, or maybe a little more.

These two had talked mysteriously and confidentially to Mary Kate. Mr. Rountree had done most of the talking, Mr. Steynes somewhat anxiously watching.

"We want you to do us a tremendous favor," Mr. Rountree had said, half laughing and wholly nervous. "It's something—ah—that you needn't—that is, you mustn't—mention to anyone, least of all your—ah—mother—"

"There's no harm in it!" Christopher Steynes had put in scowlingly, with an air of annoyance and reluctance and brevity. And both men had laughed, somewhat uncomfortably.

"I have to tell my mother everything," Mary Kate, suspicious that they were laughing at her, had said uncompromisingly.

"Exactly. . . . But—but not—ah—until afterwards," Gordon Rountree had said.

"Couldn't"—Mary Kate was always helpful, even in bewilderment and affront—"couldn't Miss Malloy do it for you?"

Honoria Malloy was Father Malloy's first cousin, and fifty-two, and she kept a pretty sharp eye upon the younger girls in the office, and saw that they didn't overlook any fast days, or holy days of obligation.

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Evidently not. For Mr. Rountree had said evenly, with a level look, "Miss Malloy is the lady who is attending to your insurance, Chris," and this time both men had laughed.

Well, that had been about all of that. Mary Kate, accepting their confidence only to this extent, promising to respect it, had politely declined to consider the matter further.

But now, in the evening, she did consider it further. Undoubtedly these men would have been willing to pay for anything they wanted done. Probably that had been part of it. She was to do something for them, and they would pay her.

Suppose they had been willing to pay a hundred dollars? Oh, thrills, to come home and give Mart a hundred dollars, as a start toward Germany! Let that happen three or four times, and he need have no misgivings about leaving the family to shift for itself.

Suppose it had been five hundred—? Perhaps she had been a fool to be so firm—

ANYWAY, Mr. Rountree had said: "Consider it, will you, Miss O'Hara? I assure you you would put us deeply in your debt—"

Certainly Mr. Rountree wouldn't want her to do anything wrong. He was rather an old worldling, but his attitude toward the girls in the office was always one of deep respect and kindly aloofness. No harm, tomorrow, to follow it up a little—

"What are you thinking about?" Cass asked.

"Oh, wouldn't you like to know!"

"Is it about a man?"

"Well, yes." Her joyous, mischievous laugh. "It is, Cass."

"Young?"

"About thirty-two, I guess."

"Handsome?"

"Let me think. Yes. Very."

"Rich?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Look here, I don't let you think about young men, you know. You belong to me, now."

"Oh, is that so?"

"You heard me."

"Tomorrow night, Cass, I'll tell you! But until then," Mary Kate stipulated, "I'm free to get into trouble, if I like."

"Yes, but don't, darling."

"Well, I never have." Her voice fell to a speculative note. "I wonder what it'd be like, to get into trouble, Cass," she mused. "To have all your world against you, to bitterly, bitterly regret something?"

Her tone arrested him, he glanced down with a little surprise at her face, on his breast.

"God grant you never know, Mary Kate!"

"Amen!" said Mary Kate.

(To be continued next week)

Harpo Smites his Lyre

Continued from page 20

they were heading across Mississippi toward Mobile, their train came to grief. They themselves crawled out unscathed, but the Negroes in the Jim Crow car were cruelly injured, and among the roadside sights that morning was the spectacle of the railroad lawyers busy anticipating damage suits by settling for missing legs with ten-dollar bills.

This ruthless sagacity put a bee in the bonnet of the wide-eyed Harpo. Perhaps his harp had been smashed, and he could mulct the railroad to assuage his grief and feed the tribe. While the other brothers begged a breakfast at a near-by farmhouse, Harpo ran to the baggage car ahead.

To his delight, he saw that the crate containing his treasure had been smashed to matchwood. But his heart sank at sight of the good old harp lying there unhurt. To be sure, it was all full of cracks, but then he had never known it when it wasn't. Still, would the company know that? Wouldn't a common carrier have the common decency to blame itself for those cracks? Especially if someone freshened them up a bit by scraping the too-varnished edges of each crevice? There was quite a lot of broken glass lying around the periphery of the wreck.

With the $250 paid by the apologetic railroad, he was able to make his own first payment on a real good harp, toward which he also contributed the old one. When he turned it in, like a used car, the music store offered to allow him $300 for it, at which shrewd bit of horse-trading he laughed silently for a week. Indeed, the laugh subsided only when he learned that the store had then sold it for $750 as an antique.

Since those lowly days he has twanged his lyre all the way from the Golden Gate to Buckingham Palace and back. Even when the Marx troupe is disbanded for a summer vacation, and he is wandering footloose across Europe, he goes snooping everywhere in quest of a harp to play, not because he cannot bear to be parted even for a few weeks from his art, but because a few weeks' respite from its wires so softens his spatulate fingers that they bleed after the first few chords, and are gory at the end of Mighty Lak a Rose. Indeed, his summer last year on the Riviera was complicated only by the fact that he could not find a harp anywhere, although he and Michael Arlen did try to burgle their way into a shuttered château at Cannes, where, rumor falsely said, a far-away princess had left her harp behind her.

In Reply to Criticism

I can find no evidence of Harpo ever having been temperamental about his music, except on one occasion in his younger days when he took umbrage at a woman who, in the wings, made a rude and suggestive noise during his most delicate solo. She was the bride and confederate of an Indian who worked as a small-time Houdini in Midland vaudeville. Five times a day he used to wriggle loose from whatever straitjacket, gyves, fetters, shackles or ropes were employed against him. Four times his wife would truss him up for this purpose, being careful each time to fetter him so that he would have no trouble in getting out. But the fifth time she had to delegate this wifely task because another one (the preparation of the evening meal) beckoned her to their flat. It was her reckless custom that week to leave the fifth tying-up to the Marx Brothers, and on the night she offended Harpo, the poor Indian was still struggling in his bondage four hours after the exhausted audience had gone home.

Much of which he succeeded in telling in the twilight studio aforesaid until Jascha Heifetz managed to get the floor again.

"Yes," said the great violinist, just as though there had been no interruption, "I have supported myself and my family ever since I was seven years old."

"Before that," said Harpo disgustedly, "I suppose you were just a bum."

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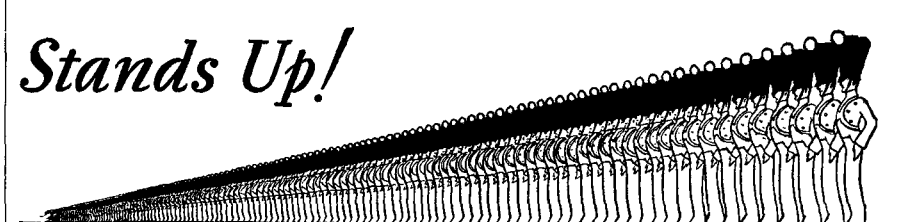

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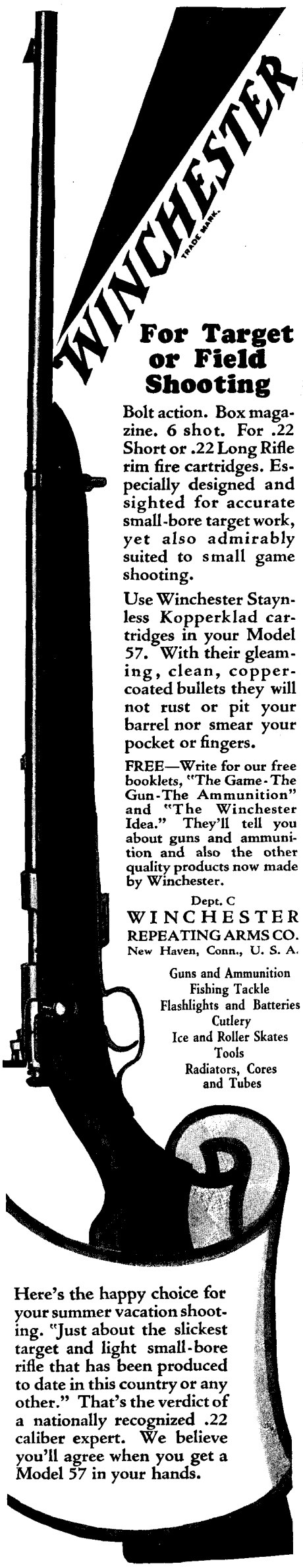

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Sweet Rosie O'Grady

Continued from page 11

off a guy that didn't even know he was put on the spot. You wouldn't meet him face to face. You shot from behind a curtain."

"I never did. I never bumped off no one."

"Oh, *you* didn't kill him." The Chief of Detectives' scorn was great. "You didn't have the nerve to hold a gun still. You were just the bright-eyes up in the window keeping a watch for Lom. Saving Lonny Wolz's eyes, so he'd be sure to hit him." He swung a stubby finger under George's nose. "But according to law you're just as guilty as Wolz. You'll get the rope the same as him, unless we decide to be easy on you. Remember that, young fellow."

"Aw, you ain't scaring me any," he said with a show of bravado.

"Ain't I! Listen. Wolz has squawked."

The look on George's face betrayed him. Then he had rallied, was covering up, passing it off in a burst of derision:

"Yeah! Squawked what?"

"That you were his lookout when he bumped off Louie Lom."

"That's a lie!" cried the prisoner.

Moran's fist clenched. It was the moment to strike out, to start the treatment, to beat the truth from the gangster.

But he did not strike. The ancient spell was upon him, and Mary stood like a lovely wraith between her son and Moran.

"I'm going to give you some good advice," he said presently, changing his tone. "Take it from me; I ought to know. You're playing ball with the lousiest mob that ever ran a beer truck. They'd double-cross you as quick as that if they thought they'd make a nickel. Nick Palladini would sell his own mother. You better come clean and quit 'em."

"I don't know nothing. But if I did, I'm not a dirty squawker."

The kid said it proudly. Moran's fist closed. There was just one way to deal with these brazen babes of gangdom.

But again the Chief of Detectives' fist relaxed before a vision.

AT EIGHT-THIRTY the same evening Detective-Sergeants Case and Handel returned with proof that George Morrell was guilty. Canvassing the poolrooms and the engravers, they had learned "J. L.'s" identity. His name was Jerry Lindholm and he clerked at a certain cigar stand.

"Jerry lost his knife playing poker, he says. He went broke in a stud game, and nobody trusted his I. O. U. So he put up the penknife to stay for two dollars, and a guy named Morrell took the pot."

The Chief of Detectives held his breath.

"Morrell, eh? What does he do?"

"Drives a truck for Palladini!" was Handel's triumphant answer.

"One of the mob, eh? How long's he been with them?"

"Just a couple of months, they say."

"What did he do before that?"

"Delivery fellow for a down-town store."

"Humph! What else did you learn about him?"

"He runs around with a doll named Hazel Korber."

Moran remembered the window sill, the heart which was carved beside the skull, the mutilated initials.

"Find that doll. I want to see her. And listen." Moran moved closer. "Never mind talking to the newspaper boys. I don't want them to know, just yet, about this fellow Morrell."

His telephone rang. It was Laura calling to ask him if he would be home for dinner.

"'Fraid I can't make it, Sunshine."

"I've been keeping it warm since seven o'clock. You ought to see the pie I made."

"I'll bet on the pie," the Chief of Detectives grinned into the mouthpiece. "Leave a chunk on the table, Sunshine. I'll eat it before I go to bed. . . . No, don't know yet how late. Midnight, maybe, or after."

A HEAVY figure loomed upon the door sill. The face was sharp and suave and arrestingly intelligent. Gray hairs were mingled with the black. A good-natured smile turned the lips.

"I suppose you're looking for Lonny Wolz," said Moran.

"*And* George Morrell," said the lawyer. He took the writs from his pocket and dropped them on the desk. "Had a hard time finding Judge Cronack. He was out of town for the week-end."

"But that didn't keep him from running back when Nick Palladini whistled!"

"Tom, Tom!" The attorney eyed him reproachfully. "The law offers safeguards against the law. Another ten hours in your tender custody, and both these poor devils would have to be introduced to their own mothers! Would Judge Cronack want that on his conscience?"

But Moran was paying no heed to the lawyer. The time had come to make his decision. He must either book his prisoners on formal charges or turn them loose in obedience to these orders of the court. No longer could he hold them, like a czar, incommunicado.

"I don't want Wolz. You can have him. I took him on suspicion, but I haven't got anything on him. As for George Morrell"—he shuffled the writs—"I turned him loose three hours ago."

"What's that?" asked the other sharply.

"Turned him loose, along with the others. Palladini hasn't seen him, eh?"

"No, he hasn't."

The Chief of Detectives chuckled.

"He's got more sense than I thought he had. I advised him to blow town and quit the mob . . . before he went like Louie Lom did. I threw him a scare he'll never forget."

"I imagine! Let's look at your knuckles."

When Palladini's high-priced lawyer was gone, Moran paced the floor in a nervous sweat. He had no worry for Lonny Wolz, nor even for what the papers would say about his failure to solve the gangster's murder. Lonny Wolz could be picked up later, after he had found some durable evidence.

But George Morrell was a risk on his hands. By holding him in the face of that writ, Moran stood pat in contempt of court, and Judge Cronack was a Tartar.

He had sent out for a meal and sat munching it, with the tray upon his desk.

"Chief, here's Hazel Korber."

He knew, the moment he looked at the girl, why George Morrell had quit delivering parcels for a store. He had seen so many girls like that in his seamy years at the Bureau. Her crimson mouth was soft to see, yet hard as ocean coral. Her eyes were green, a hostile green, and very cold to look at. Hazel Korber was boldly pretty and conscious that she was so. She regarded Moran as a Pompadour might, faced by a stubborn marquis.

"Snappy-looking fur coat," he said abruptly. "Who gave it to you?"

"Friend of mine."

"*Who?*"

"Oh, it ain't stolen."

"*You* say it ain't! It was George Morrell."

"All right; it was George Morrell. What of it?"

"Must've set him back a lot of jack."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Maybe it did. I never asked him."

"You didn't care so long as you got it."

"Well, I know it wasn't stolen."

The Chief of Detectives' tough face went red with indignation.

"You're to blame," he shouted, "because that boy turned rotten! Dammed little gold digger—you forced him to it! You ought to be took out and hung!"

"I suppose I can help it if he wants to give me presents. If he didn't, there's plenty others would. He ain't the only guy who likes me."

"Look here, sister; you got a job?"

"No," she replied disdainfully.

"You looking for one?"

"No."

"You married?"

"No."

"You got an income?"

"What do you mean, an income!"

"I thought so. We got enough tramps like you in town. You're getting out—understand me?"

"No, I don't."

"Oh, yes, you do. You're leaving town, and you're leaving fast. Or else—" He grinned and nodded. "There's a law applies to girls like you."

HAZEL KORBER attempted to cry, but the Chief of Detectives was scornful. Her incipient tears were turned to rage and the words she screamed were vicious.

He waited, wholly indifferent. He was used to scenes like this.

"Before you go, is there any little message you'd like to send to George?"

Hazel Korber's cold green eyes were gleaming.

"Tell him he can go to hell!" she cried. "And you can, too!" she added.

He delivered the message in that upstairs room where so many crooks, their bleeding lips no longer sealed, had gasped, "All right—I'll talk." The cries, the curses, of countless men had echoed upon its tarnished walls; the crash of fist, the thud of rubber hose, had sounded here like threshing flails. It was the lawless inquisition hall of a great and vicious city, and Chief of Detectives Thomas Moran, the scourge of crookdom, the feared of those who steal and kill, here ruled, a Torquemada.

"Then she said to tell you, 'Go to hell!'"

"You lie!" blazed the kid, and his fists were clenched, and he was crying angrily.

"'Tell him he can go to hell!' Those were her words—and how she said 'em! She's leaving town and taking the fur coat with her. Say, she played you for a sucker right. But now you ain't where you can do her any good; so she's quit you cold and—"

That was as far as the Chief of Detectives got. George Morrell had sprung at him, and a fist crashed against his cheek. Moran stepped back. The kid struck again. He was mad with despair and fury.

Then the great knuckles leapt like a ram. This was a work that they understood. They leapt like a ram and seemed to rebound. They advanced and rebounded, advanced and rebounded.

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They were not so much like a ram as a piston; and George Morrell was a cylinder-head, resisting, but vainly resisting.

He fell at last, collapsed on the floor, and lay there helplessly sobbing. The physical pain was nothing, perhaps, compared with his mental anguish. A kid, scarcely twenty, held for murder, kept like a leper from all his friends, abandoned, then, by the very girl for whom he had taken this chance with death! The physical pain was nothing, perhaps, as he crouched on the floor there, sobbing.

Moran rubbed his knuckles thoughtfully. An unwonted pity was in his heart, a rough sort of tenderness rare in him. This kid might almost have been his son, the way he felt about him. He lifted George and set him on a chair and laid a soothing hand upon his shoulder.

"I know how you feel about it, kid. But the girl ain't worth it—take it from me. I've seen plenty like her; I ought to know. She ain't the kind that can care for a man. Do you think she'd cry if you got the rope? Not that little tart, believe me!"

THE Chief of Detectives' mind went back to a youthful copper strutting his beat, his club aswing, his dark blue helmet slanted low on his brow.

"You've got to pick a right girl," he said thoughtfully. "Your mother, now—she was a right one. But a bad girl—say, a bad girl is like a snake swelled up with poison. They'll wreck a man as quick as that!"

Still George Morrell sat silent.

"Take this one. If it wasn't for her you wouldn't be tied to a mob of dirty hoodlums, likely to get your head blown off . . . likely to go to the gallows. Look here, you! See this knife?"

The eyes of George Morrell went large as he saw the gold-plated penknife.

"You won it from Jerry Lindholm in a stud game. You used it to carve the window sill while you watched for Louie Lom. I can hang you on this knife alone. You know that?"

Miserably he nodded.

Without a word the Chief of Detectives drew his revolver, removed the shells, and grasped it by the muzzle. Then he dropped the penknife on the floor. Again and again the heavy, steel-shod butt descended, a hammer smashing the knife to bits, battering it, destroying.

"That's that!" he muttered, handing George the pieces. "Now go on home and stay away from that mob of lousy hoodlums. If you don't—and I'll know it fast enough—I'll have you dragged up here by the neck and give you a *man*-sized licking."

Somebody started to pound on the door. He turned the lock.

"Well, what the hell?"

"They got Lonnie Wolz! Luke Tanner's wounded."

"Wolz is dead?"

"I'll say he's dead! Shotgun slugs at pointblank range. They nearly blew his head off."

The Chief of Detectives whistled. It was seldom indeed that a habeas writ turned out to be a death warrant. Good joke on Judge Cronack, for one! Good joke on Palladini!

"I'll give you a man-sized licking," he repeated, "*if* some rival mob don't get you first! Beat it out of here! This is the night I'm busy!"

It had been so different in the days of his youth, when Moran was just a patrolman. There was Heinie Schmidt's place, and Terry Melarckey's, and thousands of others like them. Plenty of fighting on Saturday nights; lots of broken heads and bloody noses; but none of this vicious modern slaughter, none of this organized murder. There had been the tough old gangs, of course. They had battled royally together, and sometimes they pillaged a freight car, and sometimes they started a fire. But the old gangs had no money to buy corruption nor any inclination to play with actual murder.

Those days were better, Moran averred. Occasionally he would think of them with vague regret, with even a feeling of wonder.

But there was no time this morning for thoughts of the vanished past. The feud of the booze mobs had reached a point where public opinion, usually so complacent, was actually growing resentful. Two gangster murders in a dozen hours was just a bit too frequent for its sense of civic decorum. The mayor himself had issued a statement promising drastic action.

Four hours of sleep, after a night spent in raiding the city's badlands, were all the Chief of Detectives was permitted. Then Lieutenant Schindler telephoned him that Joe Encina was captured.

Moran quickly dressed and sped to headquarters. Entering the building, he avoided the office and started at once for the stairs. Halfway up his secretary caught him.

"Tom, there's a lady waiting to see you. Mrs. Morrell . . . used to be Mary Collins. Says she knew you when you were a flatfoot in harness. She's been waiting since nine o'clock."

Moran stood as though petrified, but his pulse was beating faster.

"Mary Collins! What does she want?"

"It's about her son. She says she's got to thank you."

"Humph!"

The color flooded his tough old cheeks; his small eyes shone with pleasure. His mind went back twenty years and more. He saw her so clearly, there on the porch: the blackest of curls, the gay gray eyes, the mouth which had been the despair of him, the full-skirted, trim little figure. Yes, he could even hear her laugh, so teasingly light, so coquettish. And her voice when she talked . . . he heard her voice, a silver sound in his memory.

It was pleasant to think of Mary like that. It was pleasant to know she was waiting for him, not coquettish now, but grateful. It was pleasant just to have served her.

He preferred it this way. In a rare flash of insight, the Chief of Detectives knew that if he saw her now he would lose Mary Collins forever. Mary the girl would disappear in the face of Mary the woman. A teasing laugh would be stilled for aye in the tearful thanks of a mother.

"TELL her I'm busy. No! Tell her I've left. Fix up a story that sounds O. K. and get her out of the building. But mind you treat her decent—hear? A sweet little girl, that Mary!"

"*Little* girl!" gasped the secretary. Moran did not even hear him. He was climbing the stairs towards the quiet room where Joe Encina, a vicious brute, awaited the inquisition. In a moment his eyes would be small and hard, but now they were boyishly smiling. His heavy-knuckled hands hung limp. As he strode down the hall he was humming:

Sweet Rosie O'Grady,
My dear little Rose!
She's my steady lady,
Most everyone knows.
And when we are married,
How happy—

The door opened. The song stopped. The Chief of Detectives, scourge of crookdom, strode towards the sullen gangster.

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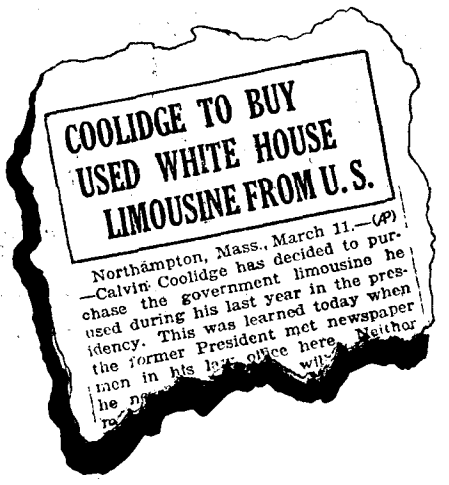
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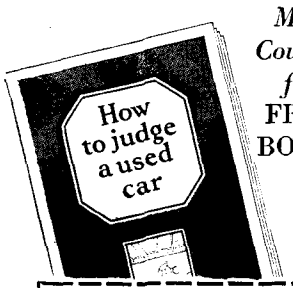

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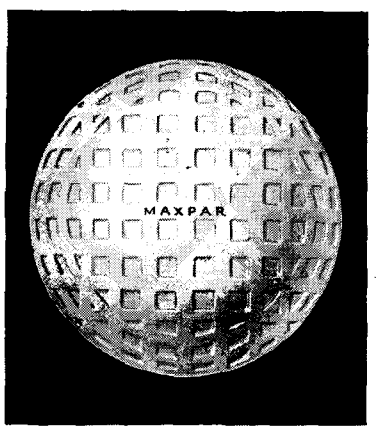

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Still Waters

Continued from page 28

and stirred in his seat as though he regretted something. She went on quickly. "Mr. Tucket," she said, her eyes trying to trap his shifty glance, "Richard York is—my friend."

"Lady," he replied, his gaze wandering along Main Street's roof line, "I don't know a thing. You're wasting your time."

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely, lady."

"You drank with Mr. York at Mr. Meister's place and went home with him afterward, didn't you?"

"I did," Tucket snapped. "They can't arrest you for that."

"Mr. Meister runs a speakeasy, doesn't he?" the girl persisted.

"Maybe," he conceded. "I don't know a thing, lady."

"Then you don't know," she shot at him with desperate inspiration, "that Chief Clow is in business with him and that Meister is planning to leave town tonight?"

"Huh!" His gasp was like that of one smitten suddenly in the stomach. The convulsive forward thrust of his body bore out the illusion. "Where'd you get that hooey, lady?"

SHE laid an appealing hand upon the sleeve of his checked jacket. Her voice held a strained, beseeching note.

"Mr. Tucket, Richard York didn't kill his uncle. You know that as well as I do!" The candor in his face disheartened her suddenly.

"Lady," he reiterated, "I don't know a thing. That goes, flat. I got full with the big boy and went home with him. Sure. The old man, this Adrian, razzed me out of the place when he showed up. That's all. Except that I *don't* blame anybody for burnin' him down, if he's mean as that alla while."

"Was that," she asked, "why you helped Richard York escape, when the chief was after him?"

His face was quite expressionless.

"Listen," he asked, "don't kid me. Who hired you, Baby? The D. A.'s daughter, hell! What agency'd you come from? A dick, by God. And what a sucker you think I am, eh?"

He half rose, reaching for the latch of the car door. She caught his arm again.

"Please," she begged, and he hesitated at the earnestness in her voice, regarding her vivid face. "If you think I'm a—detective," she offered, "go into that store there and ask Mr. Dubber who I am. He'll tell you that I am Desire Minot, Mr. Tucket, but he won't say I'm the one friend Richard York has, the one person who knows he's not guilty—unless it's you."

"Where," he demanded, "did you get all this hokum you've been telling me?"

"That," she returned, with a wan smile, "I can't tell you, Mr. Tucket—but it's true."

"Yeh," he defied, "prove it. Who slipped you this bunk about Meister, heh? How long you known him?"

"I don't know him," she confessed in the hope of inspiring him to like frankness. "I never laid eyes on him until he drove out to our house this morning."

"Oh," he reflected aloud. "He did, eh?" His comment was a cover clamped down suddenly over his personality, hiding it, leaving a rigid, lay figure with a freckled mask for a face seated beside her. She strove to shatter his carefully organized composure by display of a pretended further knowledge.

"Furthermore," she announced, "Rose Michaux is leaving with him. They're going to Paris. And that isn't all I know, Mr. Tucket. You helped Richard York get away last night. You wouldn't have done that if you didn't know—" His grin, mirthless as the snarl of a fox, interrupted her. He shook his head.

"I don't," he said slowly, "know anything, lady."

"You mean," she asked with a transparent effort at self-control, "that you won't know anything. You don't want to. It makes no difference to you if they attribute this horrible killing to a man who never did it?" Tucket opened the door with a sudden decision and stepped out.

"I don't know anything, lady," he said again. "You got me wrong. I'm not holding out on you. I don't know—"

"Oh," she cried. "People are sickening things. They're—they're like wolves. They—"

Tucket closed the door behind him and spoke to her across it.

"Lady," he said, "you got it right. If it was to rain insect powder, there wouldn't be enough folks like you and me left to bury the rest of 'em."

He tipped his derby and walked away. Desire's eyes followed his figure as it threaded through the noon-hour crowd swarming up to Main Street from the mills by the river. Eventually she lost it and with a face wry from the bitter taste of defeat turned her car homeward.

Tucket saw her pass and quickened his step. Haste that he had resisted gripped him now. He turned a corner and deserted Main Street for a cobbled slope bordered by rickety fences behind which houses squatted, perched on the incline like a flight of steps, ungainly houses staring across the steep thoroughfare at each other in the common apathy of soot and scaling paint.

He jostled through a stream of millhands homeward returning for dinner and hurried on over the uneven flagging toward the fence that barred the end of the incline from the river beyond. The Greek grocery store, occupying the front of the decaying building toward which he hastened, was sonorous with the buzz of flies and human speech. Tucket ducked into the alley, and with an apprehensive glance over his shoulder, rapped upon the door.

FEET shuffled inside, the wicket flew back and the portal swallowed him. A quarter of an hour later it ejected him again. He went straight to police headquarters.

Clow, shirt-sleeved and glowering, looked up as Tucket entered.

"Well?" he grumbled. "Whatsa matter now?"

"I just been to see Meister." The announcement did not soften the chief's glare.

"Yeh," he retorted. "Say, listen, Tucket. Quit playin' pussy in the corner between there an' here. What's the idea?"

"He's double-crossed you, Chief. He's spilled."

"He told you that, I s'pose?" he asked sarcastically. "What the hell's the matter with you?"

"All right," Tucket retorted. "It's your game. Not mine. I've seen him. He knows McGrogan's after him. He's gonna blow."

"Did he tell you that?" Clow demanded, his face darkening ominously.

"Nope," the other denied. "He claims he's sitting pretty, but he can't lie to me. I can tell by lookin' at him. He's gonna blow an' leave you holdin' the bag!"

"Me?" At the savage roar in the chief's voice, Tucket shrugged narrow shoulders and temporized.

"Somebody," he amended. "I'm not tellin' you what I saw; it's just what I heard." He rattled a brief synopsis of his conversation with Desire, omitting only her reference to Rose Michaux. The chief heard him through with an expressionless face. "He's squealed to the D. A.; that's what he's done," Tucket concluded.

Clow's elephantine eyes seemed deeper set. A vein thickened on his red forehead. Otherwise, the broad face was immobile.

"He was out there this morning," he said reluctantly, as though the words were torn from him. "But," he blustered quickly, "he's got nothing on me."

"Wha'did I tellya?" Dip cried. "'Chief Clow is in business with him, an' Mr. Meister is planning to leave town tonight,' this smooth-lookin' broad tells me. What more do ya want, ya woodenhead? He's spilled."

"No," Clow rumbled, little eyes flickering. "I was talking to Minot just now. He don't know anything, and Meister don't dare double-cross me."

"Think he'd tell you over the phone?" Tucket almost squealed. "An' you know Meister was out there this morning. If he ain't double-crossin' you, he's double-crossin' the works, you big flop, an' you just set there."

THE chief's anger was rising, slow and dark as a storm cloud. He demurred, as though fearful of unleashing it: "He didn't see Minot. He came out—to bring—Rose," and a far-away thunder echoed in his voice. "I saw him."

"Then," Tucket yapped excitedly, "of course he didn't stay, but he come to turn us all in, Chief. Dammit, I know. It's printed all over that fish-belly face of his. How'd this Minot jane know if Meister didn't spill? Maybe that broad you an' he are fightin' over alla time slipped it to the D. A."

"I'll ram them gold teeth of yours down your gullet if you make another crack like that," Clow bawled, his face purple and twitching. "Rose is my girl, see, an'—"

Tucket pushed back his chair and flung the charge into the midst of the chief's threat with a crooked sneer.

"Your girl, eh?" he snarled. "'At's a hot one. Why, you big damn' fool, she's haulin' outa here tonight with Meister. Paris, they're goin' to. An' whaddya think of that?"

Clow made no reply, but his lurid face was more terrible than words.

"'At'sa kinda guy you're tied up with," Dip pursued. "Gonna blow the racket an' leave you to hold the bag while he runs out with your woman. I tell him if he squeals on McGrogan he won't live to get through Manhattan. What does he do? Laughs at me. Says he don't know what I'm talkin' about. Like hell he don't."

Clow wiped his wet, twitching mouth on the back of his hand, and Tucket's throat closed at the expression in his gaze.

"You're a liar," the chief muttered thickly and without conviction. "Where'd you get this bunk?"

"I toldja a'ready," Dip yelled. "This Minot jane slipped it to me. If she knows it, don't her old man know it? If Meister ain't squealed yet, he's fixin' to."

"She wouldn't dare. I've told her I'd—" Clow caught himself and considered Tucket with eyes that were little hot pits of pain. One big hand

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rubbed the nape of his thick neck as he asked:

"Well, what are you gonna do, eh? You're here for the syndicate, ain'tcha?"

Tucket spread his hands in a gesture of resignation.

"See McGrogan," he announced, "an' then lam. I done all I can. This thing's gonna blow up an' I don't want to be near it. I hop the three-o'clock rattler. You better come along, big boy. There ain't gonna be anything left here for you when Meister gets through."

THE big man rose and slowly struggled into his coat.

"Where you goin'?" his companion demanded apprehensively. "You won't get nothin' outa Meister."

"To hell with Meister," Clow blazed. "To hell with him an' your damned syndicate. They ain't got a thing on me."

"No?" Tucket inquired.

"No," the other bawled. "Your mob got Meister with your talk of big money an' organization, but I've watched my step. An' Ehud don't dare belch, because—"

He caught himself and bent over the fingers that fumbled with the brass buttons of his coat, raised his head and growled:

"I'm goin' down—" He swallowed thickly. "I'm goin' out to see Minot. He wants to talk to me."

"I bet he does," Tucket commented grimly and followed the chief toward the door. Clow wheeled about, exploding with rage against this dapper herald of disaster and caught the lapels of the shepherd's plaid coat in a red fist.

"An' you," he snarled, "keep off me, startin' right now. Trail me, wouldja, you little rat? Try it an' I'll tear you in two."

He thrust Tucket away so savagely that his victim collided with the far wall and fell to all fours. When Dip finally emerged from headquarters, sputtering anger, the chief had vanished.

Desire Minot opened the front door of her home and saw the blue bulk of the police chief, filling the space from jamb to jamb.

"Father is expecting you," she said coldly. "You can go into his study."

"Can you tell me the time, Miss Minot?" the chief asked anxiously. Her brows puckered in bewilderment. He stood confronting the tall hall clock. She looked from his anxious face to its dial.

"Quarter past one," she reported.

"Oh," he said. "That's right, is it? Then it's really only thirteen and a half minutes past one, Miss Minot. That's what the clock says."

He turned toward the study door.

"You see," he said over his shoulder, "I forgot to bring my watch and—I wondered. Thank you, Miss Minot."

He rapped and, obedient to the district attorney's impatient voice, thrust open the door. Before it closed again, Desire heard him inquire, still anxiously: "D. A., have you got the right time? I forgot to bring my watch."

As she climbed the stairs to her own room the girl wondered at his insistence, then forgot it in the quick upwelling of the anxiety that had been present continually since the preceding night, at times a dull ache in her mind, at others acute agony, inviting her, plaguing her, mocking her.

For the thousandth time, she tried to fit the bits of the puzzle she possessed into symmetry and once more failed. All conclusions she could draw seemed fantastic beyond belief. The simplest, the easiest was that York had slain his uncle in a burst of rage, but this she steadfastly rejected.

She tried to sleep, but through her uneasy doze questions penetrated, unanswerable, insistent, disturbing as the shrill of the front door bell that at length fully aroused her. As she came downstairs, she could hear the rumble of voices in her father's study.

A lad in overalls stood on the threshold, dishevelled, perturbed, holding out a square of cardboard in a grimy hand. Surrendering it, he looked faintly hopeful and then dismayed as she drew a loud breath and caught the door for support. For a long moment the messenger waited. The girl with the rumpled, glowing hair must have had time to read the brief message twice, yet still she stood staring at it. He shuffled his feet and cleared his throat.

"It says—" he prompted. She raised her head and then glanced over her shoulder. The voices in the study droned on. Her smile dizzied him and dried his power of speech.

"Yes," she acknowledged in a low voice. "One minute," and vanished, reappeared with bills that she counted into his palm. As with a grunt of thanks he turned toward the battered flivver steaming beside the steps, she asked suddenly:

"Mr.—the gentleman who sent this, he's all right? I mean, he isn't hurt, or anything?"

"No'm," he replied, surprised. "No'm, he's all right." He groped for a tribute befitting one who considered ten dollars a fee for delivery of a message. "He's elegant," he announced and drove away.

Desire turned back into the living-room and stood a long minute, her lips compressed, her eyes upon the closed study door. Then, surreptitiously, she went to the telephone and spoke into it in a carefully lowered tone.

"Jussa minute," the operator replied. "I think one of 'em's got a line on here now." In the long silence that followed she watched the shut door with growing nervousness.

"He's still busy," the voice said after almost unendurable delay. The girl begged, softly: "Please. Can't you break in? It's—it's serious. I'm—speaking for the district attorney."

Something clicked and she heard a man speaking excitedly.

"Keep off, will you?" he begged. "This is a busy wire. Hang up, for Pete's sake—"

"I know it's a busy wire," she retorted. "I've got to speak to Corporal Tarleton, right away. This is the district attorney's daughter."

"Oh," the man's irritation vanished. "This is Tarleton," he said in an altered voice. "What's the matter, Miss Minot?"

"I've got to see you about something," she breathed. "At once. Please come immediately."

"All right. You're at home? I'm in police headquarters at Aristides."

"Come by the highway," she directed. "I'll—I'll walk to meet you."

A QUARTER mile from the Minot home, Tarleton straddled his cycle with its empty side car and looked from the cardboard-inscribed message to the girl who breathed fast, her face vivid with recent haste.

"R. Y.," he reflected aloud. "That's Richard York?"

She nodded. He read the message over again, his eyelids puckered with thought.

"I see," he said slowly at last. "Castle in Spain. What does that mean, Miss Minot?" She gave him directions, none too clearly in her agitation. He shook his head.

"No," he decided. "That doesn't mean anything to me. This is new territory for us, Miss Minot. We've been chasing your—Mr. York all morning. Conway's in Aristides, phoning barracks

(*Continued on page 50*)

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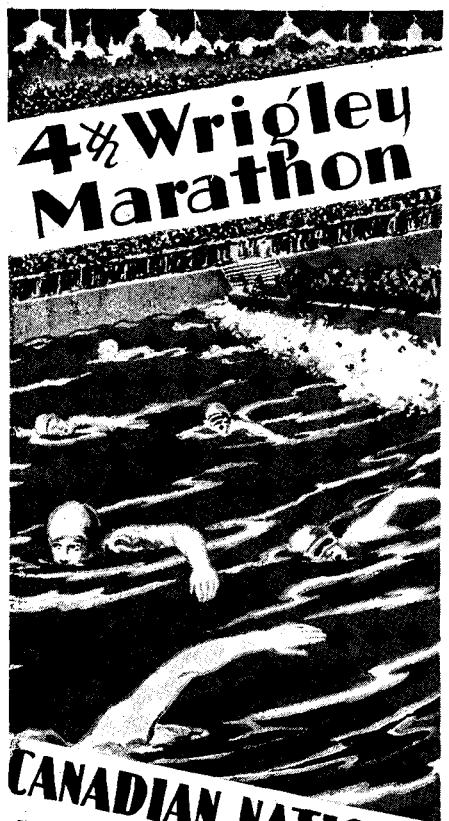

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(*Continued from page 49*)

about it now. We know he was in those hills but this wood road you speak of—is it this side of the Clark Brook bridge?"

"Oh no," she cried in exasperation. "It's not on that road at all. The Westbury highway—" She broke off and looked at the empty side car with a dawning determination. "I can show you the way," she resumed, moving toward it. "Take me with you, and hurry."

She had slipped into the bathtub-like container before his hesitant gesture could prevent her. He thought a bare instant and then nodded agreement with a wide smile.

"Right," he agreed, gripping the handlebars. "Let's go."

Through the roar of wind and engine, she caught a fragmentary account of his meeting with York that morning. They clattered more decorously into Main Street and he drew up before the municipal building.

"I'll speak to Conway a moment," he said, dismounting. "Then we'll go on."

SHE waited, leaning forward in the side car, anxiety rendering her immune to puzzled or amused glances. Once she was aware that a woman looked at her with more than curiosity. She lifted her eyes and saw the pretty, feeble face of Rose Michaux, beneath the scarlet hat. The woman started to speak but, as Tarleton came hurrying from the building, only smiled and went on.

The red hat bobbed and wavered through the thickening afternoon tide of Main Street shoppers. From under its rim, Rose's wide eyes looked about her with a perturbed vigilance. At length, her wavering, worried face settled into determination. She turned into a dingy street, separating the grimy mushroom ranks of houses by the sterility of its cobblestones, running down to a rusted iron fence, barring it from the river.

Soiled youngsters screeching at their play paid no heed to the red hat's passage, but a woman, hanging clothes like pallid flag signals between two sagging posts of her front porch saw the scarlet headgear and, deserting her labor, ran to the fence to mark its progress. In her titter were combined envy and acid consciousness of her own probity.

On the ramshackle porch of the house confronting the Greek grocery store behind which the Venetian Gardens hid, an old man, chair-ridden, chuckled obscenely as the red hat paused and went up the alley, its glow fading out like a spent spark in the shadow.

Bent once more above her tub, the woman did not hear a scream come muffled from the depths of the vast, decaying house. It woke the old man from his doze. It startled the swarthy groceryman who ran out upon his porch, to stand, a twitching, fearful figure in the glare of the sunlight.

Together they saw the red hat flee the alley and were chilled by the terror on its owner's face, the staring eyes, the open, voiceless mouth. They watched aghast while the buxom figure hastened up the steep incline in dishevelling, grotesque flight. It vanished. The Greek shouted something jesting but indistinguishable to the chair-ridden ancient, spread his hands wide and returned to his store, but the old man was not so easily discouraged. He sat upright, senilely alert, waiting with a stalwart hope for the aftermath of that muffled shriek.

At length, when the old man almost had despaired, his vigil had its reward. This was heralded by the roar of an approaching car. It came snarling down the hill, swayed and slid to a stop before the alley. Its driver, ponderous and impressive in his blue uniform, clambered out and waited for the lean man who had sat beside him to descend. Then, together, they hurried into the alley and were lost in its shadow.

Along the cobbled incline, windows screeched open. Frowzy heads protruded from them or peered over fences, screaming surmises. Over the crest of the hill the first streams of the curious came hurrying, swelled in their downward rush by increments from every dwelling. The human cataract pooled and milled before the decaying house, packed the alley, swarmed upon the porch of the grocery, squalled and parted reluctantly before the approach of a second car.

This charged down with wailing siren. Captain Wilgus drove it and beside him sat a civilian, nursing a black bag upon his knees. In the tonneau sat a policeman in blue and another trimmer, younger figure in black-faced gray with a purple-corded slouch hat. The quartet forced their way into the alley and were obscured by the human surge that swept behind them.

"Hey," the chair-ridden oldster called again and again. "Hey, whatsa matter? Hey?"

Between appeals he cursed obscenely that no one heeded him, yet finally his shrill reiteration drew the attention of one of the fringe of the swelling crowd.

"Matter," he repeated scornfully. "Ehud Meister's been murdered. That's all that's the matter."

The old man rubbed his helpless legs and crackled with nasty glee.

"She done it," he muttered to himself. "She done it, the dirty hussy, and I seen her. Right before an' after she done it, I seen her. She done it."

In the stale air of the long, low room where Conway and the policeman waited, flies buzzed languidly. Conway regarded the gloomy chamber with a growing distaste.

"This isn't," he ventured to his companion, and hitched nervously at his gun belt, "this isn't my business."

The patrolman shrugged stolidly. "Cap told the chief you was at headquarters and he said bring you along with the coroner," he replied. "I wonder who done it?"

THE door at the far end of the room opened, abruptly cutting off Conway's uncertain reply. The physician and Wilgus, who had driven him, emerged, the captain's face thoughtful, the doctor professionally brisk.

"Oh, quite dead," he responded to Conway's query with a dry smile. "Strangled, I should say. Captain, you'll have to clear a way for me through that crowd. I'm not going to be pulled to pieces by Ehud's mourners."

"Chief wants you," Wilgus threw back at Conway. "Go on in."

In the still inner room, Clow's breathing rasped. He stood beside the bed, and, thrust back across it, his feet dangling over a splintered chair, the dead man stared at the ceiling, a fixed canine snarl on his tilted face. Minot, sharp features whetted by thought, looked an instant as the trooper entered, nodded and continued his careful survey of the room.

A table had been overturned; a shelf sagged, half torn from the wall, its contents dumped on the floor. Bits of glass popped beneath the trooper's feet as he crossed the rumpled carpet.

"Where's your partner?" Clow asked. "Where's Tarleton?" His face was pale. His eyes seemed absorbed in calculation.

"Away," Conway replied briefly, irked by the latent disparagement in the chief's tone.

"Huh," Clow grunted. "You're just a kid. I'd like to see what he makes out of this."

"I'd make a murder out of it," Conway drawled, his horror dulled by rising irritation.

Minot, peering over the littered floor, lifted his head and asked:

"Who saw him last alive?"

"It may be," Clow recited slowly, "that I did."

The others stared, the district attorney inquiringly, Conway in narrow-eyed astonishment.

"Quarrel with him?" the latter queried. The question seemed to strike a nerve behind the chief's composure. He flinched and cried "No" in a great voice and sought refuge in speech to the gravely attentive Minot.

"LIKE I told you a while back," he related, gradually regaining confidence, "I stopped in to see Ehud before I drove out to your place. We had a talk; didn't amount to nothing, right here in his office. He was settin' by that table when I went out." He hesitated and resumed, including Conway in his confidence: "I been diggin' into this bootleggin' matter quite a while. I've suspicioned Meister was mixed up in it, so I've acted friendly to him an' the gang he runs with. I was—I was pretty near ready to arrest Ehud."

He mopped his face and looked from one man to the other with an air of defiant virtue. Minot nodded as though the story was familiar and began again his aimless prowling.

A patrolman entered.

"Chief," he reported, "I been snooping around out here. The till's been robbed."

"Eh?" Clow blurted.

"Robbed," the other reiterated. "Cleaned out. Not a nickel left."

"Yeh?" The other gaped and closed the door. His amazement seemed so unreasonable that Conway spoke.

"There's your motive," he pointed out, but his words brought no alleviation of the big man's bewilderment. Minot, looking up from the debris that had fallen from the shelf, asked suddenly:

"What time was it when you left here, Clow?" The question seemed to bring sudden relief to the chief.

"I dunno," he admitted quickly. "I drove direct to your house from here. What time was it when I got there?"

He hung with a barely concealed anxiety upon the district attorney's reply.

"I remember quite well," Minot an-

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swered precisely. "You asked me when you came in. It was one-fifteen, and you couldn't have killed Meister, Chief. Of course, the idea is ridiculous, anyway but—" He squatted and lifted something from the heap of wreckage in the room's corner, "but here's your alibi," he concluded with grim humor, and displayed a clock, its wooden frame battered, its glass gone save for a single splinter wedged between the hands.

The trooper and Clow stared down upon its upturned face. It had stopped at twenty-seven minutes past one. In the hush of the discovery Conway heard the chief expel breath through his nose in a whistling sigh.

"Well," he said in a distasteful travesty of relief, "that lets me out, eh?" He turned with an air of emancipation and bent over the figure on the bed.

"We've got the time and the motive," Conway said, his eyes fixed resolutely on the opposite wall. "All we need now is to find—"

A STARTLED snort from the chief interrupted him. Clow straightened up and spoke to Minot.

"Whoever killed Ehud went through him, too. His watch is gone."

"Maybe he didn't have it on," Conway hazarded, but Clow replied firmly: "He always had it on. Robbery, that's what it was," he exclaimed as though confronting revelation. "And I ain't sure I don't know who done it."

Wilgus came through the doorway without the formality of a knock and closed the portal behind him. Haste agitated his flabby body, darkened still further the dusky face. He spoke quickly, without preliminary, and beneath the rapid outpour of words there hid a sluggish animosity, chill, secretive as his clouded stare.

"I been talkin' to Dad Avery. He's been sitting on the porch crost the way since noon. Says he seen three persons go in an' outa here. One of 'em," he directed with a vitriolic smoothness at the chief, "was you."

Clow's impassiveness visibly disconcerted the captain.

"Yeh," the big man admitted. "I was here. I been tellin' Mr. Minot about it."

"Oh," Wilgus said flatly. Minot spoke, breaking the instant of silence. "Did these others come before or after Chief Clow?"

"After," the captain admitted, still addressing his superior. "Dad says about a quarter hour after you'd gone, a kind of undersized guy went in, stayed a few minutes and come out again. Wore a checked suit. Dad's seen him in and outa there before. He says—"

Amazement that was kin to awe contorted Clow's face. His voice rang with the relief of one to whom fortune has been unbelievably gracious. One great hand smote the palm of the other a mighty smack.

"Tucket!" he cried. "That little rat Tucket! By God, why didn't I think of that before?" He subdued his excitement with an effort, and spoke rapidly to Minot who stood with the clock still in his hands.

"That's that little crook I told you I been pumpin'—got a bootleggin' connection of some sort an' is a friend of Richard York. If he was here after I left, he done it, didn't he? I'll—"

"Kinda small guy to have done all this, ain't he?" Wilgus demurred, hostility still lingering just below the surface of his voice, his glossy face set in the complacent lines of one who holds back sensation.

"Stocky though," Clow overrode him impatiently, "an' a bad actor if I ever saw one. He's the man."

Minot searched for a place to set down the clock, and at Conway's gesture passed it to him.

"Just one minute," he intervened, clearing his throat. "There was a third visitor, you say, Captain? Who was he?"

"Not a he," Wilgus contradicted softly. "A she. She come in here last, hollered an' went pilin' back up the hill. Must of been her that phoned headquarters. I thought I recognized her voice when she squawked over the wire that Meister'd been killed."

His gloating speech had muted Clow's excitement. He stared at the purposely impassive captain with suspicion that mounted into dread.

"Well, well," Minot interposed impatiently. "Out with it. Who was she?"

"Rose Michaux," Wilgus reported.

"Rose Michaux," Clow's voice broke the silence in mechanical repetition. "Rose Michaux, Rose—" His solid face had paled an instant, to grow red, congested. Mechanically he looked over his shoulder at the form on the bed and there was fury in his eyes. It did not dwindle as he turned upon Wilgus.

"That's a lie," he charged. The captain shrugged, his face twitching slightly with what might have been a covert grin.

"'Tain't my lie," he disavowed. "It's Dad Avery's—an' Nick Cristakos', too. He heard her holler an' seen her come bustin' outa the alley."

"It was someone else, not her," Clow asserted savagely.

Wilgus shrugged resignation.

"Maybe," he conceded, and gave a little, derisive smile. It stung the big man. A snarl tore from him, but Minot intervened as he stepped forward.

"Wouldn't it be better," he queried, with cold displeasure in his rasping voice, "to ask the—er—lady herself, later? Do you know where this Tucket is, Chief?"

"I can find him," Clow replied hoarsely.

"I would," the district attorney advised. Wilgus lingered by the door through which the chief had plunged. Minot, after an instant of hesitation, stripped the case from a pillow and spread it over the dead man's face.

"Thanks," Conway said thickly. The captain gave a patronizing half smile. "You're young at this game yet," he told the trooper. "You'll get used to them." He turned to the district attorney and spoke as though it were a matter of no moment to him.

"It was the Michaux woman. I got two witnesses that identify her. Still, he's the boss." He blinked opaque eyes in resignation. Minot's voice was incisive.

"Not entirely," he contradicted. "I'm reluctant to hurt Chief Clow's feelings. I understand he's—devoted to this woman, but I want to talk to her."

"Shall I get her and bring her here?" Wilgus volunteered with a trace of eagerness.

"No," the district attorney declined. "Take her to headquarters."

WILGUS departed. Minot spoke to the trooper who was holding the clock face toward the light from the cracked window:

"Bring that along—ah, Conway. It's evidence." The man in gray looked up, his face so tensely excited that it checked Minot's reiteration of his command.

"Come here," he whispered with an urgent jerk of his head. The district attorney stood beside him, and holding the clock in one hand, the trooper pointed a quivering forefinger at the dial. Dust lay over its silvered surface and tiny granules of shattered glass glittered thereon, but as the light smote it at a certain angle, Minot *could see where the dial had been wiped clean in a narrow stream for three-fourths of its circle.*

(To be continued next week)

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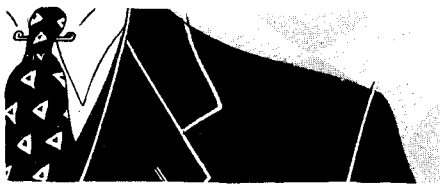

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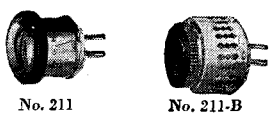

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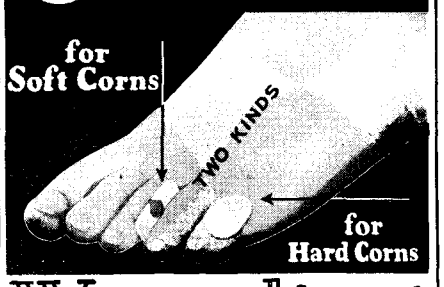

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Alias Kid Mangle

Continued from page 15

give me the idea to try and get a big bout for Gus. I was in no great sweat; we weren't doing so bad. I fought Gus every night all over the United States as far west as Pittsburgh, and in two months I had a roll of over two grand. And we were getting a name for putting on a good show. You ought to hear the audience come up when the announcer would holler "Kid Mangle," and Birnbaum would help out with "of Rock-fall Cen-ter!" But Birnbaum kept saying, "Mr. Rowley, we got a champ here." And so him and me cooked up a letter to headquarters at Madison Square Garden, and told what our boy done, and offered the champ a bout, Michael Lowrey, Mgr.

BIRNBAUM took this letter to the postoffice, and he comes back with an answer that very afternoon; they certainly give you action in Madison Square; Birnbaum said to give the air-mail the credit. Here is what we got from Mr. Jasmine, the matchmaker:

Dear friend Kid:

About you wanting to fight a boy at the Garden. That will be K. O. with us. We see where you are getting quite some publicity in the Rockfall News for putting out some forty-two opponents in thirty-nine bouts. We have looked up your record and it is some casualty list. We cannot give you the champion, because he has not got time to train, but we will give you Soldier Grubb, better known as Canned Willie—

"Canned Willie!" I says enchanted to death. "Why, Mr. Birnbaum, Canned Willie has put out more men than the city marshal."

—in the final of fifteen rounds next Friday night. Your end will be ten thousand dollars to the loser.

(Signed) MIKE JASMINE.

P. S.—Or if you win, too.

"Can you imagine?" I says, unwilling to believe. "Two months ago impersonating an unknown, and now right up there in the lead and fighting for a crack at the title! Why, Mr. Birnbaum, this Canned Willie is the logical opponent, and lots of wise men pick him to take the champ when they meet. Well, he may be a tough baby but Gus will serve him on the half-shell before three rounds."

"What we will do, Mr. Rowley," he says, "you fight out the string with Gus, and I will jump back to Rockfall Center and get the old home town ready to receive you with a big reception."

"Say, we can't go there, Mr. Birnbaum," I says. Although we have been getting some dandy publicity in the Rockfall News. "They will know Gus is a ringer."

"Listen, it is not such a small town as that," he says, "that everybody knows everybody. So long as Gus is bringing so much credit on the home town, they will not be so particular about asking who knows him. And it will be great publicity, and we will take a big delegation down to the fight in New York."

So he packed the pictures and one thing and another in his grip and he hopped the train.

Well, that was Monday. After that, if I remember, came Tuesday and Wednesday and Thursday, and the next thing is me and our boy are sitting in a smoker speeding east.

"Gus," I says, giving him a chew, "wait till you see what you will get in your home town of Rockfall Center that you made famous. Mr. Birnbaum is there now. There will probably be the firemen's band, and constables to hold back the multitude, and then you will be marched to a magnificent banquet of soup and everything. But do not eat it, because you are in training."

"Will they give me the money instead then, Mr. Rowley?"

"Certainly not," I says. "I will make them a speech, and I will tell them what you done you didn't do for money."

"But they won't believe you, Mr. Rowley. I am not calling you a liar, because I certainly didn't get no money, but they won't believe you. Mr. Rowley, my nose is so bent that when I want to smell something I got to hold it to the back of my collar; and my ears are so swoll that I got two pairs of shoulders. I was always very fond of socking a guy, but, Mr. Rowley, when you make me the champion, like you promised, can I please stop fighting?"

"Why, you numbskull," I says kindly, "then comes the big fights. With men like the Bahama Demon, and the Hohokus Assassin, and the Sleepy Hollow Thunderbolt. Why, my boy, I thought you had the heart of a lion."

"I wish I had, and I would eat it," he says. "I would certainly relish a piece of meat. Mr. Rowley, I eat so many beans with you that they are sticking out; and I can't take off my clothes no more because I find I got them all buttoned to my skin."

"Oh, quit crabbing," I says. "Quit crabbing. Every fighter's got to go through the same mill. You'll live through it; yes, and you'll thank me."

Well, we got in New York and Gus was tickled pink by the reception he got from a platoon of red caps, all wanting to carry the grip, and he began to believe what I told him about being famous. "But this is not a patch on Rockfall Center," I says to him. "Wait till you get to your adopted home town," I says, "and then there will be doings that are doings." So we slipped incognito on board a Long Island rattler, and the next thing is the conductor hollers, "Rock-fall Cen-ter!"

Say, they were there, and no red caps neither. There was a party in a police commissioner's uniform and ten stalwarts wearing deputies' badges. "Keep cool, Gus," I says, "and refuse to talk until I can sell your story to the Rockfall News. Just shake your hands over your head and point to me."

And we come down onto the platform.

"These bozos look like the men, boys," says the police commissioner, advancing on us with his reception committee. "Good morning, friend, and could I ask you your right name and business?"

"Kid Mangle and manager," I says with a nice smile.

"Of Rockfall Center?" he says, making sure.

"Of good old Rockfall Center!" I says.

"Close in on them, boys," he says. "No unnecessary violence. Bring them this way."

AND they fell in for the parade and marched us down Central Avenue to the town hall, and let us in a private entrance through the basement like the town boss. "Here's the men," he says to a party in gray whiskers. "They've confessed!"

Well, I didn't quite get this, but they crowded us along, and the next thing is they bang an iron door behind us, and we are lined up before a stout man with an unkind face who is sitting in his suspenders. "Good morning, Judge," says the party in gold.

"Morning, Chief," says the stout man. "Is Attorney Cornell here?"

"Ready for the plaintiff, Judge," says one of the men with badges stepping up.

"Are these your men, Counselor?" says the judge. And he says to us, "Which of you two birds claims to be Kid Mangle?"

"This is the Kid himself, Judge," I says, "and I'm Michael Rowley, his manager. Look here, Judge—"

"They admit to it," says the judge, putting down figures. "Are you men going to stay in Rockfall Center from now on?"

"We certainly are not," I says. "We got to be in New York tonight to fight at the Garden. But, Judge—"

"They admit the whole case," he says, putting something down against us for that. "Counselor, I'll give you your order committing these men to the village jail."

"But we didn't commit no crime here, Judge," I argued. "We just come."

"You're not being accused of no crime," says the judge, adding up. "You're being held under a civil order of arrest. There is an action started against you by Attorney Cornell for two thousand, two hundred dollars damages, and I'm holding you under the law to answer his complaint because you just told me yourself that you want to leave the jurisdiction. That's the law; you look it up. And you don't need to bother with no lawyers because they can't do nothing for you. This is October the 13th; I got to go scalloping next month, but I think I can fix to try the case before Christmas. If you want to settle the case, talk to Attorney Cornell. Zeke, take them down and put them in the bastille."

"BUT we didn't do this Attorney Cornell nothing, Judge," I holler. I can see it is a frame.

"You done his client plenty," says the judge. "His client is Kid Mangle, the famous prizefighter of Rockfall Center. He claims you been going around and impersonating him and trading on his name and reputation and got twenty-two hundred dollars of wrongful gains.

"I wouldn't do you an injustice, friend," he says fairly. And he says to Gus: "Ain't your name Gus, and ain't you a clam-tonger from Seaville that used to work for the Hicks Fish Company, when this man lured you from your home?"

"Yeah," says Gus. And he says, "But he asked me, Mr. Rowley."

"Then it is only a question of damages," says the judge, "and you can settle it with Attorney Cornell, if you don't want to stop with Zeke till I get back from scalloping and try you. Away with them!"

So Zeke takes us across the hall and puts us in his bastille. "Oh, quit crabbing," I says to Gus. "Quit crabbing, will you?"

Well, in the afternoon Zeke shows me his horse-pistol and lets me look in where the nails and rivets will fly out of it if I try to escape, and he takes me to a telephone, and there is Roscoe Birnbaum on the wire. He says, "I am in Madison Square Garden in Mike Jasmine's private office, and we are all set at this end. But what is this I hear about you being in the cooler?"

"Believe your ears," I says. And I tell him all about the great reception he got us.

"Well, Mr. Rowley," he says, "the best thing is settle. It seems this Kid Mangle is better known in Rockfall Center than I thought, and if you fight you will get a home-town decision, besides losing this fight with Soldier Grubb.

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What do you care? After this fight in the Garden you will have a new name and fortune. I will fix it up with Mike so you can fight Gus as an unknown."

"The old fortune is good enough for me, Mr. Birnbaum," I says.

"Don't give him more than twenty-two hundred, whatever you do," he says.

"Twenty-two hundred what?" I says.

And I would have stuck it too, but Gus is crabbing, and he threatens he will tell the judge what pocket I got the bank roll in. So I send for this Attorney Cornell, and I says, "Well, Counselor, what would you say to fifty bucks? Don't speak all at once."

"My client instructs me," he says through the bars, "to compromise for twenty-two hundred."

Well, that was an offer anyway, and we negotiated back and forth and finally we compromised on twenty-two hundred, which left me just twelve dollars to eat and get my boy to the Garden for the big fight. And this Cornell takes my roll and licks his thumb and counts it with joy. It was all his; the joy, I mean.

Well, that was all right, as the saying goes, and at half-past eight of the same evening, being Friday the 13th, to show there is nothing in such silly superstitions, I herded Gus up to the main entrance to the Garden, and I says, "We are here to fight in the main event tonight!"

"Sorry, but we got two boys for that already," says the big bozo on the gate, smiling merrily. "But I can give you two in the ninety-fourth row if you want to see the fight."

"If we want to what?" I says. "In regards to the ninety-fourth row, I can go home and turn on my radio and see the fight a lot better."

And I try to crash in, and he shoves me on the chest and breaks three good cigars. "Take it on the run," he says. "Now, friend, there's the card for tonight, and if you can find your name on it, you can have it. No, Soldier Grubb is not fighting here."

And neither he was either, nor Kid Mangle, so I go out to tell Gus that there is a little misunderstanding and recommend him a good park bench where he can pass a comfortable night, and I see him talking to a party with a gold front on his white vest. This party says, "Remember me, Gus? I'm the owner of the fish company in Seaville. I know your name but your face is not familiar. How it is changed!"

"No, it is not changed," says Gus. "It is the same face I always had, only it is moved around. I been fighting."

"You better cut out that fighting, Gus," says Mr. Hicks. "Or you will get arrested."

"I was arrested," says Gus. "Mr. Hicks, can I have my old job back again?"

"You sure can, my poor lad," says Mr. Hicks. And he says to a car and chauffeur that is standing there, "I will stay in the city tonight, John. Take this boy back to Seaville."

GUS is cramming into the car when I grabbed him and says, "Gus, I cannot let you turn your back on a great career!"

"I been turning my face on it long enough," he says, and he lashes out with his off hind leg and kicks off my straw skimmer. And while I am looking for it, the car lams off.

Can you imagine?

Well, I asked around for this Roscoe Birnbaum, and I went right over to the Long Island and grabbed a rattler, and didn't stop going till I come to Rockfall Center. And I got off and grabbed a bystander and says, disguising my voice, "Can you please direct me to where I can find my friend Mr. Roscoe Birnbaum?"

"I can and proud to," he says. "He is down in the town hall at the big banquet and reception in his honor. Can't you hear the firemen's band? Delighted to assist any friend of our own home-town boy Kid Mangle."

"Kid Mangle?" I says.

"Alias Kid Mangle," he says. "There goes Zeke; he'll get you in. Hey, Zeke!"

Zeke looks around and he is jingling something in his pocket that sounds like money, but I know it is the key to his bastille.

"Never mind, pal," I says. "Never mind, Zeke. Just tell him that you saw me." And I lammed across the tracks to where a train was pulling out for New York.

Now, men, I ask you.

Here come the Elephants!

Continued from page 16

it has had a better balance when you consider five or six pitchers. Bob Grove is about as useful as any one of his old Big Three. With any luck he will win thirty ball games this season and that hasn't been done for many years. Winning thirty ball games takes one back to the days of Johnson, Mathewson and Alexander. I can't recall any pitcher since that trio able to reach this mark, although Eddie Cicotte may have been that good for one season.

Has the Patience of Job

Year after year Mack has been looking for some combination that would finally click. He has discarded hundreds who gave early promise, only to fade out. He called on such old-timers as Cobb, Speaker and Wheat, but they could not help lift him from the morass.

Through it all he showed more patience than Job could muster. When you have won six pennants it is no easy turn to take it on the chin for fifteen years. Especially to spend a large part of that time in the cellar. It was then Mack's tough luck finally to get a good ball club just at the moment when the Yankees had collected one of the greatest round-ups of the game with Pennock in shape and with Ruth and Gehrig tearing down the surrounding stockades. He had a team strong enough to win two or three pennants under ordinary conditions, but he was up against a combination good enough to crush two National League entries eight straight in the world's series of 1927 and 1928.

This same Yankee team was picked to beat him again and was made a big favorite in the April odds. But the Yankees of 1929 were not the Yankees of 1928 through the first two months of the race, while the Athletics opened at high speed and kept on rolling.

What will happen when the stretch swings in sight is always another story. But Mack's young team is so well fortified at so many positions that no serious slump seems possible for any extended period of skidding.

They must all have their bumps at one time or another for a spell, even the best of the lot. But, so far, this team that Mr. Cornelius McGillicuddy has assembled for the 1929 race seems to carry quite enough strength to turn the fourteen-year nightmare into a highly pleasant dream that has a tidy chance of coming true.

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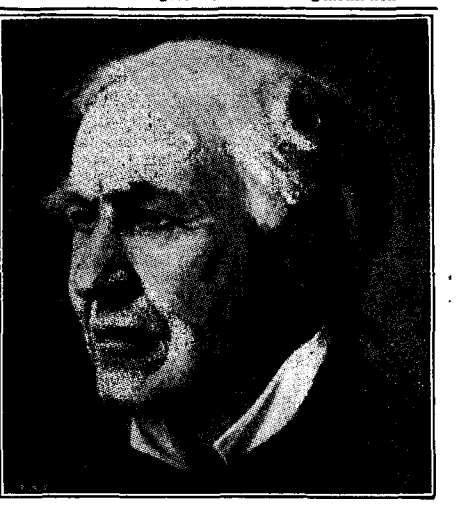

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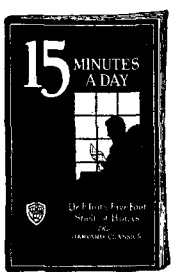

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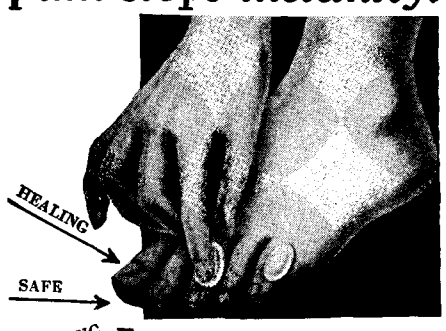

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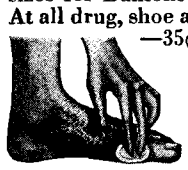

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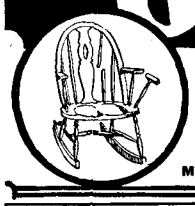

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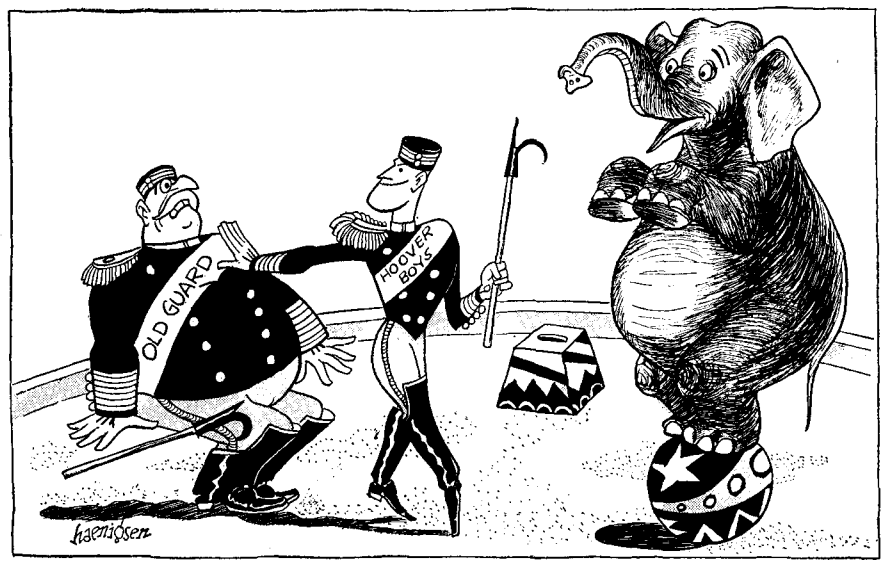

The Hoover Boys at Sea

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

MR. FRANKLIN W. FORT, Representative in Congress from the Newark district of New Jersey, is one of the "Hoover Boys."

You do not read far into his biography before you encounter the words, "served as volunteer on staff in Washington of the United States Food Administration, 1917-1919." His closeness to Mr. Hoover continues to increase.

When he was elected to Congress in 1924 he, although a banker from an eastern city, had himself placed on the House Committee on Agriculture to take up the fight there upon the McNary-Haugen bill. He was there regarded as the spokesman of Mr. Hoover, who was opposed to that form of farm relief.

When Mr. Hoover began to be supported for the Republican nomination for President last year, Representative Fort was one of the first persons to declare for him in New Jersey. At the Kansas City National Convention Mr. Fort was floor manager for Mr. Hoover. And immediately afterward he was made secretary of the Republican National Committee. And today he is regarded as the most important spokesman for the President in Congress.

He is a big, strapping man in the full vigor of his career, less than fifty years old. He is a man of ability and force.

He is a rising man in the Republican party if the Hoover Administration weathers all its difficulties and establishes a dynasty—altogether the solidest and most important of the "Hoover Boys."

Followers of "the Chief"

All of this is worth recording here because what we are witnessing in Washington is the submergence of the old professionals in the Republican party and the emergence of the "Hoover Boys." Dr. Hubert Work's resignation was significant. It is a good guess that Representative Fort, without perhaps directly aiming at it, had a good deal to do with the elimination of Dr. Work.

One may see Dr. Work go without even a sigh. He was always a rather pathetic figure at national headquarters during the campaign with enthusiastic "Hoover Boys" occupying all the best rooms, not speaking the same language as the good doctor, whom they regarded as a dodo, and all of them able to excogitate on a moment's notice what it would be in the "Chief's" mind to do. Among them those words "the Chief" were passwords. They set them apart as members of the fraternity. But one wonders about Mr. Fort's policy of introducing discipline into the Republican party, reading out of it all senators and representatives who did not yield unquestioning adherence to the Hoover policies.

This new order of the day was expressed by Secretary of the Navy Adams, recently a Democrat, in a public speech. The voice was the voice of Adams, but the force behind it was the force of Fort. No one knows whether the President has given his approval to the policy of cleansing the party of all dissidents, non-conformers and heretics, of all farm blockers and progressives.

But with the instinct for demanding perfect loyalty from all those who surround him, the idea of punishing those who do not give him this perfect loyalty must naturally appeal to him, a quality in him which puts the old professional politicians at a disadvantage with him, for their first loyalty goes to the party, not to the man who happens for the time being to be at the head of it.

A Very Select Party

Efforts for establishing tests for Republicanism are not new and they have for a couple of decades at least worked out unhappily. After the 1924 election the Republicans of the Senate read out of the party all the Republican senators who bolted Mr. Coolidge and supported Mr. La Follette. Two years later they killed the fatted calf for all these prodigals.

That experience was taken so to heart that there are now two members of the Senate who took the stump for Governor Smith in the last campaign and yet hold committee places as Republicans.

A Republican is now defined as anyone whom his state chooses to elect as a Republican, whether he agrees with his party on national questions or not. Senator Penrose in the Taft Administration was such a disciplinarian that he preferred the election of Democrats to the election of Republicans who did not agree with Mr. Taft. The idea worked so well that there were eight years of Democratic rule.

Mr. Fort is an excellent man, superior in ability and character to most of the old guard in the Republican party. And so are several other "Hoover Boys." The party would be a better party animated by the purposes of the Hoover Administration. But it might be a very select party.

The western senators, or a good many of them, voted for debentures as a form of farm relief. They will have to be read out. The eastern senators will vote for high tariff rates on industrial products, against Mr. Hoover's wishes. They will have to be read out too.

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The Day the World Ended

Continued from page 24

A magnificent, theatrical gesture, you may say. Truly Gallic and in the best d'Artagnan manner. I agree on all four counts. But it must have been a high honor to have won the friendship of a M. d'Artagnan. . . .

There was a sort of numbness claiming my brain. The unendurable throbbing—which, now, I knew to be produced by colossally powerful plants installed in Felsenweir—added to that subterranean booming, began to daze me.

Automatically, I moved again toward the third "bat". . . .

Running footsteps sounded on stone stairs!

I hesitated—and was lost. . . .

Madame Yburg ran in!

AT SIGHT, and in spite of my frame of mind, I recognized a change in her.

The mantle of ice which she wore had been melted. Her natural pallor was intensified. Her eyes were like jewels in shadow.

"Tell me, quickly. . . . has Marusa gone?"

"Yes."

Her hands became clenched so tightly that I knew the long, pointed nails must be buried in her palms.

"God! What madness! But at least she is protected."

I picked up the headpieces. I had no wish to be cruel, even now, but the truth might save the world.

"I'm sorry, but you're wrong! She has chosen to join . . . the many."

Those brilliant eyes opened widely—unnaturally.

For a moment I feared that Madame Yburg was about to lose control—that all was lost. But her nerves were more than masculine.

"Why," she asked, her voice very low-pitched. "*Why* did she do this?"

"*Because she knows.*"

Those slender white hands had not unclenched: they did not unclench now.

"You told her? And she believed you?"

"I did not tell her. I don't know who did."

She relaxed those clenched hands. And I saw, as I had expected to see, blood in her palms.

"*Fate* told her. It could never be. I always knew!"

Our glances met and clashed.

"How did you buy over Nicholson?" she asked.

"It was never attempted."

I heard lumbering, metallic footsteps mounting the ladder from the control pit.

"What do you mean?"

"Nicholson, if that's his name, is lying insensible down below."

An aluminum figure appeared at the ladder-head. Lonergan climbed out, stood still, and watched.

"This is John Lonergan," I said.

He raised his visor.

Madame Yburg stared at him as one might stare at a ghost. Her pallor was positively alarming; then:

"How," she inquired, softly—and I could detect no hint of animus in her voice—"how did you intend to save *yourself?*"

From a glistening, sweat-daubed face Lonergan's eyes shot a glance at me like that of a guilty schoolboy.

"How in blazes do *I* know!" he replied. "Nobody had thought of that but me! But I guess I'd have found a way. . . ."

Then it was—but not until then—that I realized the truth:

Lonergan could never have followed us! We had overlooked this. *He had known.* . . .

My eyes grew oddly misty. Perhaps it was due to that intolerable throbbing.

"My friend—" Madame Yburg was addressing Lonergan—"where cleverness must have failed, it is after all self-sacrifice which has saved the world. . . ."

"The world's far from being saved!"

IT WAS Lonergan's growl which snatched me back to normal.

I looked at Madame Yburg. Her face remained deathly white. But she was smiling—that smile which was at once an irritant and a caress!

"You may be wrong, Mr. Lonergan. I have followed an ideal—an ideal you could never grasp. Tonight, my personal loss has made me one of the many. I know that my ideal had its roots in hell!"

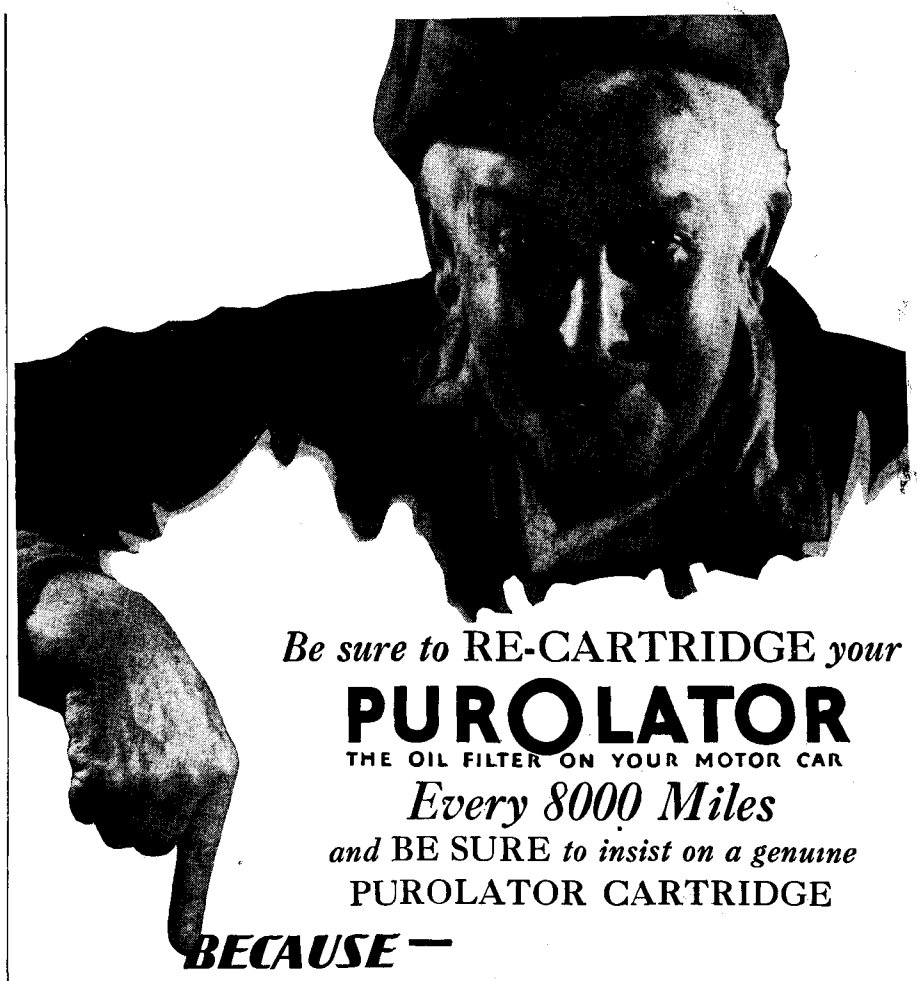
"Fine," said Lonergan. "But what do we do now?"

Madame Yburg reached out one slender hand, with those deep nail wounds in its delicate palm—and touched the speaker's mailed shoulder.

"Take this off. Be quick!"

Little as I could see of Lonergan's glistening face, I saw enough of his expression to tell me that he had grasped the situation. He withdrew.

(*Continued on page 56*)



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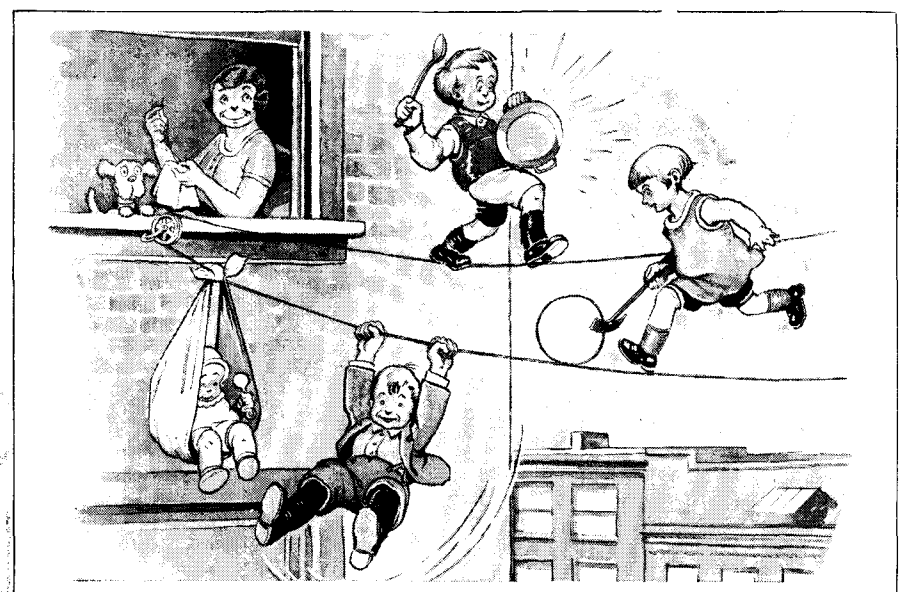

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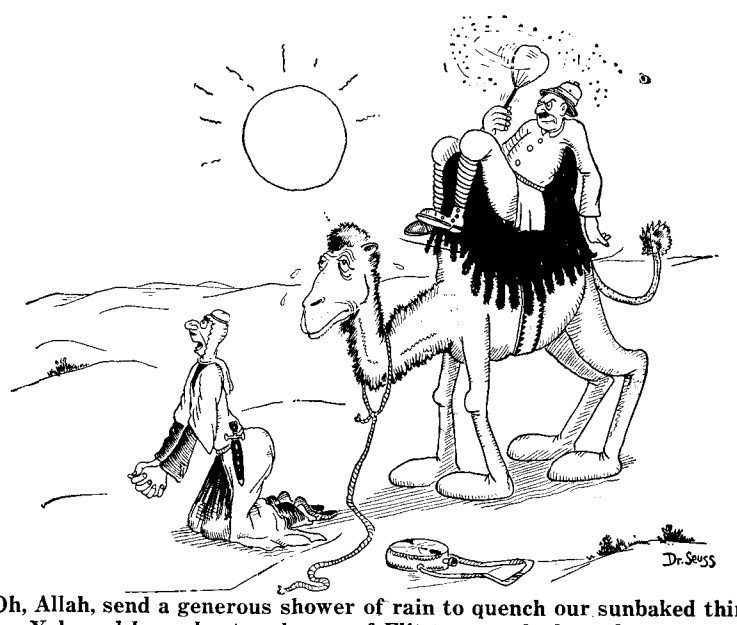

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(*Continued from page 55*)

"But—"

Madame Yburg grasped my shoulders, looked into my eyes.

"Tell me you love her—*really* love her!"

"I love her sincerely. I loved her from the first moment I saw her."

"That is physical love. She is very attractive."

"I have learned to know and respect her. She is the only girl I have ever wanted to marry."

"She has set her heart on you. These sudden passions are a part of her heritage. I have studied you, and I think you can make her happy—if you can handle her! Be good to her—you *must* be good to my Musa."

The steely control nearly broke down. Her voice faltered on that pet name which I had never heard but which now I treasured as a jewel.

Then, miraculously, she was self-possessed again.

Lonergan returned.

He wore a very fine silk vest, trousers with belt, socks and shoes. He carried the aluminum suit.

Madame Yburg gripped my shoulders, smiled again, and turned to him.

"I am taking your job on, Mr. Lonergan," she explained. "Only temporarily. . . ."

With a self-possession which must have disarmed the vilest prudery, she peeled off her smart frock. Then she proceeded to buckle on the aluminum suit of the Flight Controller. It was grotesquely too big.

"I am lost in this!" she declared.

But at last:

"Take your chance quickly," she said, and stepped on to the ladder. "She will be hovering—may even have flown back. If Anubis wakes I am powerless. So be quick!"

"There's one hope!" I cried—"a gun is being moved—"

Lonergan clapped his hand over my mouth.

"Mr. Lonergan!" Madame Yburg's voice even now held no note of anger. "That gun would save me from the only other way!"

Lonergan's hand was removed, and:

"Then there *is* another way?" he challenged.

"Yes! Next to Anubis, *I* shall be in charge at dawn. . . . Good-by. Hurry!"

She climbed down the ladder. . . .

Lonergan held out one clenched fist.

"Heads or tails?"

"Heads!"

He opened his hand.

I saw a worn English penny. It displayed the head of King Edward VII.

"Always was a fortunate gambler," Lonergan growled—"Hullo!"

The booming had become deeper. Madame Yburg had reached the controls.

"Go to it, Woodville! I'll be right behind you. Pray kind Heaven Anubis stays asleep till we land!"

THE sensations of that flight—which I dare to predict no man will experience again for at least a generation—were indescribably pleasant.

Pushing off—one's heels against the metal bar—was definitely sickly. The blue light ahead alone promised safety. There followed a deathly fall, a pause—then, a swift uplift of breathless ecstasy. It resembled those dreams of childhood in which we fly, untrammeled, across vast tracts of country.

That mysterious power-zone reached, into which these invisible elevators shot the traveler, control became a matter almost of mood—so sensitive was the mechanism. I enjoyed all that glorious mastery of the air which so often I had envied the seagull.

Upon an impalpable wave I floated as a canoe floats lightly upon water. There was a gentle swaying, a nearly imperceptible tidal urge. A movement of either hand, the slightest inclination of my body to right or left, swung me to port or starboard. To raise my feet was to dive; to press down my toes resulted in an instant climb.

A mile below me I saw Felsenweir as I had seen it reflected on that circular table in the laboratory. I could clearly see moving figures in surrounding and approaching roads.

I pressed the control under my right hand. . . .

Inexperience betrayed me. At a speed that cannot have been less than eighty miles an hour I was hurled through space!

Raising my hand as eagerly as I had lowered it, I found myself floating serenely again.

At which moment Marusa's agonized appeal reached me. . . .

"Brian!" I heard, eerily—"Brian! Answer me! Where are you?"

"Marusa!" I cried.

"Brian dear! Oh, thank God!"

"Gaston Max speaking! Where are you?"

"I'm all right, old man!"

"Heaven be praised, my friend! I am glad. I withdraw. . . ."

One thing became evident. Confidences were impossible between travelers on the energy-waves!

"Listen, Brian! Make for the Old Castle—Hohen-Baden. You can't miss it. You know it. I'll head you off. When you see me, follow on."

"All right, darling."

I STUDIED the landscape far below. Gingerly, I moved around several points. I set my course. With extreme care this time, I pressed down the control. . . .

And then, with such a sense of self-reproach as I cannot hope to convey, I remembered the man who had made all this possible.

"Lonergan!" I cried—"*Lonergan. . . .*"

Loudly—he must have been very near—came his reply:

"I'm headed the same way."

Ahead I saw two bat-like shapes. Marusa's voice reached me:

"Swing round behind me, Brian. When you see I'm floating, watch. We'll be over the cemetery! When I drop, wait for M. Max to follow. Then come over. You'll see the green light below you. Just let yourself drop. Can Mr. Lonergan hear?"

"*I* heard!" Lonergan's voice replied.

My mile drop through space into the ancient vault of the Felsenweirs occupies a niche of its own in these memoirs. If the sensation of rocket-esque ascent had been thrilling, this of a dead-weight crash was appalling.

I knew we were in the hands of the Flight Controller on duty—and at the mercy of anyone having access to the Felsenweir power-house.

And, as I fell, I could not rid my mind of an idea that somebody had cut off the energy-wave!

Then came check—second check—third check—my descent grew slower. But still falling at great speed I flashed down into a black pit. Some hint entered my mind of a metal-clad figure on a platform . . . there were switches . . . it was not unlike a limelight-perch in a theater. . . .

I was stationary . . . I was going up . . . then I felt the grapnel made fast—felt myself hauled clear.

Reaching down, I tugged at the release.

With the scene of reunion which followed I find myself unable to deal. Marusa was clinging to me, trembling wildly. Gaston Max had his arms about us both. Then Lonergan came in.

"How do we cope with the fellow in charge on the downstairs control-platform?" he inquired.

His unemotional attention to the job in hand was just the cold dash we required. This remarkable man would have entered heaven or hell without qualm or enthusiasm, concentrating all the time on, first, the whereabouts of the party he was looking for and, second, how he was going to get him out.

As it chanced, the problem did not arise. We followed Marusa up many stairs which ultimately led to a small, square chamber.

She opened a locked door, beckoning me to follow.

"I knew it!" Max murmured—"it is the renovated tomb adjoining the Felsenweir vault! I have ordered that it shall be watched. . . !"

We were arrested as we came out . . . the cemetery was stiff with police!

THAT last dash to Felsenweir is memorable down to the smallest details—because of how it ended. I can remember—most poignantly of all—Marusa's white face. In the passionate anger and indignation of her first discovery, she had been blind to all the consequences of her action.

Now she knew.

I held her hand very tightly as she sat between Lonergan and myself in the big police car. But I don't think she was even aware of my presence.

Max drove, a police official beside him.

News of the gun was somewhat disquieting. At a point considerably below the Devil's Elbow, tackle had parted and the carriage was badly jammed. Reënforcements of axemen and new tackle were already on the way.

It was close on one o'clock when we swung around the hairpin bend and saw the gleam of arms.

At which moment, Lonergan spoke, dully.

"Don't take any advice I give from now on," he said, "I think—Anubis has taken control!"

"Great heavens!"

Max sprang down to the road. We all got out.

"Are you sure, old man?"

"No. It's imagination, maybe. The strain of expecting—that, is kind of heavy."

Max and I exchanged glances of silent understanding.

We must not lose sight of Lonergan for a moment.

Forty arrests had been made in Baden-Baden alone, of persons wearing the Anubis disk. But I could not help wondering if any of the armed men lining Felsenweir woods concealed similar amulets—under heavy wrist-watch bands, for example.

Was the gun crew reliable?

Acting contrary to definite orders, six men had lost their lives already. They had penetrated to the woods. . . .

No more would go that way. A sort of dumb terror brooded over the roads and few words were spoken.

We made a complete inspection of the several groups surrounding the place, returning at a few minutes before two o'clock to the point from which we had set out.

Three planes had gone up, before Max could get the order canceled. . . . They had all crashed at points so far untraceable. I think the energy-wave must have formed a death-trap of some sort.

Clearly visible as I knew we must be to the watchers in Felsenweir, I wondered what methods of attack Anubis controlled and when he would put them into operation. At two o'clock came news of the gun. They expected to have it placed by three!

A suspicion that Anubis, in the circumstances, would loose death on the world before the hour arranged, I presently dismissed—realizing that to do so

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must result in serious havoc amongst his chosen ranks.

At half-past two, reports came from many widely separated points of a great flight of "bats" crossing the Forest!

What did this mean? New arrivals? Or the garrison, an unknown quantity, deserting?

"Do you think," Marusa whispered—"that. . . ."

"Yes, darling," I said in a very low voice. "I don't believe she would—go, and leave you—"

FIFTEEN minutes before dawn the gun opened fire . . . distant report . . . a dull explosion.

Marusa threw herself into my arms and crushed her hands to her ears.

A hoarse murmur, coming from thousands of throats, and swelling from miles around, rose eerily out of the darkness. . . . A second shell whined over the Forest. It did not explode.

Premonitory flushes showed in the sky.

It was the third shell that scored. . . . Or was the cataclysm due to something else? To some unforeseen flaw in the monstrous power plant controlled by Anubis? To Madame Yburg?

At the time of writing, I don't know. I wonder if I ever shall?

Even as we listened, breathlessly, to the shriek of its passing, came a blinding green light—brighter than tropical lightning—bright as the brightest sunshine! It illuminated the Black Forest for hundreds of miles, as later reports proved.

A veritable earthquake shook the land. I felt the road heave beneath me—I heard a blast of sound such as no explosion imaginable could have produced. . . .

The concussion was unendurable. I lost consciousness . . . nor was I alone.

Rending and tearing of massive rocks in motion, of falling trees, awakened me—the sky was an angry red dome.

The crag of Felsenweir had become a veritable volcano! The huge castle was in flames! . . .

But the world was saved.

THE END

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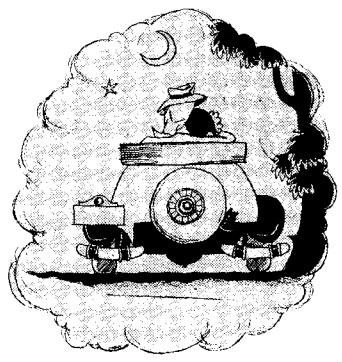

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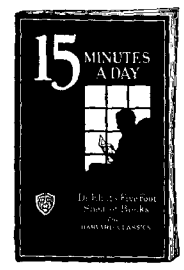

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Our Scattering Family

WHEN Thomas Alva Edison invented a practicable electric light fifty years ago, he had no notion of what a revolution he was starting. Compared with Edison, Karl Marx, the Socialists, even the Russians are rank conservatives. Edison changed the habits of the world and made us like it. The Bolsheviki have not proved to be so persuasive.

Edison thought he was merely providing a new utility for progressive people. Actually he had accomplished something which was to influence all of us in a thousand different ways.

Take, for instance, such matters as the "revolt of youth" and the break-up of the family which invite so many lectures from preachers and judges and others.

You see people point to prohibition, or the World War, or our great prosperity, to explain the restlessness which is exhibited in increasing divorces and the apparent irresponsibility of youth.

It would be quite as reasonable to give much of the blame to Mr. Edison for these changes. The electric light and steam heating certainly have done more than anything to scatter the family.

In the old days the family gathered around the fireplace. Hearth and home were synonymous. The first family circle was gathered around the camp fire in the middle of the cave or the hut. When houses and chimneys came into use the circle became a semicircle, but still the whole family gathered at the common center in the evening, ranged in ranks according to age, precedence or selfishness; grandparents in the ingle nooks, parents in front, and children wedged in anywhere they could find room.

And the children had to be seen, not heard.

They had to listen to the talk of the grown-ups or go to sleep. So they sat in on all the councils of the elders, listened to their stories of former days, absorbed their wisdom and inherited their traditions. They heard, perforce, the current questions of the day discussed by their parents, callers and the stranger within their gates, the right of the colonists to self-government, the abolition of slavery, woman suffrage, predestination or free will, the problems of the frontier push.

Even into the age of the kerosene lamp and the base-burner, bedrooms were mostly cold and reading in bed was not encouraged. The children might not have been at first interested, but they grew up to it.

Who Never Grow Up

But when every room was heated and lighted equally, all this was changed. The continuous contact of the younger generation around the family lamp and hearth was broken. Associating almost wholly with those as young and inexperienced as themselves, they have no knowledge of anything beyond and above, no incitements to grow. They remain permanent Peter Pans.

They have little common ground of conversation with their own parents because they have never really lived with them. Some teachers say that the young people are as bright as ever but more lacking in the background that comes from reading and conversation with adults.

One change at least can be definitely traced to the decline of reading aloud in the family circle: an amazing proportion of the young people are tone-deaf. They have been accustomed to use the eye exclusively in reading, so poetry and rhythmical prose make small appeal to them.

The extreme youthfulness of youth is characteristic of our times. So is their extreme individualization, their lack of any sense of the continuity and feeling of responsibility toward past or future.

They are uninfluenced by the standards and ideals of their elders because they do not know them. They speak a different language because they have never learned their mother tongue in the place where it can best be learned—in the circle of a family kept together because all around is dark and cold.

Other inventions have, of course, played their part in this scattering of the family.

The motor car and the movies take us out of the home. Taken all together the utilities which scientific invention has given us have changed our ways of living.

While we are in midstream we remember chiefly the safety of the shore. The swiftness of the current in which we find ourselves makes us uncertain. We don't know where we are going to land.

None of us, however, would trade the new comforts for the old hardships. Material changes have all been for the better.

It is a safe guess that as we pass through this transition time we shall find that though outward circumstances are vastly different, nothing of genuine importance will have been lost.

Bank Directors

NO SPATS. No walking sticks. No gardenias in the buttonholes. And the background of the picture is a roundhouse! Yet the men in this group-portrait are directors of a big-town bank.

Meet the board of directors of the Chicago Shops (R. I. L.) Credit Union. A real bank in every sense of the word is this organization of shop employees of the Rock Island Lines. A typical credit union. That is to say, a bank of vest-pocket size, scaled down to meet the most modest of financial demands. Big banks, because of the overhead and the amount of investigation involved, can't afford to handle such trifling loans. Most of that kind of business, in consequence, goes to loan sharks. The more extreme the need of the borrower, the better the loan sharks like it. And, of course, they make the most of the situation!

For example, there is on record in Chicago the case of a railway switchman who got into the clutches of a local bloodsucker. This switchman paid out $1,008 in interest upon a loan which he had to renew from pay-day to pay-day over a four-year period, though—believe it or not—the size of the original loan was only $30.

Membership in a credit union balks the cruelty of the usurer by obtaining the privilege of small loans at a fair rate of interest instead of at a gouging rate. Workers in a multitude of lines of industry and business have discovered this fact. As a result, the credit unions of the United States, after eighteen years of organized effort, have grown steadily until today they have a total membership of nearly 225,000 and resources substantially in excess of $30,000,000.

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	Imperial	.x.	...	...	...	.x.
Cunningham	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Dodge	All	.x.	.x.	...	...	.x.
Durant	40, 60, 66	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	...
	70	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Elcar	75	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
	95, 96, 120	.x.	.x.	...	...	.x.
Ford	All	.x.	...	.x.	.x.	.x.
Franklin	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
Gardner	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Graham-Paige	612	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
	615	.x.	.x.	...	...	.x.
	621, 827, 837	.x.	.x.	...	.x.	.x.
Hudson and Essex	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Hupmobile	Century 6	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
	Century 8	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
Jordan	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Kissel	75 & 95	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
	126	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.

MAKE	MODEL	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
Kleiber		.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
LaSalle	All	...	...	...	...	.x.
Lincoln	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
Locomobile	86 & 88	.x.	.x.	...	...	.x.
Marmon	68	.x.	...	...	...	.x.
	78	...	.x.	...	...	.x.
	Roosevelt	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
McFarlan	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Moon	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Nash	Std 6	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
———	All	.x.	...	...	...	.x.
Peerless	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Pierce-Arrow	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
Reo Flying Cloud	The Master	.x.	.x.	...	.x.	.x.
	Flying Cloud	.x.	.x.	...	...	.x.
Roamer		.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Stearns-Knight	6-80	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
	8-90	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
Studebaker and Erskine	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
Stutz	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Willys-Knight and Whippet	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.

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